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THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

THE  
**ILIAD OF HOMER,**

TRANSLATED

INTO

*ENGLISH BLANK VERSE*

BY THE REV. JAMES MORRICE, A. M.

LATE STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
RECTOR OF BETSHANGER, IN THE COUNTY OF KENT,  
AND VICAR OF FLOWER, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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London:

PRINTED FOR JOHN WHITE, FLEET STREET,  
BY RICHARD TAYLOR AND CO., SHOE LANE.

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1809.



THE  
ILLIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED

1820

IN THREE VOLUMES

BY THE REV. JAMES MORRICE, A.M.

1 THE TEMPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN, OXFORD,  
PRINTED BY R. BENTLEY, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,  
AND WILKES OF LONDON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

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TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES  
THIS TRANSLATION  
OF  
THE ILIAD OF HOMER  
IS BY PERMISSION  
MOST RESPECTFULLY  
AND MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES

THIS TRANSLATION

BY

THE LIAISON OF HOMER

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## TO THE READER.

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IN offering a Translation of Homer's Iliad to the notice of the public, the author feels it incumbent upon him abundantly to apologize; premising that it was begun many years since, and continued occasionally during a life of retirement as an amusement rather than with any view to publication. By what motives he may have been induced to add one to the versions which have been given in the English language it is not material to relate; nor, if related, could it be presumed that others should see in them sufficient reason for obtruding it on the world, what influence soever they might have on his own mind. It may be necessary, however, to make mention of the several translations of Homer which have already appeared. They are in number five, by the following authors,—Chapman, Hobbes, Ogilby, Pope, and Cowper. It is by no means the intention, nor indeed could it well be expected, that the author of the present should give his opinion, or endeavour to point out their respective merits,—still

less to animadvert on their errors: they are before a discerning public, most of them, indeed, long since, and have assuredly been duly appreciated by those better qualified to deliver a more impartial judgement. It has been said that the business of a translator is to enter so fully by attention and study into the mind of his original, that he may, as it were, look on every thing with the same eyes, and feel with the same soul. The author of the following attempt to render into English blank verse the sublime work of the father of poetry, is indeed far, very far from presuming to think that he has seen with the same eyes, or felt with the same soul as his original. But he certainly has made it his endeavour to enter in some degree into the spirit of his author, to give his meaning, though he may have deviated in words; careful to the best of his ability to preserve that venerable cast of antiquity, that simplicity and dignity of character and manner peculiar to Homer. At the same time the translator cannot but be well aware that in the more difficult and obscure passages of an antient Greek poet, he may in various instances have either misconceived or misunderstood his author; and if he has inadvertently omitted any material part,

or indiscreetly added to the sentiments or expressions so as to do him discredit, he has to claim from the liberality and candour of the learned that indulgence which so laborious an undertaking and so difficult a work might naturally lead him to expect. If from this attempt others should be incited to look into and study the original with more minute attention, he shall not think his pains altogether thrown away, or his labour misapplied: and if any one more competent should from hence be induced to employ his superior acquirements in giving a more faithful and correct, and at the same time a truly poetical version of the *Iliad*, no inconsiderable advantage will thence accrue to English literature in general, and to poetry in particular; since from this immortal work of Homer, poetry, both the art and the spirit of it, is, by the concurring opinion and acknowledgement of mankind, almost wholly and solely to be derived.

The translator cannot close this address without noticing an omission of some lines in the description of the sacrifice in the Second Book, which from oversight were not inserted in the copy transcribed for the press; it should have been the same as that in the first book,



to which the reader is referred : in the original they are both the same. Indeed, in many instances speeches, descriptions, similies, &c. are repeated in Homer, for which repetition we may presume he had good reason, though it has not escaped censure. But in a translation such omission ought assuredly not to have been made ; at the same time, if it were permitted him to form a wish, it would be, that, in the mode and manner of killing, preparing, and dressing victims for sacrifice, no such minute repetition had occurred ; and that one detail of circumstances, neither very pleasing nor poetical, had been deemed by Homer himself fully sufficient for the information of future times in this religious ceremony, supposed to have been in use at the siege of Troy.

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THE  
I L I A D.

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BOOK I.

---

SING, Muse, the fatal wrath of Peleus' son,  
Which to the Greeks unnumb'ed evils brought,  
And many heroes to the realms of night  
Sent premature; and gave their limbs a prey  
To dogs and birds: for such the will of Jove, 5  
When fierce contention rose between the chiefs,  
Achilles, and Atrides king of men.

Say first who caus'd this most pernicious feud.—  
Latona's son; who, with the king enrag'd,  
Sent pestilential sickness through the host, 10  
Avenging the dishonour of his priest  
Chryses, a suppliant at the Grecian fleet,  
With ransom large his daughter to release:  
The sceptre of Apollo in his hand  
He bore; and to the Greeks address'd his pray'r; 15  
To Atreus' sons, chief captains of the host.

“ Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian chiefs,  
 “ May the gods favour your victorious arms,  
 “ And grant you safe return! Yet hear my pray’r:  
 “ Restore my daughter, and her ransom take; 20  
 “ And reverence Apollo, sprung from Jove.”

The Greeks with one consent their wish declar’d

The priest to honour and accept the gifts:  
 Not such the mind of Atreus’ warlike son,  
 Who with reproach dismiss’d, and threat severe. 25

“ Let me not find thee loitering at our ships;  
 “ Nor shall thy age, shouldst thou return again,  
 “ Nor sceptre of thy god, protect thee here;  
 “ I will not let her go, till worn with age,  
 “ In Argos, in our house, she ply the loom, 30  
 “ The partner of my bed: hence then, begone,  
 “ Nor wake my anger, wouldst thou safe depart.”

He spake; when Chryses trembled, and obey’d:  
 Silent, he hast’ned to the boisterous shore,  
 And thus to Phœbus, from Latona sprung 35  
 Bright-hair’d, preferr’d his pray’r: “ Thy servant

“ hear,  
 “ God of the silver bow; whom Cylla fair  
 “ And Tenedos obey: if, with pure hands,  
 “ To thee I’ve paid the grateful sacrifice;

“ And with just rites thy sacred altars crown’d,  
“ Hear me, O hear ! soon may the Grecian host  
“ Deeply regret my unavailing tears !”

Thus Chryses ; and Apollo heard his plaint,  
And swift descended from Olympus’ height ;  
His bow and arrows rattled at his side : 45  
Downward he bent his way ; as night he mov’d  
Baneful, and sent his fatal arrows forth :  
Dire was the clangor of the silver bow.

First the contagion, to inferior beasts  
Confin’d, the dogs and mules alone destroy’d ; 50  
Then men a prey to his relentless ire  
Fell ; and incessant burnt the funeral pile.  
Nine days the fatal shafts with force increas’d  
Were scatter’d through the host : when, on the  
tenth,

Achilles summon’d all the Grecian chiefs, 55  
Warn’d by the watchful care of heav’n’s high Queen ;  
Who saw and deeply sorrow’d at their fate :  
To whom, assembled, thus Achilles spake :

“ Must we, then, measure back our wand’ring  
“ course,

“ Atrides, if we thus may death escape ; 60  
“ Since pestilence and war united rage,  
“ And thin our ranks ? Let us forthwith consult

“ Some prophet well instructed ; some wise seer,  
“ Interpreter of dreams, oft sent from Jove;  
“ Who may declare, why dread Apollo thus 65  
“ Pours his displeasure on us; whether vows  
“ Neglected, or imperfect sacrifice,  
“ Give just offence : how we may best remove,  
“ By service due, this dire calamity.”

Thus spake Achilles. Calchas then uprose, 70  
Skill'd in mysterious knowledge of events  
Past, present, and to come : whose potent art,  
The gift of Phœbus, to the Trojan shores  
Conducted safe the numerous fleet of Greece :  
Who thus his speech address'd : “Favour'd of heav'n,  
“ Achilles, you command me to declare 76  
“ Why Phœbus, angry, thus afflicts our host.  
“ Under the sanction, then, of such command,  
“ I will the cause unfold ; yet, note it well,  
“ I must thy aid, thy strong protection claim, 80  
“ And that confirm'd by oath : for well I know  
“ Displeasure waits me, and the wrath of him  
“ Who bears with us supreme and sov'reign sway;  
“ Who may dissemble for a while, and wait  
“ Fit opportunity of time and place 85  
“ To satiate his revenge : wilt thou protect me ?”  
To whom Achilles : “ Speak, and boldly too,



“ What thou dost know : for by thy god I swear,

“ By Phœbus, none of all the Grecian host,

“ Whilst I am living to assert thy cause, 90

“ Shall do thee wrong. No ; not Atrides’ self,

“ Who boasts with us supreme and sov’reign pow’r.”

Encourag’d thus, the blameless prophet spake :

“ Not for neglected vows, nor sacrifice,

“ But that Atrides hath disgrac’d his priest, 95

“ Still holds his daughter in captivity,

“ Rejecting pray’rs and gifts, doth Phœbus pour

“ His wrath upon our host, and yet will pour.

“ Nor may the raging pestilence abate,

“ Till, to her father’s longing arms restor’d, 100

“ Unransom’d, unredeem’d, the beauteous maid

“ Have conduct safe ; and sacrifices due

“ In Chrysa’s isle appease the offended god.”

Thus Calchas, and retir’d : when from his seat

Atrides rose : stern anger knit his brow, 105

And from his eye-balls flash’d indignant fire ;

Calchas he thus address’d : “ O prophet vile,

“ Studious to utter what I disapprove ;

“ Words inauspicious ever to my views.

“ As if Apollo’s wrath for this were rous’d, 110

“ Because I captive hold the beauteous maid

“ Chryseis, and the proffer’d gifts refuse.

“ Not Clytemnestra, partner of my bed,  
“ With her may be compar’d, beyond her sex  
“ Gifted with excellencies manifold, 115  
“ In mind, as in her form, superior still :  
“ Yet even her, if best, I will restore,  
“ To save my people from calamity :  
“ Shall I then unrewarded be, alone  
“ Of all the Grecian chiefs ? That may not be ; 120  
“ Nor is it right : prepare me then a gift,  
“ And instantly, for this, you see, is gone.”

To whom Achilles : “ O illustrious chief,  
“ Of wealth insatiate ; from what latent store  
“ May we provide an adequate reward ? 125  
“ The spoils of captur’d cities are dispers’d :  
“ Restore but this, and with unbounded gifts  
“ We will reward thee, when great Jove shall give  
“ The Trojan city to our conquering arms.”

Atrides answer’d : “ Think not to deceive, 130  
“ Great as thou art, Achilles, with vain words,  
“ And empty promises of gifts to come ;  
“ Shalt thou retain the spoil, whilst I alone,  
“ At thy command too, yield my valued prize ?  
“ If then another be prepar’d, in worth 135  
“ Equal, ’t is well ; if not, I shall demand  
“ Or Ajax’ prize, or thine, or the rich gift

- “ Ulysses owns ; nor shall I heed his rage.  
“ But this we will consider more at large :  
“ At present, let a vessel be prepar’d, 140  
“ Well furnish’d, well appointed ; and therein  
“ Place we a hecatomb for sacrifice,  
“ And give safe conduct to the captive maid :  
“ And further, we appoint to this command  
“ Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus, 145  
“ Or thee, Achilles, most renown’d of men ;  
“ That with due rites and sacrifices meet  
“ You may appease the anger of the god.”  
Achilles, sternly looking, thus replied :  
“ O fraught with insolence and crafty wiles ! 150  
“ How can we, cheerfully, thy will obey,  
“ Whether to form the secret ambuscade,  
“ Or combat danger in the doubtful war ?  
“ I came not here for any just offence,  
“ Or cause of war ; nor do I Trojans blame ; 155  
“ For never did they plunder and despoil  
“ The Phthian cities and their fertile fields ;  
“ Since tracts immense, and oceans dangerous,  
“ Sever my kingdom from the realms of Troy.  
“ For thee, and for thy fame, O shameless man, 160  
“ We did embark in this unthankful cause :  
“ Yet now thou wouldst deprive me of my gift,

“ My well-earn’d gift, the Grecians have bestow’d :

“ I never share an equal part with thee,

“ From battle gain’d, or city overthrown ; 165

“ The shock of arms, the danger of the field,

“ These hands sustain ; but, when partition comes,

“ You reap the vantage ; whilst, dear bought, and

“ small,

“ I to the ships convey my humbler prize :

“ Know then, to Phthia I again return, 170

“ For so is best ; nor can it be that thou

“ Or wealth or profit reap from my disgrace.”

Atrides quick return’d : “ Fly hence, begone ;

“ I neither court thy aid, nor ask thy stay ;

“ Others will pay me honours requisite, 175

“ Princes and mighty chiefs ; but, above all,

“ Great Jove himself, in counsel excellent.

“ Know then, I hate thee ; for thou dost delight

“ In fierce contention and destructive war :

“ Though brave, thy courage is the gift of Heav’n.

“ Home with thy forces and thy ships return ; 181

“ In Phthia rule supreme ; I heed thee not ;

“ Thy anger I despise, and tell thee more,—

“ Since Phœbus fair Chryseis thus reclaims,

“ My ships, my friends, shall safe conduct her

“ hence ;

185

“ And from thy tent I will Briseis take,

“ Thy gift; that thou mayst know how much I  
“ boast

“ Superior sway; and others hence may fear

“ 'To equal, to compare themselves with me.”

He spake: when doubtful thoughts the mind en-  
gag'd 190

Of stern Achilles, overwhelm'd with grief,

Or from his side to draw his fatal sword,

And, rushing forward, pierce the monarch's breast,

Or check his anger, and his rage subdue.

But, whilst he thus deliberating stood, 195

And grasp'd his mighty sword, Minerva swift

Descended, sent by Juno's watchful care,

To all unseen, invisible, but him;

Behind she stood, and seiz'd his yellow hair.

Achilles turn'd, astonish'd; straight he knew 200

The dazzling splendour of her radiant eye;

And thus in haste address'd the heav'nly power:

“ And art thou come, daughter of Jove supreme,

“ To view this insult? Soon shall Atreus' son,

“ For such my fixed purpose, with his life 205

“ Pay the just forfeit of his haughty pride.”

To whom Minerva thus: “ From heav'n I come,

“ To check, if it may be, thy rage; sent down



“ By Juno, who to both extends her care :

“ Cease then from wrath, nor draw thy fatal sword:

“ With words alone contend, and keen reproach :

“ The time will come, nor is it distant far,

“ When thou shalt amply be repaid for this :

“ Only attend my voice, and curb thy rage.”

Achilles answer'd : “ To thy will I bend, 215

“ Goddess, though much incens'd: the heav'nly

“ pow'rs

“ Attend his pray'r, who willingly obeys.”

He spake ; and on the scabbard fix'd his hand,

And sheath'd his mighty sword ; nor disobey'd

Minerva's high behest ; who wing'd to heav'n 220

Her rapid flight, the seat of Jove supreme.

Nor ceas'd Achilles ; but with keen reproach

And bitter taunts Atrides thus pursued :

“ Intemperate, insolent, yet coward base ;

“ Who never dar'st to arm thyself for war, 225

“ Or doubtful ambuscade ; who dost prefer

“ To plunder of his just reward that man

“ Who shall presume to contravert thy will ;

“ Oppressive monarch, of an abject race ;

“ To this thy insult thou canst nothing add. 230

“ I tell thee, then, and with an oath confirm,

“ By this my sceptre, which nor leaves shall bear,

“ Nor branches, on the lofty mountain top  
“ Cut from the parent stock ;—emblem of pow’r  
“ Now made, and royalty, and chief command, 235  
“ Amongst the Greeks,—oath of no mean import,—  
“ If, as it surely must, necessity  
“ Shall urge the Grecians to implore my aid,  
“ When many fall by Hector’s slaught’ring hand ;  
“ Severe remorse shall wring thy inmost soul, 240  
“ Who hast disgrac’d the bravest of thy host.”

He spake, and on the ground his sceptre cast,  
Studded with gold ; and to his seat return’d.  
Enrag’d Atrides rose ; when with mild words  
Sage Nestor interpos’d ; through Pylos fam’d 245  
For soft, persuasive eloquence of speech ;  
Sweeter than honey flow’d his liquid voice ;  
Two generations now had pass’d away  
Of men endued with speech articulate,  
Since he the sceptre sway’d ; and o’er a third 250  
In Pylos fam’d he reign’d : who thus address’d  
The fierce contending chiefs : “ O gracious Heav’n !  
“ What dire calamity o’er Greece impends !  
“ How Priam will exult, and Priam’s sons,  
“ When they shall hear of this unhappy feud ! 255  
“ You who in council, who in war excel,  
“ Listen the voice of reason, the result

- “ Of long experience, and maturer age ;  
“ For I with men of still superior might  
“ Have converse held, and they have heard my  
    “ voice: 260  
“ Nor shall these eyes behold such men again ;  
“ Pyrithous, Euneus, Polyphemus huge,  
“ Exadius, Druas, Theseus, mighty chiefs,  
“ Theseus Ægides, like a god in arms.  
“ These were the bravest men of mortal race ; 265  
“ The mightiest these, who fought with fiercest  
    “ beasts,  
“ With rapid Centaurs from the mountain height  
“ Rushing amain, and fearfully destroy’d.  
“ With such I fought, far from my native land,  
“ From Apia, call’d to aid the dang’rous war : 270  
“ None might with such contend, of mortal race,  
“ In these degenerate days : great as they were,  
“ They heard my counsel, and obey’d my voice :  
“ By their example led, hear, and attend ;  
“ Neither do thou, great as thou art, deprive 275  
“ Achilles of the prize the Grecians gave :  
“ Nor thou, Achilles, with the king contend  
“ Adverse ; for never king before obtain’d  
“ From Jove supreme such honour and renown :  
“ However brave, and from a goddess sprung, 280

- “ Yet Agamemnon bears the chief command.  
“ And you, Atrides, cease your wrath, O cease :  
“ Let my entreaties cause you to forget  
“ Your anger with Achilles, and forgive ;  
“ By fate decreed the bulwark of the war.” 285  
“ To whom Atrides : “ Venerable chief,  
“ Just are thy words, and what thou sayst is true :  
“ But that this man would lord it over all ;—  
“ All govern, all command, most absolute,  
“ And uncontrol’d,—he shall not find it so : 290  
“ Because endued with more than mortal strength,  
“ Shall he reproachful and calumnious prove ?”  
Achilles interrupted hastily :  
“ Indeed I might be deem’d of abject mind,  
“ Should I to thee in every thing submit. 295  
“ Issue thy mandates then, but not to me ;—  
“ No longer I acknowledge thy command :  
“ And further I declare, and note it well,  
“ I will not, to retain this prize, contend  
“ In arms with thee, opposing force by force : 300  
“ But of my other gifts, deposited  
“ Within my ships, shouldst thou touch one of them ;  
“ Make but the attempt, all present here shall know,  
“ This spear, and instantly, shall end thy life.”

Thus they contended ; when the council rose ;  
Achilles, with Patroclus, to his tent 306  
And ships retir'd : meantime Atrides bade  
Prepare a vessel, mann'd, and well equipp'd,  
And, for due sacrifice, a hecatomb  
To Phœbus ; and with conduct safe embark'd 310  
The fair Chryseis, to the prudent care  
Consign'd of wise Ulysses, who forthwith  
Through ocean's pathless waters steer'd his course.

To Phœbus now (lustration duly made  
Throughout the host) they sacrifice prepar'd, 315  
From herds and num'rous flocks ; whole hecatombs  
In order meet : from the deep-sounding shore,  
The fragrance, wrapt in smoke, ascends the sky.

Thus they were occupied. Nathless the king  
Ceas'd not, determin'd still to execute 320  
The fatal purpose of his angry mind :  
But call'd Talthibius and Euribates,  
His faithful heralds, whom he thus address'd :

“ Heralds, proceed you to Achilles' tent  
“ Without delay ; and take Briseis thence : 325  
“ If he should dare refuse, we will ourselves,  
“ Duly attended, come ; inform him so.”

Sternly he spake. They by the winding shore



Went, with no willing minds ; and at his tent  
Found him reclining, griev'd at their approach. 330  
With reverential awe and fear they stood  
Silent: not uninform'd, Achilles spake:

“ Hail, blameless messengers of gods and men,  
“ Approach ; I Agamemnon blame, not you,  
“ Who for my prize Briseis sent you here : 335  
“ Lead her then forth, Patroclus, I entreat,  
“ And to their care commend : I call you both  
“ To witness, before heav'nly pow'rs, and men,  
“ And this relentless king ; if to my aid, 340  
“ In this dread war, you needs must have recourse,  
“ Yet sure with blind pernicious rage he burns,  
“ Improvident ; nor at his ships foresees  
“ Impending ruin and disastrous war.”

He said : Patroclus from the inmost tent  
Led forth, and to their prudent care consign'd 345  
The fair Briseis : to the Grecian fleet,  
Her, much unwilling, they conduct along,  
And sorrowing much. But, from his friends retir'd,  
Achilles sought the shore ; and o'er the main  
Bending his view, thus with uplifted hands 350  
Address'd his parent, goddess of the sea :  
“ Parent immortal, hear thy short-liv'd son !  
“ O had the Fates and mighty Jove ordain'd

“ A greater share of honour ! now disgrac’d

“ By Agamemnon, who my prize hath torn 355

“ Forcibly from me ; I implore thy aid.”

He spake deep-sighing. Him his mother heard,  
Sitting with Nereus, in the depths profound :

Quick rising like a cloud, she touch’d his hand

Caressing, and with kindest words address’d : 360

“ My son, why weepst thou ? what newer grief

“ Afflicts thy mind, and that unknown to me ?

“ Conceal it not ; speak, that we both may know.”

Sighing he answer’d : “ Parent much belov’d,

“ Thou knowest all things ; why need I relate ? 365

“ We took Eetion’s sacred city Thebes,

“ And hither brought the spoil ; the assembled

“ Greeks

“ To each respective chief his prize assign’d :

“ To Agamemnon first, Chryseis fair ;

“ Her father, priest of dread Apollo, came 370

“ A humble suppliant to the Grecian fleet,

“ With ransom large, his daughter to release.

“ The sceptre of Apollo in his hand

“ He bore, and to the Greeks address’d his pray’r ;

“ To Atreus’ sons, chief captains of the host. 375

“ The Greeks approv’d, in honour of the god ;

“ Not so their haughty chief : with threat severe,

- “ And keen reproach, the suppliant he dismiss’d :  
“ Retir’d, displeas’d, he pray’d : Apollo heard ;  
“ And, for he lov’d him, granted his request : 380  
“ Then from his fatal bow the arrows flew  
“ Nightly, and through the camp the people died :  
“ Calchas, for divination fam’d and skill  
“ In mysteries divine, the cause reveal’d :  
“ I first commanded to appease the god ; 385  
“ This mov’d Atrides’ wrath, who quickly rose,  
“ Denouncing menaces now put in force :  
“ Chryseis to her father he restor’d,  
“ With conduct safe ; and added various gifts :  
“ And from my tent the heralds now are gone, 390  
“ With fair Briseis, my much-valued prize.  
“ Assist me, O assist ! to heav’n ascend,  
“ And prostrate at the throne of mighty Jove,  
“ With supplication strong, his aid invoke ;  
“ If ever thou hast render’d service due, 395  
“ By word or deed, such as may claim return.  
“ For oft, exulting, have I heard you say,  
“ That you alone, of all th’ immortal gods,  
“ Did aid Saturnian cloud-compelling Jove,  
“ When Juno, Neptune, Pallas, all combin’d 400  
“ To hold in chains the potent King of heav’n.  
“ You then releas’d him, aided by the strength

- “ Of Briareus, whom men Ægean call,  
“ With all his hundred hands : he fast by Jove  
“ In might exulting sat : with fear oppress’d, 405  
“ The gods desisted, and Jove reign’d supreme.  
“ Embrace his knees with supplication due ;  
“ Recall your former service to his mind ;  
“ Implore his aid ; that Troy he now assist,  
“ And at their ships o’erwhelm the Grecian host ;  
“ That these may feel a vain reliance plac’d 411  
“ In Agamemnon ; he his error know,  
“ Who hath disgrac’d the bravest of the Greeks.”  
Thetis replied, shedding the frequent tear :  
“ Alas, my son, ill-fated as thou art ! 415  
“ Why at the ships thus overwhelm’d with grief,  
“ Since short and fleeting are thy destin’d years ?  
“ Yet art thou most unhappy. O my son,  
“ With omen inauspicious I thee bare  
“ And adverse fate : now to the snow-clad top 420  
“ Of high Olympus, to relate this tale  
“ Of woe, and move the mighty Thunderer,  
“ I hasten : you meantime, howe’er incens’d,  
“ Here at the ships remain, and shun the war.  
“ For Jupiter, beyond old Ocean’s reign, 425  
“ Where dwelleth Æthiopia’s blameless race,  
“ Is gone, with all the attendant deities :

“ On the twelfth morn he will to heav’n return ;

“ Then to the eternal palace I will go,

“ Embrace his knees, and urge my just request.”

Thus having said, she left him on the shore, 431

Still breathing vengeance for the beauteous maid,

His gift, unjustly by Atrides seiz’d.

Meanwhile to Chrysa’s isle Ulysses came,

Bringing due sacrifice ; the spacious port 435

Ent’ring, they strike the mast, and furl the sail ;

And, plying hard the cumbrous oar, arrive

The station to, and moor with anchor fast :

Then, disembarking, to the sacred fane

Chryseis and the victims safe conduct : 440

Ulysses to the father’s hand restor’d

The captive maid, and by the altar plac’d ;

And said, “ Hail, Chryses ! by Atrides sent,

“ I bring your daughter, with due sacrifice

“ To Phœbus ; that we may his wrath appease : 445

“ And from our host avert his just revenge.”

Chryses with joy receiv’d his much-lov’d child.

Now on the altar, rang’d in order meet,

The victims they prepar’d and sacred cates :

Then wash’d they : when, with pure uplifted hands,

To Phœbus, Chryses thus his pray’r address’d : 451

“ God of the silver bow, thy servant hear !



“ Thou, who protectest with thy powerful arm

“ Chrysa, and Tenedos, and Cylla fair :

“ Whilom thou heard'st me when I sought thy  
“ aid ; 456

“ And, punishing the Greeks, didst honour me :

“ Once more, O hear ! and from the Grecian host

“ Thy heavy wrath and sore displeasure turn.”

Apollo heard, and granted his request.

Due supplication made, the cates they throw ; 460

Now some the victims slain with care divide ;

Others in pieces cut each several joint ;

These, wrapt in fat, for sacrifice prepar'd,

Chryses receiving on the altar plac'd,

And pour'd the rich libation : then with fire 465

Roasting, th' attendant youths their task perform'd :

This labour finish'd, all partook the feast.

Hunger and thirst remov'd, with generous wine

They crown the goblets ; festive mirth prevails ;

And song, and grateful hymn to Phœbus' praise, 470

Protract the day ; with shouts the air resounds :

He, pleas'd, attentive listens to their song.

The sun now set, and darkness spread around,

Stretch'd at their ships, in sleep they pass'd the  
night :

And, when the rosy-finger'd morn appear'd, 475

Back to the Grecian camp they steer'd their course,  
With favourable gales by Phœbus sent.

The swelling sail now fill'd, the brazen prow,  
Resounding, white upturn'd the purple wave,  
Foaming, as swiftly through the sea they pass'd. 480

Now at the wide-extended camp of Greece  
Arriv'd, they haul the vessel on the strond  
Secure; and to their tents and ships return.

Achilles, unrelenting, at his ships  
Remain'd, nor to the war nor council came: 485  
Although in war, in arms, 'bove mortal man,  
His soul delighted, and in battle liv'd.

Now the twelfth morn arose, and all the gods  
To high Olympus mov'd; Jove led the way:  
When Thetis, mindful of her son's request, 490

Emerging from the sea, at early dawn  
Ascended up to heav'n. Saturnian Jove  
Apart, above the rest, in awful state  
Enthron'd, she found on high Olympus' top:  
Him she approach'd; her left embrac'd his knees,  
Her right his chin; and suppliant thus she spake:

“ Paternal Jove! if, or by word or deed,  
“ I have due service rend'red, grant my pray'r:  
“ Honour my son, whose days, so Fates decree,  
“ Are fewest amongst men; now much disgrac'd,

“ And by Atrides of his gift depriv’d :  
“ Do thou, Olympian Jove, in wisdom great,  
“ Heap deathless honour on my short-liv’d son :  
“ Still crown with victory the Trojan arms,  
“ Till, with due rev’rence and respect, the Greeks  
“ Shall on him pour accumulated gifts.” 506

She spake : but silent cloud-compelling Jove  
Long sat in thought profound. Embracing still  
His knees, still suppliant, Thetis urg’d her pray’r :  
“ Grant my request, and nod unfeign’d assent; 510  
“ Or, for thou fearest none, refuse my boon :  
“ That I may know how lightly I’m esteem’d,  
“ Of all the gods, most wretched, most despis’d.”

When thus, in anger, mighty Jove replied :  
“ Disgraceful works ! that you impel me thus 515  
“ With Juno to contend ; whose keen reproach,  
“ And bitter taunts, I frequently endure,  
“ For that I aid the Trojan host in fight.  
“ Retire in haste, lest Juno see you here :  
“ What you request, I surely will perform, 520  
“ And solemnly confirm with awful nod ;  
“ Amongst immortal gods, undoubted sign  
“ And confirmation of my will supreme :  
“ To change not subject, not fallacious,  
“ Not ineffectual, where I nod assent.” 525

He spake, and nodded with his awful brow ;  
From his immortal head th' ambrosial hair  
Deep flowing wav'd ; and from its lofty top  
Olympus trembled to its utmost base.

The consult ended, from Olympus' height 530  
Thetis descended to the wat'ry main :  
To heav'n, his lofty habitation,  
Great Jove proceeded : all the gods uprose,  
With awe respectful, and due reverence,  
Before their gen'ral father, from their thrones 535  
To greet his glad return to highest heav'n :  
Enthron'd in majesty supreme he sat.

Not unobserv'd by Juno's watchful eye  
The silver-footed Thetis counsel held  
With Jove; whom thus reproaching she address'd:  
“ Who of the gods, deceitful as thou art, 541  
“ Hath counsel held in secret, and alone ?  
“ When I am absent thou delightest most  
“ Some sudden resolution to adopt ;  
“ With me unwilling to communicate, 545  
“ Or tell the fix'd intention of thy mind.”

Her answ'rd thus the sire of gods and men :  
“ Think not to know whatever I design,  
“ Dear as thou art, and wife to mighty Jove :  
“ What is expedient, none of all the gods, 550

“ Or men, shall know ere thou art well inform’d ;

“ But what in secret I have præ-ordain’d,

“ Seek not henceforth to know, or to inquire.”

Juno, of aspect venerable, thus

Replied : “ O too severe, Saturnian Jove !      555

“ What hast thou said ? Henceforth I nor inquire,

“ Nor search, what thou in wisdom shalt conceal ;

“ Yet much I fear the silver-footed dame,

“ Daughter of Nereus, hath with art prevail’d :

“ Early she came, and, suppliant at thy throne, 560

“ Urg’d her request ; which you by nod confirm’d.

“ I dread lest you, in honour of her son,

“ Should heap destruction on the Grecian host.”

Jove answ’red : “ You my purposes divine,

“ And penetrate my views ; yet what avail ?      565

“ Rather, you urge me thoughts to entertain

“ Severe and harsh, thoughts hostile to thy peace :

“ Submissive then obey my just decrees :

“ If my displeasure you but once awake,

“ Not all the host of heav’n shall protect thee.” 570

He spake : but Juno, greatly fearing, sat

Silent, though ang’red, and repress’d her grief ;

Whilst indignation seiz’d the host of heav’n ;

When Vulcan, architect divine, address’d

Th’ offended gods, and sooth’d his mother’s mind :



“ O dire disgrace! nor well to be endur’d,  
“ That you for man such fierce contention move,  
“ And in immortal breasts such tumult raise!  
“ Where then the pleasure of our festive board,  
“ If evil thus prevail? Let me persuade 580  
“ My mother, of herself intelligent,  
“ That she due rev’rence to our father yield,  
“ As meet; nor thus disturb our genial feast,  
“ Contentious; lest the potent Thunderer  
“ Heap undistinguish’d ruin on our heads: 585  
“ With accents mild, with soft and soothing words  
“ Disarm his wrath, and deprecate his ire.”

He spake, and rising, to his mother brought

The goblet crown’d with wine, and thus began:

“ O bear with patience, good my mother, bear,  
“ Howe’er reluctant; lest I see you pain’d; 591  
“ Unable to assist whom most I love:  
“ For none can with almighty Jove contend.  
“ Once hath he hurl’d me from the starry sky,  
“ Madly contending, to the lowest earth: 595  
“ From morn to eve I fell; the setting sun  
“ Beheld me breathless on the Lemnian coast:  
“ The Scynthians, by their care, my life restor’d.”

He spake; when Juno deign’d a gracious smile,  
And from her son, well pleas’d, the cup receiv’d; 600

To all the gods, in order as they sat,  
The goblet, fill'd with rich nectarian juice,  
He gave: loud laughter shook the vaulted roof  
Of heav'n, as Vulcan lamely limp'd along.  
Thus they in feast convivial pass'd the day,      605  
Till setting sun; meantime Apollo tun'd  
His harp celestial to the Muses' song,—  
Alternate song:—and now the radiant sun  
Was set, and to his mansion each retir'd;  
Blest mansion, fram'd by Vulcan's wondrous art. 610  
The mighty Thund'rer to his glitt'ring throne  
Repair'd, if sleep, perchance, his eyes might close:  
And Juno slumb'red on her golden couch.

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B O O K    11.

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Now sleep both mortal and immortal minds  
In slumbers held ; all but the watchful care  
Of Jove, intent to honour Peleus' son,  
And on the Grecian host destruction pour.  
Thus in his wisdom he at length resolv'd ;                    5  
To Agamemnon a pernicious dream  
He sent ; and thus the airy form bespoke :

“ Go, fatal vision, to the Grecian ships,  
“ And, where Atrides in his royal tent  
“ Slumbers reclin'd, bear these my strict commands :  
“ That he to battle summon all the Greeks ;                    11  
“ For now proud Troy to his superior force  
“ Shall yield ; divided counsels now no more  
“ In heav'n have place ; for Juno hath prevail'd ;  
“ And certain fate the Trojan host impends.”                    15

He spake : the vision downward bent his course  
Obedient, hast'ning to the Grecian ships,  
To Agamemnon : lock'd in the arms of sleep,  
Within his royal tent, the king he found ;

In form and feature like the Pylian sage

He near approach'd, and thus his speech address'd :

“ Son of the warlike Atreus, dost thou sleep ?

“ Sleep ill becomes, indeed, that man whose mind

“ Alone sustains a mighty kingdom's weight :

“ Attend my words ; from Jove supreme I come,

“ Who, though in heav'n, to thee extends his care :

“ He bids thee arm forthwith the Grecian host,

“ And Troy to thy superior force shall yield :

“ Divided counsels with the gods no more

“ Have place in heav'n ; for Juno hath prevail'd, 30

“ And sure destruction 'waits the Trojan host

“ From Jove : attend my words ; nor, when soft

“ sleep

“ Shall leave thee, let oblivion seize thy mind.”

Thus having said, the vision disappear'd,

And left him meditating fruitless deeds, 35

The capture and the fall of lofty Troy.

Vain man ! unknowing the intent of Jove,

Who bitter griefs and agonizing woes

For Grecians and for Trojans then prepar'd,

From the dread shock of arms. The monarch starts

From sleep, still hears the voice divine, or seems 41

To hear ; and, quickly rising from his couch,

Around his limbs the purple mantle cast ;  
His sandals on his feet he bound ; his sword,  
Richly inlaid, he o'er his shoulders threw : 45  
The regal sceptre in his hand he bore,  
As to the Grecian ships he bent his way.  
Now bright Aurora shed her genial ray  
O'er high Olympus, and to Jove himself,  
And all the heav'nly powers, her light dispens'd. 50  
Atrides to the heralds gave command  
To call a general council of the Greeks :  
Thus summon'd, first the chiefs in haste repair'd,  
And at the vessel of the Pylian sage,  
Time-honour'd Nestor, in deep council sat ; 55  
To them Atrides thus his mind unfolds :  
“ Friends, hear my words : a heav'nly vision came  
“ By night, most like, in feature and in form  
“ And voice, to Nestor, and these words convey'd :  
“ ‘Son of the warlike Atreus, dost thou sleep? 60  
“ Sleep ill indeed becomes that man, whose mind  
“ Alone sustains a mighty kingdom's weight :  
“ Attend my voice ; from Jove supreme I come,  
“ Who, though in heav'n, to thee extends his care ;  
“ He bids thee arm forthwith the Grecian host, 65  
“ And Troy to thy superior force shall yield :  
“ Divided counsels with the gods no more

“ In heav’n have place, for Juno hath prevail’d,  
“ And certain fate awaits the host of Troy  
“ From Jove : remember, and attend.’ He spake,  
“ And vanish’d into air : straight I awoke. 71  
“ Let us then arm the sons of Greece to fight :  
“ I first with words, if you approve, will try  
“ Their mind, and bid prepare for instant flight ;  
“ You then detain them with persuasive words.” 75

Thus having said, the king resum’d his seat :  
When Nestor rose, of sandy Pylos king,  
And thus the chiefs address’d : “ O warlike friends  
“ And counsellors, but that Atrides’ self  
“ Had seen this vision, I had deem’d it false, 80  
“ Not worthy our attention and regard :  
“ But arm we now the sons of Greece to war.”

He spake, and from the council led the way :  
The sceptred chiefs, obedient to their king,  
Uprose ; the people numberless mov’d on. 85

As the thick swarm from forth the hollow rock  
Incessant pours, to taste each opening flower  
Of balmy spring ; in clusters numberless  
On every side they rush, and fill the plain :  
So from the ships and tents the people throng’d 90  
Tumultuous, and fill’d the sounding shore.  
Fame, sent from heav’n, urging disgraceful flight,



Burnt in the midst ; earth groan'd beneath the  
weight :

The vast assembly seated on the plain,  
Nine loud proclaiming heralds scarce withheld, 95  
Commanding silence, and attention due.

The wild uproar with difficulty quell'd,  
Atrides first, majestic, from his seat  
Uprose : the sceptre in his hand he bore ;  
Paternal sceptre, form'd, by Vulcan's art, 100

For Jove Saturnian. Jove on Maia's son,  
His winged messenger, the gift bestow'd ;  
Hermes to Pelops ; who the valued gift  
To Atreus, chief of men, in order next  
Convey'd : he, dying, to Thyestes gave 105

The royal emblem : Agamemnon, then,  
Receiv'd from rich Thyestes by descent,  
And sway'd, the sceptre of his ancestors,  
O'er numerous isles, and Argos, king supreme.  
Leaning on this, his speech he thus address'd : 110

“ Friends, warlike sons of Greece, illustrious  
“ chiefs,

“ With heavy loss, and undeserv'd disgrace,

“ Jove hath afflicted me, who safe return

“ Promis'd from captur'd Troy : but now I fear

- “ Some dread calamity our host awaits,  
“ Since he commands, after much treasure spent,  
“ And many heroes slain, inglorious flight.  
“ Thus Jove decrees, and who shall dare resist ?  
“ Jove, who hath humbled cities to the dust,  
“ And yet will humble ; such his sov’reign power !  
“ Posterity with wonder will inquire 121  
“ The cause of our disgrace, that such a host,  
“ So well appointed, fruitless war should wage  
“ With foes less num’rous, and repulse sustain.  
“ Were we, in league and amity combin’d, 125  
“ To number each our force ; in companies  
“ Of ten the Greeks, the Trojans singly plac’d,  
“ To crown the golden cup with generous wine,  
“ Whole companies would want a cup-bearer ;  
“ So much more numerous our host than they, 130  
“ Inhabitants of Troy : but their allies,  
“ From various cities, aid the doubtful war,  
“ Impede our arms, and lofty Troy protect.  
“ Nine years, nine tedious years already gone,  
“ Our ships decay’d, our cordage perished ; 135  
“ Our wives, our children, waiting our return  
“ In anxious expectation ; whilst the work  
“ For which we came unfinished remains :

“ With one consent prepare we then our ships,  
“ And to our native land urge speedy flight ; 140  
“ Since Jove forbids the capture of proud Troy.”

He spake : when at their king’s desponding  
voice,

Strong agitation seiz’d each hearer’s mind  
Throughout the vast assembly. As the wave,  
Uprais’d by adverse winds, impetuous rolls 145  
In swelling surges to the Icarian shore ;  
And as the rip’ned corn now yields beneath  
The incumbent zephyr, waving with the blast  
From side to side the yellow harvest bends :  
Thus was the assembly mov’d, and with loud  
shouts 150

Encouraging each other, to the ships  
They rush’d along : in clouds the dust uprose  
From footsteps numberless. Now part prepare  
The launch, part haul the vessels to the deep ;  
The jovial clamours rend the distant sky. 155

Now had the Greeks (though Fates forbad) re-  
turn’d,

But to Minerva thus the Queen of heav’n  
In haste exclaim’d : “ Daughter of mighty Jove !  
“ Shall then the Grecians to their country fly,  
“ Their much-lov’d country, o’er the wat’ry main ;

“ And leave to Priam, and the Trojan foe,  
“ Helen the glorious prize, for whom alone  
“ Such numbers far from Greece have perished ?  
“ Go then, and with thy soft persuasive voice  
“ Detain each man ; nor suffer them to launch 165  
“ Their well-constructed vessels to the deep.”

She spake : Minerva from Olympus' height  
Descended rapid to the Grecian fleet :  
Laertes' son, deep skill'd in wisdom's lore,  
Apart she found, with grief and shame oppress'd :  
Whom thus the potent deity bespoke : 171

“ O fam'd for wisdom, great Laertes' son,  
“ Ulysses, dost thou to thy native land  
“ Urge speedy flight, and thy tall ships prepare ;  
“ Leaving to Priam, and the Trojan foe, 175  
“ Helen the glorious prize, for whom alone  
“ Such numbers far from Greece have perished ?  
“ Haste then, and with thy soft persuasive voice  
“ Detain each man ; nor suffer them to launch  
“ Thus eagerly their vessels to the deep.” 180

She spake : her voice divine he quickly knew,  
And to Atrides, in obedience, urg'd  
His speedy step : (Euribates attends,  
The faithful herald,) from the royal hand  
The sceptre, incorruptible, unstain'd, 185

Receiving, midst the flying host he rush'd ;  
And first each chief in accents mild address'd :

“ O stay thyself, and stop the giddy throng ;  
“ Fear ill becomes us at a time like this !  
“ Scarce do we know what great Atrides means ; 190  
“ To try perhaps, and then to punish us :  
“ For in the council few could hear his words.  
“ Dire is the anger of a king incens'd,  
“ Who honour boasts, and high descent from Jove.”

But if among the meaner sort he found      195  
A noisy mover of sedition, soon  
He check'd his clamours with severe rebuke.

“ Wretch that thou art, sit quiet, and attend  
“ The voice of those who boast superior might  
“ To thee, unknown in council as in war.      200  
“ We cannot all assume the reins of state,  
“ Nor sway the sceptre of authority :  
“ The government of many is not good ;  
“ One governor, one king with chief command,  
“ One ruler let us have, who may dispense      205  
“ Justice and laws ; *his* pow'r deriv'd from Jove.”

Thus he with due authority restrain'd  
Their eager flight : to council from the ships  
Again they rush'd with noise, as when the wave  
High swelling breaks upon the sounding shore. 210

Assembled, due attention held them mute,  
All but Thersites, clamorous and loud :  
Skill'd to perplex debate, and, right or wrong,  
To throw all blame and censure upon kings,  
And hold their failings up to ridicule : 215  
A man the basest in the Grecian host,  
With eye distorted and contracted limb,  
His back upheav'd, his shoulders forward bent,  
On his sharp head forlorn and thin the hair ;  
Or to Achilles, or Laertes' son 220  
Determin'd foe : on Agamemnon now  
Bitter reproach he heap'd : him all the Greeks  
Enrag'd beheld, their minds with anger fir'd ;  
Who, loudly bellowing, thus the king reproach'd :  
“ Why these complaints ? What means Atrides  
“ now ?  
“ Thy tents with treasures and with captives stor'd,  
“ Which with no sparing hand we have bestow'd :  
“ What then ? The ransom dost thou still expect  
“ Of some rich captive, whom these hands per-  
“ chance  
“ Have taken, or some other Grecian chief ; 230  
“ Some captive female to adorn thy bed,  
“ To thee appropriate ? Sure it ill becomes  
“ A king to plunge his subjects in disgrace !



“ O shame ! O cowards ! Women, and not men.

“ Return we with our ships, and let him here 235

“ Treasure up gifts in Troy : he then may learn

“ Whether or not we have assisted him :

“ He hath disgrac’d Achilles, and even now

“ Withholds the prize of his superior far.

“ Achilles wanteth bile, is indolent, 240

“ Neglectful, or thou ne’er hadst injur’d more.”

Thus spake Thersites, with opprobrious words  
Galling Atrides ; whom with hasty step,  
And angry looks, Ulysses near approach’d :

“ Thersites, rash of speech though eloquent, 245

“ Desist, nor singly thus with kings contend ;

“ For a more hateful mortal than thyself,

“ More odious, came not to the Trojan shore :

“ Talk then no more of kings, nor in debate

“ Heap undeserv’d reproach, nor urge return. 250

“ How this may be, or to return or not,

“ We know not, nor can safely ascertain.

“ Why dost thou censure Agamemnon thus ?

“ Because the Grecian chiefs with various gifts

“ Have honour’d him, therefore dost thou reproach ?

“ I tell thee then, and I will surely do 256

“ What now I say, should I hereafter find

“ Thee madly raging, as thou now hast done,

“ May I not live to bear the endearing name  
“ Of father to much-lov'd Telemachus, 260  
“ If I do not, with scourges and disgrace,  
“ Stript of thy garments in unseemly guise,  
“ Drive thee hence bellowing to the ships again.”

He spake, and with the sceptre, on his back  
Smote him : he writh'd himself, and the big tear  
Fell frequent, and a painful scar uprose 266  
On his swoln back : trembling with fear he sat,  
And from his haggard visage wip'd the tear.

The Greeks, though griev'd, yet laugh'd at his  
distress,

And thus were heard to say : “ What mighty good  
“ Hath not Ulysses wrought ; whether in fight 270  
“ He lead the embattled host, or in debate  
“ Suggest wise measures for the public weal !  
“ Nor this the least, that he this sland'rer's tongue  
“ Hath silenc'd ; that his rage, thus check'd, may  
“ cease ; 275  
“ Nor with opprobrious language censure kings.”

Thus they were heard to say ; when from his seat,  
The sceptre in his hand, Ulysses rose :  
Pallas commanded silence, herald-like,  
That all might hear and understand his words, 280  
Who prudent thus the assembled Greeks address'd :

“ O king Atrides ! thee the Greeks disgrace  
“ Beyond all others ; by strict promise bound,  
“ When first from Argos they embark’d their force,  
“ Not to return till Troy should be no more ! 285  
“ Like children now, or widows, they lament  
“ Their tedious absence, longing eagerly  
“ For home. Yet to return after whole years  
“ Of fruitless toil, were deep reproach indeed !  
“ To be detain’d from all we hold most dear, 290  
“ By adverse winds and seas tempestuous,  
“ Though but one month, is subject of regret:  
“ But we nine years, nine long and tedious years,  
“ Have here remain’d : can I then justly blame  
“ The Greeks, who bear indignant such delay ? 295  
“ Yet to remain so long, and to return  
“ Baffled at last, that were disgrace indeed !  
“ Bear then, my friends, a little longer bear,  
“ And prove those truths which Calchas hath de-  
“ clar’d :  
“ For well we know, and all are witnesses 300  
“ Whom fate hath spar’d, that when at Aulis first  
“ We join’d our forces, meditating war  
“ On Priam and the Trojans ; at that time  
“ When on our hallow’d altars we did place  
“ Whole hecatombs ; then by the sacred spring, 305

- “ Which pour’d its limpid water from beneath  
“ A spreading plane, this dread portent appear’d :  
“ A serpent huge, of aspect terrible,  
“ With spotted mail of gold, and purple hue,  
“ Sent by great Jove himself, from underneath 310  
“ The altar rush’d, swift gliding to the plane ;  
“ On whose high top, and shelt’red by its leaves,  
“ Within her nest a sparrow had conceal’d  
“ Her callow young : eight, with remorseless tooth,  
“ Utt’ring shrill cries, the monster quick devour’d :  
“ The affright’ned mother hov’ring round her young,  
“ With piteous moans expressive of her fears,  
“ He seiz’d quick turning, and devour’d the ninth ;  
“ When Jove Saturnian, wondrous to behold,  
“ Into a stone the scaly monster turn’d. 320  
“ Amaz’d we stood what this portent might mean,  
“ Why this dread sign our sacrifice disturb’d ;  
“ When Calchas thus the sacred truth reveal’d :  
“ ‘ O Grecian chiefs, why stand ye thus amaz’d ?  
“ To us this portent comes from mighty Jove, 325  
“ To be fulfill’d hereafter ; whose renown,  
“ Though late perform’d, through ages shall endure.  
“ For as this serpent hath devour’d the young  
“ In number eight, and then the parent bird  
“ The ninth ; so long this warfare will endure: 330

“ On the tenth year we shall o’erthrow proud Troy.’

“ Thus counsell’d he ; which things now come to  
“ pass :

“ Bear then, my friends, and let us here remain

“ Till yon proud tow’rs are levell’d to the ground.”

He spake ; and through the wide extended camp,  
And hollow ships, bursts of applause were heard ;  
When thus the venerable Nestor spoke :

“ Heavens! more like children than like men we  
“ talk ;

“ Children, who nothing know of warlike deeds :

“ Where all our promises, our sacred oaths, 340

“ Our solemn compact, and our plighted hands,

“ That thus we vainly do contend with words ?

“ Fix’d then and firm in resolution, lead

“ Thy host, Atrides, to the field of Mars.

“ Perish those few who separate counsels hold! 345

“ Their views shall prove abortive who propose

“ Return to Greece : then shall they learn indeed,

“ Whether those promises are false, or not,

“ Which Jove himself hath frequently declar’d :

“ I here affirm, that high Saturnian Jove 350

“ Himself, the very day we did embark

“ Bearing destruction to the Trojan foe,

“ Thund’red propitious, and our hopes confirm’d.

- “ Therefore no more of flight, till we have sack’d  
“ And plund’red spacious Troy, in just revenge  
“ For Helen’s wrongs, and deep-felt injuries. 356  
“ But if there be who still desires return,  
“ Let him with speed prepare his ship and fly,  
“ And in his passage meet an early fate.  
“ Then well advise, O king, nor with disdain 360  
“ Reject the counsel of experienc’d years ;  
“ Divide thy troops, nation and tribe apart,  
“ Let each with their own leader take the field :  
“ Then shalt thou know throughout thy num’rous  
    “ host,  
“ To mark the coward and reward the brave ; 365  
“ Whether stern fate retard the fall of Troy,  
“ Or want of skill, and cowardice in us.”  
    To whom Atrides : “ Venerable chief,  
“ In counsel first amongst the sons of Greece,  
“ O might the gods but grant me this request, 370  
“ Ten counsellors in wisdom like to thee ;  
“ Soon should proud Troy stoop to her lowest base,  
“ An easy prey to our victorious arms.  
“ Yet weighty griefs hath Jove impos’d on me,  
“ In quarrels and contentions harsh engag’d : 375  
“ I and Achilles, for Briseis fair,  
“ Each other have offended ; I began :



“ Should we again in amity unite,  
“ Rapid destruction shall o’erwhelm our foes.  
“ Refresh we first our men, and then to arms ; 380  
“ Each seize his spear, each grasp his orbid shield,  
“ Each for the rapid car his steeds prepare,  
“ That through the day we may in arms engage,  
“ Nor for a moment cease the bloody fight,  
“ Till darkness sever our contending hosts. 385  
“ Each hero then beneath his pond’rous shield  
“ Shall labour, and each arm that hurls the spear  
“ Grow languid, whilst the coursers, o’er the plain  
“ Dragging the chariots, sweat beneath the weight;  
“ And whom I sculking at our ships shall find 390  
“ This day, unwilling to engage the foe,  
“ From dogs and rav’nous birds no pow’r shall  
“ save.”

He spake : the Greeks with deaf’ning shouts ap-  
prov’d,

Loud as the boist’rous wave with ceaseless roar  
Dashing the base of some projecting rock, 395  
The sport of ev’ry blast. From council now  
They rose, and at their tents refreshment took,  
And to the gods due sacrifice prepar’d ;  
Seeking protection of the pow’rs above,  
From dangers of the doubtful war, and death. 400

Atrides, king of men, to mighty Jove  
For sacrifice prepar'd the unblemish'd steer,  
Full grown, and fat : the venerable chiefs  
Attend upon Atrides. Nestor first,  
Idomeneus, and Ajax Telamon, 405  
Ajax, Oileus' son, and Diomed,  
And fam'd for counsel, great Laertes' son ;  
With them came Menelaus, though unbid,  
Knowing the labours of his brother's mind :  
Approaching near, and form'd in circle round 410  
The victim, they take up the salted cates,  
When Agamemnon thus address'd his prayer :  
“ Great Jove, supreme in glory as in pow'r,  
“ Dwelling in heav'n, from whence thy thunders  
“ roll,  
“ Grant me to burn and level with the dust 415  
“ Yon lofty tow'rs, and, with this spear transfix'd,  
“ To rend the corselet from proud Hector's breast ;  
“ Whilst all around, and welt'ring in their gore,  
“ The friends and partners of his fate expire.”  
The king thus urg'd his pray'r ; but Jove averse,  
In empty air dispers'd the vain request, 420  
The rites accepted, but increas'd their woes.  
Due supplication made, the cates they threw ;  
Then, on the sacred fire the victim plac'd,

Each separate part in order meet dispos'd.

This labour finish'd, they prepar'd the feast, 425

And joyful of the festive board partook.

Hunger suppress'd, and ended the repast,

Nestor the assembled chieftains thus bespoke :

“ Illustrious Atrides, king of men, 430

“ Delay we here no longer, nor defer

“ The glorious task which Jove hath pointed out ;

“ But let the heralds at the ships convene

“ Our warlike troops, and, marshall'd in array

“ Of battle, let us all our host review ; 435

“ Then to the field of honour lead them on.”

He spake : nor did Atrides disapprove ;

But to the heralds issued his commands

To summon all the Grecians on the plain.

Obedient they assembled, and the chiefs 440

Form'd the deep file, or closed the level rank :

Pallas aloft th' immortal ægis bore,

Resplendent, studded, and emboss'd with gold ;

And, traversing the ranks from file to file,

Darts her experienc'd eye, in every heart 445

Inspiring courage not to be subdued,

And ardent spirit for the shock of arms,

Preferring battle to their native land.

As on the mountain top the rapid fire

Devours the forest, far the vivid light 450  
Resplendent shines ; so glitt'ed through the air  
The dazzling splendour of their burnish'd arms.  
In number as the wondrous flight of cranes  
On Asia's marsh extensive ; or as swans  
Milk-white, disporting from Cayister's stream, 455  
In airy circles wheel their rapid flight ;  
Far off the clangour of their num'rous wings  
Is heard, and with the noise the marsh resounds,  
As on the wat'ry margin they alight.

So from the ships and tents the num'rous host  
Pour'd on Scamander's plain : the hollow earth 461  
Re-echoed from the frequent foot of men,  
From rattling cars, and hoofs of prancing steeds.

Rang'd on Scamander's level plain they stood  
In numbers infinite, as the thick leaves,  
Or various flow'rs which decorate the spring.

And as the flies which in the shepherd's fold  
Numberless swarm in spring, what time the milk  
Fresh drawn, bedews the homely vessel's side :  
So thick the Grecians on the hostile plain 470  
Assembled, eager to engage the foe.

As when the shepherd separates his flocks  
Mix'd in extensive pastures ; so with ease  
Each several chief his scatt'ed force collects,

And, rang'd in order, marshals to the fight.  
With them Atrides stood, pre-eminent  
In stature, and in countenance like Jove  
Grasping his thunder, in his port like Mars  
Determin'd, and like Neptune great in strength.

As the vast bull, which o'er the num'rous herd  
Tow'ring, in beauty and in strength excels; 481  
So mighty Jove, with dignity and grace  
Superior, on that day Atrides crown'd.

Say, heav'nly Muses, you alone can tell  
(Immortal as ye are, and all things know, 485  
We from report uncertain knowledge gain),  
The valiant leaders of the Grecian host,  
Their various countries and their names relate;  
Had I ten tongues, ten mouths, an iron voice,  
The mixed multitude I could not name. 490

Say then, ye sacred daughters of high Jove,  
The chiefs, their forces, and the ships of Greece.

Peneleus the Bœotians led to war,  
With Prothoenor and Archesilaus,  
Clonius and Leitus, renown'd in arms: 495  
From Hyrie, and from Aulis' rocky shore;  
From Schœnos, Scolos, and from Eteon's hills;  
Thespia, Graia, and th' extensive plains  
Of Mycalessos, Harma, Elesios,

Erythræ, Eleon, Hyle, Peteon,  
Æcalia, Medion, city of renown ;  
Copæ, Eutrisis, Thisbe fam'd for doves ;  
Coroneus, Haliartus, verdant meads,  
Plataea, Glissæ, and the well-built Thebes ;  
Orchestus, fam'd for Neptune's sacred grove, 505  
Arne's rich vines, Mydia, Nyssa fair,  
Anthedon's utmost bounds. In fifty ships  
They came : six thousand valiant men in arms.

Next from Aspledon and Orchomene,  
Ascalaphus, Ialmon, sons of Mars, 510  
Their forces led: them fair Astioche,  
In Actor's palace, to the god of war  
Submitting, bore. These came in thirty ships.

The Phocians, Schedius and Epistrophus  
Sons of Iphitus, led ; inhabiting 515  
Python's high crags, and Cyparissus' woods,  
Chrysa divine, Daulis, and Panope,  
Anemoria and Hyompolis ;  
And those who by Cephissus' sacred stream  
Dwell, and Lilæa near Cephissus' source. 520  
These forty ships convey'd ; Bœotia's troops  
They flank'd, all arm'd, and eager for the fight.

Ajax Oileus arm'd the Locrians,  
Surnam'd the Less, in size inferior far



To Ajax Telamon : to hurl the spear 525

Unerring, he all other Greeks excell'd.

From Cynos, Opoens, and Calliaros ;

From Bessa, Scarphe, and Augeia fam'd ;

Tarphe and Thronios, near Boagrius' stream ;

And from beyond Eubœa, sacred isle. 530

These Ajax Oileus brought in forty ships.

The Abantes next, a brave and hardy race,

Eubœa, Chalcis, and Eretria sent ;

Histœa rich in vines, and near the sea

Cerinthus, Dios, Styra, Caristus ; 535

Them brave Elphenor to the combat arm'd,

Eubœa's warlike sons, well skill'd to tear

The riven corselet from the foeman's breast,

To Trojan shores in forty ships convey'd.

Next Attica her polish'd legions sent 540

From far-fam'd Athens, where Erechtheus reign'd,

Nurtur'd of Pallas, daughter of high Jove ;

(Him parent Earth produc'd,) and in her fane,

In Athens, by her sacred altar plac'd :

To her the Athenian youth their annual vows 545

Perform'd, and offer'd sacrifices meet.

These Mnestheus arm'd, Peteus' warlike son,

Skill'd above men to form the embattled line,

Wheel the thick squadron, or extend the wings :

Nestor's experienc'd age with him alone  
Might vie. In fifty ships these plough'd the main.

Near the Athenians, in due order rang'd,  
Great Ajax led the Salaminian bands.

From Argos and Tiryntha's lofty walls,  
Hermione and Asinen embay'd; 555  
And from Trœzene, and from Eionæ,  
From Epidaurus fertile in rich wines,  
Maseta and Ægina; valiant men,  
Whom Diomed's undaunted courage arm'd;  
And Sthenelus the son of Capaneus,  
And brave Euryalus, Mechisteus' son.  
These eighty ships convey'd; the chief command,  
As first in arms, Tydides justly bore.

Next from Mycenæ, city of renown,  
From wealthy Corinth, from Cleonæ strong, 565  
Ornia, Aræthyrea, Sicyon,  
Where erst Adrastus held supreme command;  
From Hyperesia, Gonoessa high,  
Pellene, Ægeon, and the sea-girt shores  
Of that extensive coast, and Helice. 570  
These Agamemnon, in a hundred ships,  
Led to the war, in numbers and in strength  
Excelling all: in armour bright array'd  
He march'd exulting, o'er the chiefs and kings

Vested with sov'reign power, of Greece supreme.  
From Lacedæmon circled round with hills,  
Pharos and Sparta, Messe fam'd for doves;  
Brysia, and Augia favour'd town;  
Amyclæ, Elos seated on the coast;  
Laas and Cætylus. In sixty ships 580  
These Menelaus led, all arm'd for war:  
Foremost himself, and eager to revenge  
Helen's great wrongs, and deep-felt injuries,  
The hero march'd, and for the combat burn'd.

From sandy Pylos and Arene fair, 585  
Thryon by Alpheus' ford, Aipu well built;  
Amphigenia, Cyparisseens,  
From Pteleos, Helos, Dorion, where the nine  
Celestial Muses seiz'd the Thracian bard,  
Silenc'd the tuneful song of Thamyris 590  
Returning from Cæchalia by the banks  
Of Eurytus, who boasted to excel  
The sacred Nine in harmony and song,  
And to the contest challeng'd: they, incens'd,  
Depriv'd him of his sight, and from his hand, 595  
Unstrung and broken, dash'd the harmonious lyre.  
These aged Nestor to the battle arm'd,  
Passing in ninety ships the boist'rous main.

Next from Arcadia, and the lofty walls

Of high Cyllene, by the sacred tomb 600  
 Of Æpytus, for closer combat fam'd ;  
 From Pheneon, and the Orchomenian plains,  
 Cov' red with herds ; from Ripe, Stratie,  
 Enispe high, to every blast expos'd ;  
 And Tegea, and belov'd Mantinea, 605  
 Stymphelon, and Parrhasia. To the war  
 These Agapenor led, Ancæus' son,  
 In sixty ships fill'd with Arcadian troops  
 Well skill'd in fight. Atrides furnish'd ships  
 To bear the Arcadians to the Trojan shore, 610  
 Themselves unus'd to maritime affairs.

Next from Buprasium, Elis, and thy bounds  
 Hyrmine, Myrsinus, the Olenian rocks,  
 And thy fair spring, Alisium : these four chiefs  
 To battle led, and each ten ships prepar'd 615  
 The Epeians to convey : Amphinachus,  
 The son of Cteatus, and Thalpius, son  
 Of Eurytus, from mighty Actor sprung ;  
 And brave Diores, son of Amarynx ;  
 And Polyxenus, like a god in arms, 620  
 Son of Agasthenes, Augeia's king.

From fam'd Dulichium, and the sacred isles  
 Echinades sea-girt, and opposite  
 Elis divine ; these Meges, like to Mars

In battle; son of warlike Phyleus, led;  
(Who to Dulichium, with his sire incens'd,  
Fled,) and to Troy in forty ships convey'd.

The Cephallenians next Ulysses arm'd,  
From Ithaca, well-wooded Nerytus;  
From Croculus, Aigilipa's high rocks, 630  
Verdant Zacynthus, Samos, and thy coast  
Far-fam'd Epirus, and the adjacent isles:  
'Twelve ships with purple prows Ulysses own'd.

Thoas the Ætolians led, Andræmon's son,  
From Pleuron, from Pylene, Olenos, 635  
From sea-girt Chalcis, rocky Calydon:  
For now the race of Æneus was no more,  
Himself, his sons, and Meleager dead.  
The chief command on Thoas then devolv'd,  
Who brought in forty ships his valiant troops. 640

Idomeneus, well skill'd to hurl the spear,  
The Cretans from Gortina Cnossus led;  
Lyctus, Miletus, and Leucastos white;  
Phæstus and Rhytios, cities worthy note;  
And those who from her hundred cities Crete 645  
To battle sent: Idomeneus, in arms  
Renown'd, commanded; with Meriones,  
Like Mars in fight: whom eighty ships convey'd.

Tlepolemus the son of Hercules,

In stature vast, and size, the Rhodians led :  
In nine tall ships, from Rhodes, and Lindos town ;  
From Ialyssos, and Camiron white :  
These brave Tlepolemus commanded : him  
Astyochia bare to Hercules,  
Whom he from Ephyra, and Selle's stream, 655  
Destroying many cities, captive brought.  
Tlepolemus, to years mature advanc'd,  
Slew old Licymnius, uncle to his sire ;  
And ships prepar'd for flight, and o'er the sea  
The brave companions of his fate convey'd, 660  
To shun the rage of dread Alcides' sons,  
Breathing revenge for old Licymnius' death :  
After great dangers he at Rhodes arriv'd,  
And, disembarking there his faithful bands,  
His peaceful reign establish'd ; by the arm 665  
Of mighty Jove protected ; who o'er all  
In earth and heav'n with pow'r supreme commands,  
Who with unnumb'ed riches blest their toils.

Nireus three ships from Sumæ led to Troy,  
Whom fair Aglaia to Charopus bore ; 670  
Nireus, in beauty first of all the host  
After Achilles : few indeed his troops,  
Small his experience and his strength in war.  
Next from Nisuros, Casus, Crapathus,



From Cos the city of Eurypylos,  
And from Calydnæ's isles, Phidippus arm'd;  
And Antiphus, from great Alcides sprung  
By Thessalus; their bands in thirty ships.

Say now Pelasgic Argos' martial bands,  
Whom Alos, Alope, 'Trechnia, sent; 680  
Phthia and Hellas, much for beauty fam'd;  
By various names, Hellenians, Myrmidons,  
Achaïans known; these swift Achilles brought  
From Thessaly, in fifty ships, to Troy.

But they no more prepar'd them to the war; 685  
No leader marshall'd them to deeds of arms:

Inglorious at his ships Achilles lay,  
Much griev'd for fair Briseis, captive maid,  
His valued prize from cities overthrown,  
Lyrnessus and the spacious walls of Thebes, 690  
Where fell Muneta and Epistrophus,

Euenus' sons, of high renown in arms:  
For her he shunn'd the war, full soon to rise again.  
From Phylace and verdant Pyrrhasus,  
Sacred to Ceres; from Itona fam'd 695

For num'rous flocks; Antrona, by the sea;  
And Pteleon for its verdure far renown'd,  
His troops Protesilaus led to Troy;  
Soon by the cruel Fates of life depriv'd;

Whilst his much-grieved wife in Phylace,  
And scarce-establish'd house, lament his death,  
Slain by some Trojan chief as from his ship  
Foremost he leap'd upon the Trojan shore.  
Yet were they not without a chief to lead  
Their martial bands, though him they greatly  
mourn'd: 705

Podarces, of Iphiclus warlike son,  
Protesilaus' brother, to the war  
Albeit inferior far in deeds of arms,  
His forces marshall'd on Scamander's plains :  
To Trojan shores in forty ships convey'd. 710

Eumelus next, from Pheræ by the lake  
Of Bœbe, Ialocus, Glaphyræ,  
His forces arm'd ; (Admetus' warlike son,  
By fair Alceste, pride of Pelia's race ;)  
And in eleven vessels pass'd the main. 715

Next from Methone and Thaumacia,  
From Melibœa, from Olizon's rocks,  
Skill'd to direct th' unerring shaft aright  
With matchless art, brave Philoctetes led  
In seven ships his troops, expert to ply 720  
The cumbrous oar, or aim the fatal shaft.  
Yet he in Lemnos' isle, with grief and pain  
Tormented, from a pois'nous hydra's bite,

Afflicted lay ; whom there the Grecians left,  
Incapable of war though great in arms. 725

Him soon the Greeks, howe'er forgetful now,  
Will anxious seek to aid the fall of Troy :  
Nor wanted they a leader ; them the son  
Of Ajax Oileus to the battle led,  
Medon the brave, whom beauteous Rhena bore. 730

From Tricca, from Ithome's lofty crag,  
Æchalia, city erst of Eurytus,  
The warlike sons of Æsculapius,  
Machaon, Podalirius, brave in arms,  
And in the art of healing deeply skill'd ; 735  
In thirty ships their valiant forces brought.

From Ormenos, and Hyperia's stream,  
Asterion, and the cliffs of Titanus,  
His troops Eurypylus, Euæmon's son,  
Brought to the Trojan shores in forty ships. 740  
Argissa and Gyrtona next supplied  
Their martial bands from Oloossa white ;  
Orthe, Helone ; them Pirithous' son,  
Brave Polypœtes, marshall'd to the fight ;  
Pirithous boasting high descent from Jove. 745  
Hippodamia to Pirithous bore  
Great Polypœtes on the day he slew  
The shaggy Centaurs, driving them amain

From Pelion to the bounds of Thessaly.

An equal share of pow'r Leonteus claim'd, 750

Coroneus' warlike son. In forty ships

They led their forces to the Trojan shores.

Goneus, from Cyphus, two-and-twenty ships

Led through the foaming main : in these embark'd

The Eneans, and Peræbi brave in fight, 755

Who by Dodona dwelt, in ruthless storms

Where winter reigns severe ; and they who till

Their lands by pleasant Titaresion,

To Peneus sending his transparent stream,

Nor deigns to mix his clear pellucid wave, 760

But light as oil upon the surface floats,

Deriv'd from Styx, the sacred oath of gods.

Prothous the brave Magnetes arm'd to war,

Tenthredon's son, from Peneus, and the groves

Of Pelion ; in forty ships convey'd. 765

The leaders these, and mighty chiefs of Greece.

Now, Muse, relate who most in arms excell'd

Of all the host ; who rein'd the noblest steeds.

First in the race, and of Pheretian breed,

Eumelus' coursers whirl'd the rapid car, 770

Swift as the eagle's wing, in colour match'd,

And size : Apollo in Pieria's plains

Nourish'd them, matchless in the rapid course,

Or to spread terror through the ranks of war.  
 Of men the bravest, Ajax Telamon, 775  
 Whilst swift Achilles, at his tent retir'd,  
 Cherish'd dire rage; for he excell'd in might,  
 And his of generous steeds the fleetest far.  
 Incens'd with him who bore supreme command,  
 With Agamemnon, at his ships he lay 780  
 Inactive; whilst his forces on the strond,  
 In sports contending, to the distant goal  
 Speed the swift arrow, throw the pond'rous quoit,  
 Or hurl the spear: their horses at the car  
 The chieftains rein'd, still eager for the fight: 785  
 Albeit, obedient to their leader's will,  
 Unarm'd, inactive, through the camp they stray'd.

Thus mov'd the Greeks, as when devouring flames  
 O'erspread the plain; as erst, when angry Jove,  
 Indignant, hurl'd terrific thunder down, 790  
 And whelm'd Typhœus huge in Arime,  
 Beneath incumbent mountains: so beneath  
 Their numerous feet earth groan'd as on they mov'd  
 Eager to fight, and rapid march'd along.

Now Iris, sent from ægis-bearing Jove, 795  
 The unwelcome tidings to the Trojans brought:  
 They at their monarch's palace council held,  
 Old men and young; whom Iris, in the form

Of Priam's son, Polites, near approach'd.

(Polites swift of foot, who at the tomb 800

Of old Æsetes watch'd the Grecian host,

To note when from their ships they bent their  
march,)

In form like him, Iris the king address'd :

“ O venerable sire, as though in time

“ Of peace, vain useless converse here you hold ;

“ Yet war, portentous war, the state impends : 805

“ Though present often in the conflict dire,

“ A host in numbers and in pow'r so great

“ As now approacheth, I have ne'er beheld ;

“ Like leaves, or as the sea sand, numberless 810

“ They pour along the plain, and this way tend.

“ Hector, to thee, chief captain of our host,

“ I counsel thus : Since men of various tongues

“ Have join'd their forces to our Trojan arms,

“ Let then each several leader bear command, 815

“ And marshal to the fight his native troops.”

She spake : when Hector knew the voice divine,  
And straight dismiss'd the council ; and to arms,  
Through the wide-opening gates, both horse and foot,  
Rush'd forth impetuous : dreadful was the noise.

A lofty mount, retir'd, yet near to Troy, 821  
Rises above the plain, by mortals call'd



Bateia, by the gods Myrnyne's tomb :  
There Trojans and allies their numerous troops  
Assembled. Hector, by his varied crest 825  
Distinguish'd, led the warlike Trojans on,  
In numbers and in might superior far.

Æneas to the war the Dardans arm'd,  
Of Venus and Anchises' mighty son  
In Ida born, of more than mortal race ; 830  
With him Antenor's warlike sons advanc'd,  
Archilochus and valiant Acamas.  
They who inhabit Ida's utmost bounds,  
And fair Zelia by Æsepus' stream ;  
Them Pandarus, Lycaon's son, well taught 835  
By Phœbus to direct th' unerring shaft,  
To battle arm'd. Adrastus' city next,  
Apæsus, Pityia, and the crag  
Of high Teria, sent their martial bands:  
Adrastus these, and Amphius, led on, 840  
Sons of Percosian Merops, deeply skill'd  
In prophecy, nor would permit his sons  
To join the doubtful war: they list'ned not  
His voice, by Fate's resistless hand impell'd.

Percote next, and Practius' martial bands ; 845  
Sestos, Abydos, and Arisbe fair,  
The warlike son of Hirtacus led on

In order duè : Aresbian coursers, bred  
By Selle's stream, the valiant Asius bore.

Hippothous arm'd the brave Pelasgians, 850  
From rich Larissa, with Pylæus join'd,  
His brother, of Pelasgian Lethus' sons.

Pirus and Acamas their Thracian troops  
Brought from the stormy coast of Hellespont.

Euphemus led the brave Ciconians, 855  
Son of Trœzenus, Cea's royal race.

Arm'd with the bow and shaft, Pyræchmes led  
The stout Pæonians, far from Amudon ;  
From Axius' stream, of rivers purest far.

Pylæmenes the Paphlagonians brought 860  
From Enetæ, and from Parthenius' stream ;  
And from Cytorus, and from Sesamus,  
Cromna, Ægialus, and Erythini.

The Halizonians, Epistrophus  
And Hodus led, from distant Alybe ; 865  
From Alybe, for purest silver fam'd.

Chromis the Mysians, and Ennomus  
Well skill'd in augury, to battle arm'd :  
Yet vain that skill, when stern Achilles' rage  
With slaughter'd heaps impeded Xanthus' course.

Phorcys the Phrygians, and Ascanius, 871  
Far from Ascania led, eager for war.

Pylæmen's sons, Mesthles and Antiphus,  
From Tmolus led the brave Mæonians.

Nastes the Carians led, of barbarous tongue, 875  
Who by Miletus dwell, and Phthiron's woods,  
Mæander's stream, and Mycale's high crag :  
These Nastes and Amphimachus led on :  
Amphimachus and Nastes, Nomion's sons,  
In gold attir'd, who rashly dar'd the war, 880  
At Xanthus' stream by great Achilles slain.

Sarpedon last, and Glaucus, led their troops  
From Lycia's realm and rapid Xanthus' source.

## BOOK III.

EACH host in order by their chiefs array'd,  
With shouts the Trojans mov'd along the plain  
Tumultuous; as when unnumb'ed cranes,  
From wintry storms and more inclement skies,  
O'er wide extended seas their flight pursue, 5  
And through the air to the pygmæan race  
Destruction bring, and death. The Greeks mean-  
time

With silent rage mov'd onward, firmly bent  
By mutual aid each other to assist.

As the south wind upon the mountain top      10  
Spreads the thick mist, for deeds of darkness meet,  
Unfriendly to the shepherd, who in vain  
With bounded view o'erlooks his scatt' red flocks ;  
So from unnumb' red feet the dust in clouds  
Uprose, as on they urg'd their rapid march.      15

Now front to front array'd each army stood,  
When Paris forth advanc'd in glitt'ring arms,  
His shoulders covered with a panther's hide ;

Two spears he brandish'd, and to single fight  
Challeng'd the bravest of the Grecian host. 20

Him Menelaus, eager for the war,  
With haughty strides advancing, soon perceiv'd.  
As when the lion on some larger beast,  
Or stag with branching horns, or shaggy goat,  
By hunger press'd, alights: though dogs and men 25  
Fearless attack, unmov'd he still devours.  
So Menelaus at the sight rejoic'd ;  
And eager to revenge his mighty griefs,  
All-arm'd, from forth his lofty chariot sprung.

Him thus advancing Paris first beheld, 30  
And quick retreated, stung with conscious shame  
And guilt, and to the ranks in haste retir'd.  
As from the brake retreats with hasty step  
The fright'ned traveller, when unawares  
He sees the crested snake ; fear shakes his limbs,  
And o'er his face a sudden paleness casts : 36  
So Paris started, trembled, and retir'd  
Within the ranks, and shunn'd his mighty foe.

Him Hector thus with sharp rebuke address'd :  
“ Unhappy Paris, of thy beauty vain ; 40  
“ Deceiver false ! O hadst thou ne'er been born,  
“ Or perish'd ere perform'd the nuptial tie ;  
“ Rather than thus thy country to disgrace,

- “ The scorn and just contempt of all the Greeks,  
“ Who, judging from thy form, might deem thee  
    “ brave! 45  
“ But thou art weak of mind, and cowardly ;  
“ And being such, how couldst thou dare, in ships  
“ Passing the seas, from Apia basely steal  
“ The wife of a far braver man than thou ?  
“ Grief inexpressible to all thy race, 50  
“ Thy father, and thy country, and thyself :  
“ But to our foes matter of greatest joy.  
“ What ! fear'st thou Menelaus to engage ?  
“ Soon shouldst thou know from whom thou dost  
    “ withhold  
“ The partner of his bed ; nor may thy harp, 55  
“ Nor Cytherea's gifts, nor form, nor grace,  
“ Avail, when vanquish'd thou shalt bite the dust.  
“ Trojans want courage, or with stones o'erwhelm'd  
“ Long since thou'dst paid the forfeit of thy  
    “ crimes.”

Paris replied : “ True, Hector, are thy words ; 60

- “ And I have justly merited reproach.  
“ Thy mind unwearied,—as the sharp'ned axe  
“ Strength addeth to the cunning workman's hand,  
“ Who shapes the timber for some lofty bark,—  
“ Thy mighty mind, with fear no converse holds.



“ Reproach me not with Cytherea’s gifts ;  
“ The gifts of heav’n are not to be condemn’d  
“ When freely given, yet above control  
“ Of human pow’r. If, Hector, such thy wish,  
“ That I, and singly too, this contest try ; 70  
“ Cause each contending host to rest their arms,  
“ Whilst I and Menelaus, in the midst,  
“ For beauteous Helen and the spoils engage :  
“ Let him whom heaven with success shall crown,  
“ The spoils and glorious prize in triumph bear ; 75  
“ Whilst Greeks and Trojans, in firm league com-  
“ bin’d

“ And amity, these dwell in fertile Troy,  
“ To Argos those return, for beauty fam’d.”

He spake : with joy Hector his words receiv’d,  
And hast’ning in the midst, with levell’d spear 80  
Restrain’d his troops obedient : him the Greeks  
With missive arms on every side assail’d.

When Agamemnon thus the Greeks address’d :

“ Forbear, ye Greeks, forbear : great Hector comes  
“ With proposition of no mean import.” 85

In silence they obey’d ; when Hector thus :  
“ Trojans and Greeks, the words of Paris hear ;  
“ Paris, the cause of this disastrous war :  
“ He orders all to ground their hostile arms,

“ That he and Menelaus, singly, may  
“ For beauteous Helen and the spoils engage ;  
“ That he whom heaven with success shall crown,  
“ The spoils and glorious prize in triumph bear,  
“ And we in league and amity combine.”

He spake ; still silence reign'd throughout the  
camp ; 95

When Menelaus thus the chiefs address'd :

“ Hear also me, whose mighty griefs exceed  
“ All common bounds ; yet I with joy perceive  
“ Some termination to the toils of war,  
“ Since Greeks and Trojans both have much en-  
“ dur'd 100

“ For me, and Paris cause of all our woes :  
“ Then let him perish whom the Fates decree,  
“ And you in peace and lasting friendship live.  
“ Bring then two lambs, ye Trojans, to the Earth  
“ And Phœbus sacred, as your rites demand. 105  
“ A third we Grecians consecrate to Jove.  
“ Let Priam's self this solemn truce attend :  
“ His sons, unsteady, no dependence claim,  
“ Though by an oath confirm'd ; such heedless  
“ youth,  
“ To changes ever prone ; more prudent age 110  
“ Examines, and approves what still is best.”

He spake : with joy each host anticipates  
A speedy end to desolating war.  
Alighting from their cars, in order due  
They rein'd the prancing steeds, and on the ground,  
Small space between, their glitt'ring arms reclin'd.

But Hector to the Trojan city sent  
Two heralds to invite the rev'rend king,  
Of age experienc'd, to attend the rites :  
The Grecians from their ships, to mighty Jove 120  
Sacred, th' unblemish'd lamb, as order'd, sent.

Meantime the varied Iris, messenger  
Of gods, from heav'n to beauteous Helen came ;  
The form of fair Læodice she took ;  
Læodice, of Priam's royal race, 125  
Fairest in form and feature : her she found  
Plying the loom, whose magic art pourtray'd  
The various conflicts of contending hosts,  
Herself the prize ; whom Iris thus address'd :

“ Fair bride, approach, and with thy wond'ring  
“ eyes 130

“ The assembled hosts of Trojans and of Greeks

“ Behold, who erst, on yon blood-stained field

“ Contending, fought with more than mortal rage.

“ No more the din of battle and the shock

“ Of arms is heard ; still silence reigns throughout ;

“ Whilst on his pond’rous shield, or fixed spear,  
“ Each chieftain stands reclin’d ; and in the midst  
“ Paris and Menelaus now prepare  
“ Fierce combat, thou thyself the conqu’ror’s meed.”

Thus spake the goddess; and her mind inspir’d  
With all her former love and anxious care, 141  
For parents, country, husband, left behind.  
Her radiant face she veil’d, and from the loom  
In haste arose, shedding the frequent tear  
Of fond affection, as her steps she bent, 145  
Not unattended, to the Scæan gate.  
There the chief counsellors around their king  
Debating sat ; Thymoetes, Panthous,  
And Hicetaon, Lampus, Clytius,  
Antenor, and Ucalegon, far fam’d 150  
For wisdom, at the Scæan gate conven’d :  
Chiefs whose declining years might well excuse  
The toils of war, but on whose rev’rend brows  
Deliberation sat ; like grasshoppers,  
Whose shrill voice echoes through the sacred grove.  
Thus on th’ embattled tower assembled sat 156  
These venerable chiefs : when Helen came,  
Much they admir’d, and thus were heard to say :

“ We cannot Trojans blame, or Grecian chiefs,  
“ That such transcendent beauty should engage 160

“ Contending nations in a tedious war ;  
“ Some goddess, scarce disguis’d in mortal frame :  
“ Yet her return we most devoutly wish,  
“ All-heav’nly as she is ; her presence brings  
“ Inevitable fate to all our race.” 165

Thus spake the chiefs ; when Priam’s friendly voice  
In mildest accents Helen thus bespoke :

“ Approach, my child, and take thy seat by me,  
“ And view thy former husband, and thy friends :  
“ Nay, child, I blame not you ; the heav’nly  
“ pow’rs, 170  
“ To Troy unfriendly, have uprais’d this war.  
“ Tell me what name he bears, whose portly mien,  
“ And form majestic, chief respect commands :  
“ Others in stature and in size excel,  
“ But one more venerably beautiful 175  
“ These eyes have ne’er beheld : some king, I  
“ deem.”

Helen replied : “ O much-esteemed sire,  
“ Most fear’d, yet most lov’d ! O had I died  
“ Ere with thy son I rashly did forsake  
“ My husband, child, and friends ! Yet these things  
“ are : 180  
“ And that they are, I do lament me much.

“ What you inquire, I will with truth relate.

“ Atrides, king of all the Grecian host,

“ You there behold ; in council and in war

“ Pre-eminent : my brother once so dear, 185

“ My husband's brother : would he were so now !”

Him Priam long with wond'ring eyes survey'd,

And said : “ O king, with happy omens born ;

“ In empire and in arms, in people blest ;

“ For all the Grecians own thy sov'reign sway. 190

“ In Phrygia once great Otreus' host I view'd,

“ With Mygdon's, on the banks of Sangar's stream,

“ Array'd against the warlike Amazons :

“ I join'd their forces ; yet inferior those

“ To the brave warriors of the Grecian host.” 195

A second question Priam then address'd,

When he Ulysses saw : “ Tell me, my child,

“ Who's that, in stature less, but broader far

“ His ample chest ; his armour on the ground

“ Dispos'd, himself the ranks with care surveys 200

“ Attentive ; as the ram with shaggy fleece

“ On every side the num'rous flock regards.”

Him Helen, sprung from Jove, thus answer'd  
mild :

“ Laertes' son, Ulysses, brave and wise,



- “ Thine eyes behold: yet he to Ithaca,  
“ A barren island, owes his birth; but far  
“ His fame extends, deep-read in wisdom’s lore.”  
When thus Antenor prudent: “ True, indeed,  
“ Thy words, O Helen! I remember well,  
“ Ulysses once in embassy to Troy, 210  
“ With Menelaus came, on thy account:  
“ Those noble guests I then beneath my roof  
“ Did entertain with hospitality.  
“ Their persons and their different pow’rs I know.  
“ When with the Trojans they assembled stood,  
“ Atrides’ form our first attention drew: 216  
“ Ulysses, seated, claim’d superior awe  
“ And rev’rence; but when debate arose,  
“ And each his sentiments in words declar’d;  
“ In language plain, in strong and nervous terms  
“ Concise, Atrides to the purpose spoke:  
“ But when, in thought profound, Ulysses rose,  
“ With steadfast look his eyes upon the ground  
“ He fix’d, nor wav’d his sceptre-bearing hand;  
“ Unmov’d he stood, and motionless, as one 225  
“ Unskill’d and in experienc’d in debate:  
“ But when he spoke, with firm and manly tone,  
“ In copious language, like the winter’s snow

“ Descending thick, with wonder we admir’d

“ His easy flow of matchless eloquence.” 230

Again, when Ajax to his view appear’d,

Thus question’d Priam : “ Who, of stature vast,

“ And bulk immense, is that, above the rest ?”

When Helen, fairest of her sex, replied :

“ The mighty Ajax, bulwark of the war : 235

“ Near him, encircled by the Cretan bands,

“ Idomeneus, with other mighty chiefs

“ Assembled, stands : for often, as a guest,

“ To Menelaus’ hospitable roof

“ The brave Idomeneus to Sparta came. 240

“ Each Grecian chief I see, and can relate

“ Their names and rank : for two I look in vain ;

“ Castor, well skill’d to rein the foaming steeds,

“ And Pollux, victor in the Pythian games,

“ My brothers : Sparta yet perhaps detains 245

“ Them distant far ; or, if to Troy they came,

“ They shun the conflict, and the glorious toils

“ Of war, o’erwhelm’d with grief and shame for me.”

Thus Helen spake : but long the silent tomb

In Sparta, in their native land, embrac’d 250

Their sad remains, though sprung from mighty

Jove.

And now the heralds through the city brought,  
For sacrifices meet, two faultless lambs,  
And gen'rous wine. Idæus first advanc'd,  
Bearing the glitt'ring bowl, and golden cups, 255  
And thus the venerable king address'd :

“ Arise, O son of great Laomedon !

“ The Trojans and the Greeks thy presence wait

“ On yonder plain to consecrate the rites,

“ When Paris and the warlike Atreus' son 260

“ In fiercest conflict shall the prize dispute ;

“ Helen, and all the spoils, the victor's meed :

“ And we, in league and amity combin'd,

“ Inhabit fertile Troy, and in their ships

“ The Grecians to their native land return.” 265

The herald spake : with sorrow Priam heard  
The unwelcome news ; yet bade the chiefs prepare  
His royal chariot : to the destin'd plain  
Antenor, wise, conducts the aged king.

When now amidst the Grecian chiefs arriv'd, 270  
And Trojan, they alighted from their car.  
First Agamemnon and Ulysses rose  
To greet the Trojan king. Herald's meantime  
The sacred rites prepar'd, and mix'd the wine,  
And pour'd libations on each monarch's hand. 275  
Atides from his side unsheath'd the knife,

Which ready hung, and from the victim's head  
Sever'd the destin'd hair, which to each chief,  
In order due, the faithful heralds gave ;  
When Agamemnon thus preferr'd his pray'r: 280  
    " Great Jove, of Ida sov'reign, first and best ;  
" And thou, O Sun ! whose searching eye per-  
    " vades  
" Earth's utmost bounds ; Rivers and Earth, attend ;  
" And all ye pow'rs beneath, whose vengeful ire  
" Doth punish those who dare to violate 285  
" Their sacred oaths, be witness to our rites !  
" If Menelaus fall, let Paris take  
" Helen the glorious prize, and the rich spoils ;  
" We in our ships will back to Greece return :  
" But if by Menelaus' warlike hand 290  
" Paris o'ercome shall fall, the Trojan chiefs  
" Shall duly Helen and the spoils restore,  
" And strictly pay the stipulated fine ;  
" A fine which shall this solemn act record  
" To future times : should Troy refuse to pay, 295  
" I will continue this disastrous war,  
" Nor home return till just revenge I find."  
    Thus spake the monarch, and the victims slew,  
Which on the ground he plac'd, of life depriv'd,  
Yet quiv'ring in the dust : then from the cup 300

Pouring rich wine, they to th' immortal gods,  
Both Greeks and Trojans, thus address'd the pray'r :

“ O mighty Jove, and all ye pow'rs above !

“ May they who first this solemn league dissolve,

“ Pour forth, as we this wine, their vital stream, 305

“ Their wives led captive to some foreign land !”

Jove list'ned not the vengeful pray'r of man.

Priam now rose, and thus the chiefs address'd :

“ Ye Greeks and Trojans, spare a father's tears,

“ Nor let my aged eyes the combat see, 310

“ Which may deprive me of a much-lov'd son ;

“ Permit that I again to Troy return :

“ The dread event is known to heav'n alone.”

Thus Priam spake, and then within the car

The victims plac'd : Antenor, by his side 315

Seated, conducts him to the walls of Troy.

Now Hector and Ulysses mark'd the ground,

And in the brazen helmet cast the lots,

Who first the spear should hurl against the foe.

Each host their secret wishes thus express'd : 320

“ Great Jove, of Ida sov'reign, first and best ;

“ Let him the dreary shades of Pluto's realm

“ First enter, who this hateful war began :

“ Whilst we in peace and amity unite.”

Thus spake they. Hector shook the brazen  
casque, 325

With eyes averted ; when his brother's lot,  
The lot of Paris, first to hurl the spear,  
Leap'd forth : in order round each army sat,  
Their glitt'ring armour and their chariots near.

First Paris arm'd him for the deadly fight: 330  
The silver-studded greaves his legs embrac'd ;  
Lycaon's breastplate arm'd his manly chest ;  
His glitt'ring faulchion o'er his shoulders hung :  
Then high he rais'd his pond'rous massy shield,  
And o'er his brow the nodding helmet plac'd, 335  
And grasp'd his mighty spear. Atrides now  
In armour clad appear'd ; and in the midst  
Of either host, with lofty strides advanc'd,  
And aspect stern, all eager to engage :  
Astonishment and fear each breast assail'd. 340

And now within the measur'd space they stood,  
Shaking their hostile spears in anger fierce.

Paris first hurl'd his lance, and smote the shield  
Of Menelaus ; but the treach'rous point  
Fell blunted, nor might pierce the sev'n-fold orb.  
Then rose the might of Atreus' warlike son, 346  
Who thus to mighty Jove address'd his pray'r :



“ O Jove supreme, now grant me just revenge  
“ On faithless Paris ; let this arm subdue  
“ The man who dared to violate the rites 350  
“ Of sacred friendship ; that mankind may learn  
“ To shun, from his example, base deceit.”

He spake ; and brandishing aloft his spear,  
Hurl'd it with force impetuous : through the shield  
And corselet quick it pierc'd : bending, he shunn'd  
The fatal point, and scarce escap'd from death. 356

Atrides drew his sword, and rushing on  
With rapid step, his helmet struck amain :  
The faithless sword fell, shiv'ed, to the ground.  
Atrides, grieving from his inmost soul, 360  
With eyes to heav'n uprais'd, thus loud exclaim'd :

“ O mighty Jove ! unjust at least in this,  
“ Above the gods ! vainly I thought indeed  
“ To have reveng'd my wrongs : my broken sword,  
“ And erring spear, bespeak neglected right.” 365

He spake ; and rushing forward, seiz'd the plume  
Which nodded o'er his helmet, and with force  
The vanquish'd Trojan to the Grecian host  
Dragg'd headlong, struggling : him th' embroid'ed  
thong

Beneath his tender chin, with pain severe 370  
Encumb'ed. Then the victor had obtain'd

Immortal honour. But the watchful pow'r  
Of Venus interpos'd : she broke the thong,  
And in his hand an empty helmet left ;  
Which towards the Greeks the indignant victor  
hurl'd 375

With vehemence : his friends the spoil receiv'd.  
Again he rush'd with vengeance on his foe ;  
But Venus in a cloud convey'd him thence  
Unseen, and in the bridal chamber plac'd ;  
There sweet perfumes his dying sense reviv'd. 380

The goddess then sought Helen : her she found  
By her attendants, at the lofty tow'r,  
Encircled ; when her robe, with gentle touch  
Attractive, pulling, like the feeble age  
Of old Eurocomus, of Spartan race, 385  
The friend and partner of fair Helen's woes ;  
In form like her, thus Venus smiling said :  
“ Hither away ; thy Paris calls thee home,  
“ On lofty couch reclin'd in sweet repose, 389  
“ With odours dropping ; thither bend thy steps :  
“ Not like some warrior from the ensanguin'd plain,  
“ But from the festive dance, in jocund trim,  
“ Return'd, or thither going.” Thus she spake,  
And her attention rais'd : but when perceiv'd  
Her beauteous neck with form superior turn'd, 395

And eyes with heav'nly lustre sparkling bright,  
Astonish'd, thus the goddess she address'd :

“ Why dost thou spread again the fatal snare ?

“ To what far distant city wouldst thou lead

“ Thy wretched captive, to some favour'd man ? 400

“ Paris thus conqu'ring, Atreus' warlike son

“ Would take me back to my dear native land ;

“ Therefore thou com'st with deepest mischief  
“ fraught.

“ Return again to Paris ; quit the paths

“ Of heav'n, nor to Olympus bend thy steps ; 405

“ But dwell with him, and be his constant guard,

“ Till he shall make thee or his wife or slave.

“ I will not go, nor do so base an act,

“ To wait his pleasure ; scorn'd by Trojan dames,

“ Oppress'd already with unnumb'ed woes.” 410

When her displeasure Venus thus express'd :

“ Awaken not, all wretched as thou art,

“ My anger ; lest, enrag'd, I do forsake,

“ And hate thee as I once did love thee much ;

“ And sow between the two contending hosts 415

“ Such bitter enmity, such dire revenge,

“ That nothing but thy death can satisfy.”

She spake, and Helen fear'd to disobey ;

But silent, unobserv'd, in veil obscur'd,

Reluctant, follow'd where the goddess led,  
To the fair palace: there their several works  
Her maids obedient plied. Venus meantime  
Conducted Helen to the lofty room  
Where Paris sat reclin'd, and by his side  
Plac'd her, unwilling: with averted eyes, 425  
Indignant, thus her husband she reproach'd:

“ And art thou from the combat safe return'd?  
“ Would thou hadst perish'd by a braver hand,  
“ The hand of my dread lord! Where now thy  
“ boast  
“ Of strength, and might superior? Dar'st thou  
“ then 430  
“ A second combat try, and face thy foe?  
“ Ah! venture not again the warlike son  
“ Of Atreus to engage; nor rashly prove  
“ An easy conquest to the victor's arms.”

To her the vanquish'd Paris thus replied: 435  
“ Cease thy reproach, O fairest of thy sex!  
“ Aided by Pallas, Menelaus boasts  
“ The palm of vict'ry now; I, in my turn,  
“ With heav'n's assistance, may reclaim the prize  
“ Hereafter: but far other thoughts demand 440  
“ Our care; for never did thy charms so touch  
“ My ravish'd sense; not when I first convey'd

“ Thee, not unwilling, in my hollow ships  
“ To Cranae’s isle, from Sparta much belov’d,  
“ As now I love thee, Helen.” Thus he spake, 445  
And led the way ; she follow’d, nothing loth.

Atrides now, like some fierce lioness  
Robb’d of her whelps, enrag’d, with hasty step  
Advancing through the ranks, his foe requir’d,  
With fruitless search : not one could point him out  
Of all the num’rous host : yet not for love,  
Or for regard, would any have conceal’d  
The author and the cause of all their woes ;  
Just object of their most determin’d hate :  
When Agamemnon thus address’d the chiefs : 455

“ Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, attend :  
“ To Menelaus victory belongs.  
“ Bring then the spoils, and Helen safe restore,  
“ And pay the fine I justly shall impose ;  
“ A fine which may this solemn act record  
“ To distant times, and ages yet unborn.”  
He spake ; and loud applauses rent the skies.

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BOOK IV.

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AND now, on golden thrones, with Jove supreme,  
Assembled, sat the high immortal pow'rs ;  
Hebe with wine the golden goblet crown'd,  
Nectarean, whilst beneath them they survey'd  
The Trojan city, and suspended war ; 5  
When thus with feign'd rebuke, and tacit blame,  
Great Jove address'd the sov'reign Queen of heav'n :

- “ Two goddesses with aid divine assist  
“ Atrides' son ; Minerva's warlike power,  
“ And Argive Juno ; yet, all unconcern'd, 10  
“ Apart they sit : but with more constant care  
“ Venus her favour'd warrior still protects,  
“ And now hath sav'd him from impending fate :  
“ To Menelaus victory belongs.  
“ Consult we then to what these measures tend : 15  
“ Shall we again renew the dreadful war ;  
“ Or both unite in amity and peace ?  
“ If all approve, Troy shall again uprear  
“ Her head triumphant ; and the pride of Greece,  
“ Helen, return with Menelaus home.” 20

Pallas indignant, and Saturnia heard,  
And disapprov'd; the goddess of the war  
Suppress'd, though deeply griev'd, her mighty mind;  
But her displeasure thus Saturnia spoke:

“ O pow'r supreme, what hast thou now decreed?  
“ And wilt thou render all my labours vain? 26  
“ Labours immense, and troubles infinite,  
“ Which in this conflict I have undergone,  
“ Wearying immortal coursers to destroy  
“ The Trojan name. What you decree, must stand  
“ Fix'd; yet we cannot, do not all approve.”

In anger Jove replied: “ Unfortunate!  
“ What can or Priam or his sons have done,  
“ That thou shouldst hate them so, and ceaseless  
“ strive

“ To overthrow the well-built city Troy? 35  
“ What! thou wouldst enter through her lofty  
“ gates,

“ And Priam and his sons, within the walls,  
“ Alive devour, to satiate thy revenge!  
“ Be it so then; nor Troy, as heretofore,  
“ In highest heav'n be cause of fierce debate. 40  
“ But this I tell thee, and remark it well,—  
“ When I decree some lofty city's fall,  
“ Though patroniz'd by thee, think not to stay



“ My anger, or arrest my lifted arm :  
“ I gave thee Troy, but with no willing mind ; 45  
“ For of all cities which the sun surveys  
“ Beneath the starried canopy of heav’n,  
“ By mortal men inhabited, I lov’d  
“ That city, Priam, and his warlike race;  
“ For never did his altars cease to burn 50  
“ With sacrifices due to heav’n’s high King.”

When Juno, venerable, thus replied :

“ I have, indeed, three cities much belov’d,  
“ Argos and Sparta, and the spacious walls  
“ Of large Mycenæ: these thou mayst destroy 55  
“ When they incur thy hatred ; I nor care,  
“ Nor will oppose ; and though I should oppose,  
“ It would avail me nothing, for thy strength  
“ And pow’r supreme can never know restraint.  
“ Yet why should I, Goddess and Queen of  
“ heav’n,  
“ Daughter of Saturn, and the wife of Jove,  
“ In vain contend ? Let us by turns control  
“ The wayward fate of man ; th’ immortal pow’rs  
“ Will gladly follow where we lead the way.  
“ Let then Minerva, mov’d by your command, 65  
“ Descend where Greeks and Trojans cease from  
“ fight,

“ Dissolve the truce, and let the flames of war,

“ Through Trojan perfidy rekindled, blaze.”

She spake ; the Sire of gods and men approv'd,

And Pallas thus bespoke : “ Haste to the field, 70

“ Dissolve the truce, and let the flames of war

“ Rekindled blaze.” He spake ; when from above

Descending, from Olympus' lofty top,

The martial goddess urg'd her rapid flight :

Like to some meteor which Saturnian Jove 75

Portentous sends : amaz'd the sailor views

The dreadful omen, and th' embattled host

Shrinks panic-struck ; whilst, in long train behind,

The glitt'ring sparks shoot forth with vivid light :

So rush'd Minerva to the plains of Troy, 80

And mingled with the host : fear seiz'd each mind,

And Greeks and Trojans thus were heard to say :

“ War, dreadful war, or peace doth Jove portend,

“ From whom alone both peace and war derive.”

Thus they : but Pallas, like Antenor's son, 85

Ent'rd the Trojan host, if she might find

Lycaon's son, the godlike Pandarus.

Him, brave and blameless, in the thickest ranks

Of warriors from Æsepus' banks she found,

And near approaching, thus address'd the chief: 90

“ Hast thou, then, courage to perform my wish,

“ O son of brave Lycaon, and direct  
“ At Menelaus thy unerring shaft?  
“ The Trojans will, with grateful thanks, repay  
“ The deed ; but chiefly Paris, who with gifts 95  
“ Splendid and rich thy merit will reward,  
“ If, haply, by thy skill great Atreus’ son,  
“ Conqu’red and slain, ascend the fun’ral pyle.  
“ Haste, then, direct thy shaft ; but first by pray’r  
“ Invoke Apollo’s aid, of Lycia king, 100  
“ Far fam’d for matchless skill in archery :  
“ To him devote a hecatomb of lambs  
“ Unblemish’d, firstlings of thy num’rous flocks,  
“ When to Zelia’s sacred walls return’d.”

Minerva spake : exulting he approv’d, 105  
Improvident ; then took his polish’d bow,  
Spoil of the mountain goat, slain by his hand  
With well-directed shaft as from the rock  
Forth rushing he surpris’d it ; and the wound  
Deep in its heart infix’d : headlong it fell 110  
Lifeless ; full sixteen palms extended then  
The branching honours of its shaggy brow.  
The cunning workman shap’d the polish’d horn,  
And tipp’d the points with gold. His bow, unseen,  
He took, and bending to the ground inclin’d, 115  
Shelt’red by num’rous and surrounding friends,

Who with their orbid shields his purpose screen'd,  
Lest seen, the warlike Greeks should to the fight  
Impetuous rush ere Menelaus fall.

The quiver then he took, and from within      120  
Drew forth the winged shaft, yet unessay'd—

Sad cause of bitter woes—and to the string  
Applied the fatal arrow, and address'd

His pray'r to dread Apollo, Lycia's king,  
Far fam'd for matchless skill in archery ;      125

To him devoting hecatombs of lambs  
When to Zelia's sacred walls return'd.

The string and arrow then with force he drew ;

That to his chest, and to the polish'd bow

The pointed steel : the circled bow resounds ;      130

Shrill sounds the quiv'ring string, and to the mark  
Leaps forth, and rapid flies the pointed shaft.

Nor were the gods unmindful of thy fate,  
Atrides ; chiefly Pallas, who the wound  
Check'd, interposing, and repress'd its force.      135

As the fond mother from her sleeping child

The biting insect drives ; she in the belt,

Where double folds and clasps of gold protect,

Infix'd the shaft, directed by her hand :

Through the wrought belt and golden clasps it  
pierc'd      140

Impetuous, nor might the thickest folds  
Its course impede, such aid Apollo lent,  
Till in his body fix'd it pierc'd the skin  
Lightly, and drew the stream of purple gore.

As when pure ivory with Tyrian dye                    145  
Distain'd by female skill of Mæonis  
Or Caria shows, when for the warrior horse  
Rich trappings she designs, the costly gift  
With envy view'd, the pride of chivalry,  
Adorns the lofty chamber, form'd to deck                    150  
The gorgeous frontlet of a monarch's steed :

So show'd thy limbs, Atrides, stain'd with gore,  
As to the ground the purple current flow'd.

With horror seiz'd, the Grecian king beheld  
The blood still flowing from his brother's wound.

Then first did fear thy mighty mind appall,                    156  
O Menelaus ! but when seen the barb  
Not ent'red, then the spirit back return'd.

Pressing his brother's hand, with falt'ring voice  
Thus Agamemnon spake ; surrounding chiefs                    160  
Meantime in silence wept : “ Brother belov'd,  
“ This truce, this fatal truce, hath seal'd thy doom,  
“ Whom I to single combat have expos'd :  
“ By this thy wound the Trojans have dissolv'd  
“ This solemn league : yet surely not in vain                    165

- “ Our sacred oaths, our sacrifices meet,  
“ Our plighted hands, and vows of amity :  
“ Though Jove his vengeance stay, yet will his  
    “ wrath  
“ With tenfold fury burst upon their heads,  
“ And on their wives and children, for this deed.  
“ For well I know the time will surely come, 171  
“ When Troy’s proud city level with the dust  
“ Shall lie, and Priam and his people fall  
“ In undistinguish’d ruin : mighty Jove  
“ Saturnian, dwelling in the highest heav’n, 175  
“ Himself shall shake his ægis o’er their heads  
“ Portentous, for this folly most enrag’d :  
“ Nor cease till all things be accomplished.  
“ But deep affliction for thy sake I feel,  
“ Brother, and tremble lest this treach’rous wound  
“ Prove mortal : how oppress’d with shame and grief  
“ Shall I return to Argos, much-belov’d !  
“ The Greeks with haste will quit these hostile  
    “ plains,  
“ To Priam and the Trojans Helen leave,  
“ Their boasted prize ; whilst on th’ ensanguin’d  
    “ plain 185  
“ Thy scatt’red bones lie bleaching to the winds,  
“ Thy labours lost, thy works unfinished :

" When o'er thy dust insulting, thus shall say  
 " The haughty Trojan,—' So may Grecia's king  
 " With fruitless rage his enemies pursue, 190  
 " And lead his baffled forces back to Greece,  
 " His ships all scatt' red, and his brother slain !"  
 " Ere this I hear, may death my being end !"

Him Menelaus thus encouraging

Answ' red : " Nor fear yourself, nor cause our men  
 " 'To fear ; the shaft is in no mortal place ; 196  
 " Stopp'd by the well-wrought belt, and golden  
 " clasps."

When Agamemnon thus : " Be it so, then ;

" Yet let the skilful hand medicinal  
 " Its aid apply, and all thy pains remove. 200  
 " Haste, then, Talthybius ; Æsculapius' son  
 " Machaon hither speed ; that he may see  
 " My warlike brother, whom some Trojan chief,  
 " Or Lycian, hath with well-directed shaft  
 " Wounded ; their boast, but our most bitter grief."

He spake ; when hast'ning through the Grecian  
 host, 206

Talthybius Æsculapius' skilful son

Machaon sought ; him, circled by his friends,

From Tricca, and Ithome's tow'rs, he found,

And thus approaching spake : " Hither away, 210



“ Machaon, Agamemnon bids thee come  
“ And heal his brother, whom some Trojan chief,  
“ Or Lycian, hath with well-directed shaft  
“ Wounded; their boast, but our most bitter grief.”

He spake; when quickly through the Grecian  
host 215

Machaon to the wounded chief repair'd:  
Around him stood, with anxious care oppress'd,  
Atrides and the chiefs: first, from his belt  
He drew the shaft; the barbed point again  
Resisting, bent: the well-wrought belt remov'd, 220  
And girdle underneath, with gentle hand  
The clotted gore he press'd, and wip'd away;  
Then cleans'd the wound with ointment, and applied  
The potent juice of herbs medicinal,  
Whose secret virtues and rare qualities 225  
Sage Chiron to his father erst disclos'd.  
Whilst thus employ'd the Trojans clos'd their ranks,  
Resum'd their arms, and for the fight prepar'd.

Then, nor with fear assail'd, confus'd, inert,  
Mightst thou behold great Atreus' warlike son; 230  
His noble mind for martial glory burn'd,  
Impatient for the fight. Quitting forthwith  
His rapid car, (which Ptolemæus' son,  
Eurymedon, apart prepared, held,

Lest as th' extensive army he review'd  
Fatigue his limbs invade,) on foot he mov'd  
Through the thick ranks, and with persuasive words  
Their courage rous'd, and all their valour arm'd.

“ Grecians, your wonted bravery renew ;  
“ Know, Jove assists not those who violate      240  
“ Their sacred oaths ; them shall the rav'nous birds  
“ Of air devour who deal in perjury,  
“ Whilst we (their city levell'd to the dust)  
“ Their wives and children bear triumphant home.”

But whom averse or negligent to arm      245  
The monarch saw, severe he thus reprov'd :

“ O shame, O scandal to the name ye bear !  
“ Why stand ye trembling, like the panting hinds  
“ Which bounding o'er the plain, by sudden fear  
“ Oppress'd, stand motionless, an easy prey ?      250  
“ So you stand trembling, nor prepare for fight.  
“ What ! do you wait the Trojans' near approach,  
“ Till on the strond your very ships they seize,  
“ Unless to guard them Jove himself descend ?”

Thus Agamemnon through the num'rous host  
In order pass'd. The Cretans arm'd he found ; 256  
Idomeneus, their chief, like the fierce boar,  
Lord of the spacious forest : in the rear  
Meriones appear'd. The king rejoic'd,

And thus exulting spake : “ Idomeneus,

“ I do esteem thee much, and honour thee

“ Above the Grecian chiefs ; whether in war

“ Or council you assist, or festive board ;

“ When we the golden goblets crown with wine,

“ Thine, like thy sov'reign's cup, is ever full, 265

“ Unmeasur'd uncontroll'd : rouse then, to arms,

“ And with thy wonted courage dare the fight.”

Idomeneus replied : “ Know, mighty king,

“ I bear a grateful mind, nor will disgrace

“ My promis'd friendship and firm amity : 270

“ Lead on thy forces to the glorious field,

“ All eager to engage the treach'rous foe ;

“ Whom vengeance shall o'ertake, and sudden fate,

“ The just reward of perjury and wrong.”

He spake : Atrides pass'd, exulting, by, 275

To where the troops of either Ajax stood,

All arm'd, a mighty host. As from the top

Of some high rock, far off the shepherd sees

The gathering storm uprise, by southern blast

Wafted, the bosom of the deep along, 280

Yet distant, black'ning all th' horizon round,

Portending danger ;—to some distant cave,

Fearful, in haste, he drives his fleecy care :

So the thick ranks embattled mov'd along

Round either Ajax, eager for the war,  
And darken'd all the plain. Atrides glad  
Survey'd the martial bands, and thus exclaim'd :

“ Brave warriors, leaders of the Argive bands,  
“ Whose daring souls no exhortation need  
“ To deeds of high renown: O had we all        290  
“ That active courage, that intrepid mind,  
“ Soon should proud Troy stoop to her lowest base,  
“ An easy prey to our victorious arms !”

He spake, and onward bent his eager step.  
Nestor he found, the venerable chief        295  
Of Pylos, arming his well-ord'red troops,  
And urging to the fight: him Pelagus,  
Alastor, Chromius, and Hæmon's strength,  
And Bias, mighty chiefs, attentive wait.  
In front the horse and chariots, duly rang'd,        300  
He plac'd; the num'rous infantry behind  
Clos'd their firm ranks, the bulwark of the war;  
Troops of suspected valour in the midst  
(All hopes of flight cut off, and forc'd to fight,)  
The experienc'd leader plac'd: then gave command  
That each his fiery courser duly curb,        305  
Nor break the ranks; nor, eager to engage,  
Advance before the rest, nor yet retreat;  
And, through the chance and fortune of the fight,

Should any chieftain quit his rapid car,  
Let him with spear engage, nor dare attempt  
To guide another's fiery foaming steeds,  
Unknowing of his voice : in days of yore  
Victorious thus our great forefathers fought.

Thus Nestor gave in charge, long time in war 315  
Experienc'd : him with joy Atrides heard,  
And thus address'd : " O did thy years but suit  
" Thy energy of mind ! thou bear'st a soul  
" Superior ; would thy age another had,  
" And thou the vigour and the strength of youth !"  
Him Nestor answ'red : " Such indeed my wish,  
" Atrides, could a wish my strength renew  
" As when I slew great Ereuthalion.  
" But heaven to man dispenses various gifts :  
" Then in experienc'd, young ; now bow'd with age.  
" Still in my chariot borne I tempt the field, 326  
" And with advice assist, and counsel wise,  
" The privilege of years ; the toils of war,  
" The dangerous shock of arms, let youth sustain."

He spake : Atrides pass'd exulting on 330  
To Peteus' son, well skill'd the fiery steed  
To rein, brave leader of the Athenian bands :  
Him near, in counsel wise, Ulysses stood,  
With Cephallenian forces, great in arms :

For yet they had not heard the din of war,  
And preparation to the conflict dire  
Of Trojans and of Greeks ; but waited firm  
Their chief's command, nor to the onset mov'd.

Them with reproachful words and taunt severe  
Atrides thus address'd : " O Peteus' son !        340  
" And thou with craft and wary counsel stor'd,  
" Why do you thus aloof and trembling stand,  
" You who should first advance, and dare the fight :  
" When we some feast to celebrate prepare  
" For honourable age, you then in haste        345  
" Assemble, and partake the festive board ;  
" Now, you all unconcern'd, inactive stand,  
" Though long prepar'd our host, and eager to en-  
" gage."

Ulysses stern replied : " What hast thou said,  
" Atrides ? Why this censure, this rebuke ;        350  
" As if we shunn'd the dangers of the field,  
" Nor dar'd, like Grecians, to contend in arms ?  
" Lead on, and thou shalt see, if such thy will,  
" And deeds of valour can delight thy soul,  
" The father of Telemachus advance        355  
" First in the war, and nobly dare the foe :  
" Know then unjust thy censure, undeserv'd."  
Atrides, when perceiv'd his anger rous'd,

And conscious worth offended, with a smile  
 And courteous words address'd him: " Well I know,  
 " Ulysses, all-experienc'd as thou art 361  
 " In counsel, that thou needest not reproof,  
 " Kind and benignant ever; for the same  
 " Thy sentiments with mine. If aught in haste  
 " Offensive hath been said, which heav'n avert, 365  
 " We shall hereafter your forgiveness claim."

He spake; and left them, hast'ning through the  
 field

To Tydeus' son, the warlike Diomed:  
 His chariot and his foaming coursers near,  
 The warrior stood; and with him Sthenelus, 370  
 The son of Capaneus: again, in terms  
 Severe, the monarch rous'd them to the war:

" Ah! why doth Tydeus' son thus fearful stand,  
 " With careless eye surveying the deep files  
 " As for the bloody contest they prepare? 375  
 " Never did Tydeus' self thus trembling gaze  
 " Aloof, but foremost to the battle rush'd:  
 " Thus saith report, from those whose wond'ring  
 " eyes

" Beheld his dread exploits. A peaceful guest  
 " Once to Mycenæ's lofty tow'rs he came, 380  
 " With Polynices, like a god in arms,



“ To ask assistance in the Theban war,  
“ Nor urg’d his plea in vain ; Mycenæ’s chiefs  
“ With zeal his banners join’d : but fate forbade,  
“ And Jove with dire portents their counsels  
“ chang’d. 385

“ When now returning, on Asopus’ banks,  
“ Asopus, who pursues his winding course,  
“ With rushes crown’d, through wide-extended  
“ meads,

“ The Grecian chiefs in embassy to Thebes  
“ Great Tydeus sent ; undaunted he approach’d  
“ The hostile walls, a stranger, and alone : 391

“ The fierce Cadmeans with their warlike chiefs  
“ In feast assembled at the royal board  
“ Of Eteocles ; fearless he advanc’d,  
“ His high commission urg’d, and to the fight 395  
“ Challeng’d the bravest of his enemies,

“ And vanquish’d all ; such aid Minerva gave.  
“ The enrag’d Cadmeans form’d the dang’rous plan,  
“ In ambuscade conceal’d (full fifty youths,  
“ Mæon and Lycophon their chiefs), to slay 400

“ Tydeus returning home : abortive prov’d  
“ Their treacherous intent ; by Tydeus slain,  
“ None might escape the fury of his arm,  
“ Save Mæon, Hæmon’s son : so Jove decreed.

“ Such Tydeus was ; but his degenerate son,

“ In council only mighty, shuns the war.”

Tydeus respectful heard, and silence kept ;

When thus the warlike Sthenelus replied :

“ O speak not false, Atrides ; well thou know’st

“ We claim superior honour : Thebes, proud

“ Thebes,

410

“ Stoop’d to our conquering arms ; though fewer far

“ Our host, yet trusted we in signs from heaven

“ Propitious, and the aid of mighty Jove :

“ Not to our fathers, but to us the praise.”

Him Diomed with firmness thus bespoke. 415

“ Such answer ill becomes us, Sthenelus ;

“ With silence bear ; I not Atrides blame,

“ First in command, encouraging his host :

“ If victory shall crown the Grecian arms,

“ His be the glory, and the honour his ; 420

“ But tenfold loss and ruin should we fail :

“ Then arm we to the field and dare the foe.”

He spake ; and from his chariot leap’d, all arm’d,

With fearful sound, the bravest to appal.

As on the lofty shore the swelling surge 425

In quick succession, rais’d by southern blast,

Impetuous from the main comes rolling on,

And breaks with deaf’ning clamour on the strond,

O'er each projecting point, each jutt'd rock  
Impell'd, resistless pours the foaming tide. 430  
Successive thus mov'd on the Grecian host  
Unceasing to the fight: each chief commands,  
Encourages his troops: in silence dread  
They mov'd respectful; from their burnisht arms  
Shone light resplendent as they march'd along. 435

Far otherwise the host of Troy mov'd on:  
Like to the num'rous flocks at eventide  
Pent in the fold; incessant bleating fills  
The circuit wide: so from the Trojan host  
Unceasing clamours rent the vaulted sky, 440  
From various tongues and languages uncouth.

These Mars encourag'd, those Minerva rous'd  
To valorous deeds. Terror and Flight were there,  
And Discord fell, sister of bloody Mars;  
Discord, who, small at first, her monstrous head 445  
Soon lifts to heaven as o'er the earth she stalks;  
Contention dire she scatt'ring through each host  
As on she mov'd, and doubled every groan.

And now each army to the battle rush'd  
In dread array: dire was the clash of arms 450  
Conflicting; spear with spear, and man with man,  
And shield with brazen shield; the wild uproar  
And din of battle echoed to the skies;

And dying groans and exultation loud  
Were heard around, and rivers roll'd in blood. 455  
So wintry torrents from the mountain heights,  
By storms increas'd, pursue their rapid course  
Precipitous, the deep'ned gulph below  
Receives the foaming tide with dashing roar,  
And distant shepherds tremble at the noise. 460  
Such was the tumult of contending hosts.

And first, Antilochus a Trojan chief  
Advancing slew; Thalysia's warlike son  
Brave Echepolus; on his crested helm  
The spear descended, through his forehead pass'd  
The brazen point, and darkness clos'd his eyes. 465  
Like to some tow'r he fell; Chalcodon's son,  
Elphenor, dragg'd him from the battle's rage,  
On spoil intent: yet momentary prov'd  
The attempt; not unobserv'd, Agenor's lance 470  
Pierc'd his unguarded side beneath his shield,  
And stretch'd him breathless on the Trojan plain.

Again with increas'd rage the combat burns;  
Man slaughters man, contending fierce as wolves.

Great Ajax slew Anthemion's blooming son, 475  
The youthful Simoisius: on the banks  
Of Simois, returning with the flocks  
From Ida's mount, the mother first embrac'd

Her lovely babe, and Simoisius call'd.

But few his years, and short a mother's joy 480

For all her cares ; by mighty Ajax slain :

First in his breast he fix'd the well aim'd spear,

Right through his shoulder pass'd the brazen point,

And in the dust he fell. As, in the marsh

Extensive, the fair poplar straight and tall 485

Erects its head, soon by the sharp'ned axe,

Meet for the cunning workman's hand, it falls,

To form the circled wheel or rapid car,

When duly season'd on the river's banks:

So fell the youthful Simoisius, 490

By Ajax slain. Him Antiphus observ'd,

Brave son of Priam, and his vengeful spear

Hurl'd through the crowd, but miss'd the mighty

foe :

Yet not in vain it flew ; Leucus receiv'd

Its fatal point : breathless he fell, and dropp'd 495

The glittering spoils from his unnerved hands.

Ulysses fir'd with rage when slain his friend :

Forth with uplifted spear he quick advanc'd,

And, poising high in air, with care survey'd

Where best he might inflict some deadly wound,

Then hurl'd his rapid lance : in haste retir'd 501

The Trojans ; when with levell'd speed it flew,

And pierc'd the temples of Democoon,  
From Priam sprung: Abydos gave him birth,  
Base and uncertain on his mother's side: 505  
He fell, and darkness clos'd his eyes in death:  
His brazen armour rang. With fear assail'd,  
The Trojan chiefs and Hector's self retir'd:  
The Greeks exulting shout, and spoil the slain.  
When dread Apollo, from high Pergamos, 510  
Indignant, thus rebuk'd the Trojan host:

“ Rouse, Trojans, and repel the exulting foe,  
“ Whose bodies, nor of stone nor iron form'd,  
“ Are as yourselves to wounds obnoxious:  
“ No son of Thetis now directs the war;  
“ Retir'd in rage Achilles fights no more.” 515

Thus from the city spake the dreadful god.  
But Pallas, daughter of all-powerful Jove,  
Quick traversing the ranks, their courage arm'd,  
And rous'd the Greeks to war. Resistless fate  
Now press'd Diores, son of Amarynx; 520  
His right leg shatt'red by a rugged stone,  
By Pyrus thrown, the son of Imbrasus:  
The enormous mass both tendons and the bone  
Broke short; headlong he fell, and in the dust  
Expiring, with uplifted hands in vain 525  
Relief implor'd: when Pyrus quick advanc'd,

And with his sword transfix'd the prostrate foe,  
And pour'd his entrails on the moist'ned plain.  
But short his boast : with well-directed aim  
Ætolian Thoas pierc'd the victor's breast, 530  
And, near approaching, forth his pond'rous lance  
Pluck'd from the wound ; then drew his fatal sword  
And plung'd it in his side : death clos'd his eyes.  
Surrounding Thracians, with uplifted spears,  
Protect the body from the spoiler's hands ; 535  
However brave, and of gigantic size,  
Yet to retreat compell'd, retiring still  
He fought, though by unequal numbers press'd.

Thus in the dust extended, side by side,  
Two chiefs of Thracian and Epean race, 540  
Lay breathless, and the field was heap'd with slain.

Had Pallas then some favour'd hero led  
In safety through the field, and, with her hand  
Protecting, shielded from the battle's rage ;  
No cause for censure had he found, no blame, 545  
On that well-foughten day ; for, side by side,  
Trojans and Greeks unnumb'red strew'd the plain.



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B O O K V.

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Now Pallas arm'd Tydides to the fight,  
With more than mortal courage fir'd his mind,  
And valour undismay'd: his crested helm  
And burnisht shield emitted vivid flame;  
As star autumnal, bath'd in ocean's wave, 5  
With bright'ned splendour rises to our view;  
So from Tydides flash'd immortal fires,  
By Pallas urg'd to deeds of high renown.

Of blameless life yet rich, in Vulcan's fane,  
His priest, liv'd Dares; whose aspiring sons, 10  
Phegeus, and brave Idæus, 'dar'd the fight  
With matchless Diomed: in chariot borne  
They rush'd to battle: he, on foot, prepar'd  
Their onset to sustain. When first his spear  
Phegeus with force impell'd; yet vain that force,  
And lost in empty air; with erring speed 16  
It flew. Not so his lance Tydides aim'd,  
But pierc'd the warrior's breast, and from his car  
Thrust headlong to the ground. Then, seiz'd with  
fear,

Idæus fled amain, his brother fall'n ;  
Not daring to await his mighty foe :  
Nor had he then escap'd the victor's arm,  
But Vulcan in a cloud convey'd him thence,  
In pity to a much lov'd father's tears.  
The generous horses, now the victor's spoil,        25  
His friends in safety to the ships convey'd.

Fear seiz'd the Trojan host when Phegeus slain  
Their eyes beheld ; and scarce escap'd by flight,  
Idæus, chief of Troy. But Pallas now  
The mighty god of battles thus address'd :        30

“ O Mars, whom most the shock of arms, and  
death,

“ The blood-stain'd field, and cities overthrown  
“ Delight, retire we for a while, and leave  
“ These hostile armies to their several fates,  
“ And Jove's decrees ; nor further dare his ire.”    35

Thus saying, by the hand apart she led  
The god, and plac'd him on Scamander's bank.  
Then fled the Trojans ; but each Grecian chief  
Pursued and slew his foe. Atrides first  
Thrust from his car the Halizonian chief        40  
Hodius, and as he fled his shoulder pierc'd :  
He fell ; his armour sounded on the plain.

Then, by thy spear transfixt, Idomeneus,

Phæstus expir'd ; from Tarne's fertile soil,  
Son of Mæonian Borus : as in haste 45  
His car he mounted, and prepar'd for flight,  
The spear his shoulder smote ; headlong he fell  
Breathless, and bitter darkness clos'd his eyes :  
His arms the victor seiz'd. Now Strophius' son  
To Menelaus' force his life resign'd : 50  
Scamandrius nam'd, delighting in the chace  
The woods among,—instructed in each art,  
By Dian's self, all savage beasts to slay  
That haunt the forest or the mountain's height ;  
Yet nor the goddess nor his skill might save ; 55  
The rapid spear fixt in his back arrests  
His hasty flight : he falls, his arms resound !

And now Meriones Phereclus slew,  
Son of Harmonides, by Pallas taught  
In various works of art, whose wond'rous skill 60  
For Paris fram'd the fatal vessels, source  
Of ills unnumber'd to the Trojan name ;  
Himself the victim now : then unperceiv'd  
What heav'n, in wrath, had veil'd from mortal sight.  
Him, in his flight arrested, with his spear 65  
Meriones o'erthrew : beneath the flank,  
Fixt in the bladder, stood the fatal point :  
To earth he sank, and darkness clos'd his eyes.

But Meges slew Pedæus, base born son  
Of great Antenor ; him Theano fair 70  
In fond affection nourish'd as her own ;  
Such love she bore Antenor. The sharp spear  
Ent' red his head, and onward pierc'd his tongue :  
He fell, and dying bit the chilling steel.

Eurypylus, from great Euæmon sprung, 75  
Dolopion's son, the brave Hypsenor, slew,  
Priest of Scamander, honour'd as a god.  
Eurypylus him flying, with his sword  
Beneath the shoulder smote, and sheer cut off  
The arm, which, bloody, quiv' red in the dust: 80  
Fate clos'd his eyes in darkness and in death.

Thus o'er the plain the various battle rag'd,  
Ceaseless ; nor might one well discern with which  
Tydides mingled in the bloody fight,  
Trojans or Greeks : like to the mountain stream 85  
By winter's storm increas'd, he rush'd along ;  
Nor bridges nor opposing moles withstand  
Its wasteful course, when swoln by sudden rains ;  
The fairest works of men before it fall  
In desolation : so the Trojan host, 90  
Routed, tumultuous fled ; nor dar'd oppose,  
All-numerous as they were, Tydides' force.

When him Lycaon's warlike son beheld

The routed troops pursuing o'er the plain,  
He seiz'd his bow and aim'd the winged shaft, 95  
Nor miss'd Tydides ; in his shoulder fixt,  
Piercing the plaited mail, with blood distain'd,  
The bitter arrow staid its vengeful course,  
Nor further pass'd : with shout exulting loud,  
Lycaon's son, victorious, thus exclaim'd : 100

“ Rouse, Trojan warriors, fam'd for chivalry ;  
“ The mighty chief, this terror of our host,  
“ Is wounded, nor may long sustain the fight :  
“ Apollo hath not lent his aid in vain.”

Thus he exulting : yet still unsubdued 105  
By wound of slight import, retiring back,  
The son of Tydeus Sthenelus address'd.

“ Haste, Sthenelus ; descending from thy car,  
“ Forth from my shoulder pluck this bitter shaft.”

He spake : obedient to his chief's command, 110  
With skilful hand the son of Capaneus  
The arrow from within his plaited mail  
Drew forth ; the blood gush'd from the opened  
wound

In copious stream ; when, with uplifted hands,  
To Pallas thus Tydides urg'd his pray'r : 115

“ Unconquered daughter of immortal Jove,  
“ O Pallas, hear ! if in the doubtful fight

“ Thou hast assisted or myself or sire,  
“ Grant my request, and give me to subdue  
“ That Trojan chief from whom this wound I bear,  
“ Who now, exulting, boasts I shall not long 121  
“ Behold the glorious splendour of the sun.”

Him Pallas heard ; and all his soul inspir'd  
With courage unsubdued, with strength his limbs ;  
And, near approaching, thus the chief address'd.

“ Be bold, Tydides, and assail the foe ; 126  
“ Such courage in thy heart I have inspir'd  
“ As fired great Tydeus, thy renowned sire :  
“ The cloud obscure which dimm'd thy mortal  
sight  
“ I have remov'd, that thou mayst well discern  
“ Or mortals or immortals through the field. 131  
“ Contend not thou against the pow'rs of heav'n :  
“ Venus alone should she the battle tempt,  
“ Fearless attack and wound, though sprung from  
“ Jove.”

The goddess spake, and wing'd to heaven her way.  
Again the hero mingled in the war, 136  
And foremost rush'd, with added rage inflam'd,  
And might augmented : as the lion fierce,  
Wounded but not subdued, o'erleaps the mound  
And ravages the fold ; in slaught' red heaps 140

The victims fall; the affright'ned shepherd flees;  
Sate at length, he unoppos'd retires:  
So mingled in the battle Tydeus' son.

Astynous and Hypenor, valiant chiefs,  
Incontinent he slew: that through the breast 145  
With spear transfix'd; this with the pond'rous  
sword

His shoulder sever'd from the bleeding trunk.  
Nor stopp'd: Abas and Poluides next,  
Sons of Eurydamas, inspired seer,  
Fell breathless: nor the father's potent skill 150  
To them again mysterious dreams unfolds!  
Slain by the ruthless sword of Diomed.

Now Thoön he pursues and Xanthus, sons  
Of aged Phænops; comfort of his years,  
Heirs of his vast possessions: both he slays 155  
Remorseless, nor regards a father's tears;  
Who them returning from the battle waits  
With fruitless expectation: thus bereft  
Of heirs, his wealth to strangers passes down.

Next Priam's sons, Echemon, Chromius, 160  
In the same car borne through the ranks of war,  
He slew. As when the lion's force subdues  
Some larger beast, or ox of portly size,  
Or steer, depasturing the forest side;



So them Tydides from their lofty car  
Thrust headlong to the ground: the glitt'ring spoils,  
Arms, horses, to the ships his friends convey'd.

Æneas saw, and mark'd his fatal course  
Dealing destruction through the ranks of war;  
And, purposing revenge, in haste requir'd 170  
Lycaon's son, and thus the chief address'd:

“ Where, Pandarus, thy bow and winged shafts;  
“ Thy skill through Lycia fam'd? Hither repair,  
“ And, with uplifted hands to Jove supreme  
“ Thy vows preferring, aim thy certain shaft 175  
“ At him whose rage destruction spreads and death  
“ Through all our ranks; if rather he be not  
“ Some god displeas'd for slighted sacrifice.”

To whom Lycaon: “ Brave Æneas, chief  
“ Of many counsellors; that nodding plume, 180  
“ That glitt'ring shield, those fiery coursers, mark  
“ The path of Diomed's destructive rage.  
“ Some heav'nly pow'r, disguis'd, his steps attends  
“ Unseen, and urges him to valorous deeds  
“ Beyond the force of man; or useless turns 185  
“ Those shafts aside, which else had fatal prov'd.  
“ Once at that chief my pointed shaft I aim'd,  
“ And through the plaited mail his shoulder pierc'd;  
“ And thought, indeed, that to the shades below

“ I had consign’d him ; yet, still unsubdued,  
“ He lives ; some deity incens’d, I deem.  
“ Chariot of war, or horses, I have none ;  
“ Yet are there many in my father’s house,  
“ New, splendid, beautiful ; and near them stand,  
“ Appropriate to each, the gen’rous steeds      195  
“ In order due. Much did my valued sire,  
“ When to the war I came, with prudent care  
“ Advise, when mingling in the dreadful fight,  
“ To wheel the rapid car : I disobey’d  
“ His better counsel, fearing most the want      200  
“ Of proper forage in a town besieg’d :  
“ I therefore left them, and on foot to Troy  
“ Led on my troops, confiding in my bow :  
“ Yet vain that trust, and unsuccessful prov’d.  
“ Twice have I aim’d the shaft ; Atrides felt,      205  
“ And Diomed, the wound : twice hath the blood  
“ Their armour stain’d ; yet serv’d but to increase  
“ And rouse their courage more. In evil hour,  
“ With unpropitious fate, I took them down ;  
“ That day when I to Troy my forces led      210  
“ To aid great Hector in the doubtful war.  
“ Should I return, and should these eyes behold  
“ My father, wife, and all I hold most dear,  
“ Let me or perish by some stranger’s hand

- “ But I will break this treach’rous bow in twain,  
“ And burn it in the fire, as useless stuff.”— 216  
When thus Æneas: “ Be it otherwise,  
“ O Pandarus; and let us first attack,  
“ All-arm’d, and in our chariot, this same man:—  
“ Come, then, ascend my car, and you shall  
“ see 220  
“ Our Trojan horses with superior skill  
“ Train’d or to flee or to pursue the foe;  
“ These will secure retreat, if Jove, averse,  
“ To Diomed the victory decree.  
“ Take then the reins and guide the rapid car 225  
“ Whilst I sustain the combat; or do thou  
“ The foe engage whilst I the chariot guide.”  
Lycaon’s son replied: “ O mighty chief,  
“ Take thou the reins and guide the rapid car;  
“ Thy horses, all-accustom’d to thy voice, 230  
“ Will best the rein obey, should fate decide  
“ That we must needs before the foe retire:  
“ Wanting thy well-known voice, with terror seiz’d;  
“ They will not bear us from the dang’rous fight;  
“ But Diomed, enrag’d, will slay us both, 235  
“ And take thy noble steeds, the victor’s meed.  
“ Take thou the reins, thy rapid coursers guide,  
“ Whilst I the shock of hostile arms sustain.”

Now, seated in the car, with furious speed  
They sought the foe, all eager to engage.

Them Sthenelus perceiv'd, and thus in haste  
Great Tydeus' son address'd: " Friend, much-be-  
" lov'd,

" I see two warriors of no common force  
" Who hither bend their way direct on thee;  
" Lycaon's son, well skill'd to aim the shaft,   245  
" And brave Æneas, of a goddess born,  
" Of Venus, and Anchises boasts his sire.  
" Retire we then, nor through the ranks of war  
" Hazard thy life, thus foremost and alone."

To him Tydides sternly thus replied:       250

" Talk not to me of flight, I will not hear;  
" And hold it base from danger back to shrink,  
" Or tremble at a foe: my strength is firm,  
" I will assail them as I am, on foot;  
" Pallas forbids to fear: nor shall they both   255  
" Escape, though aided by their coursers' speed.  
" Mark then my words: Should Pallas give success,  
" Should she, all-wise, but grant me to subdue  
" These Trojan chiefs, do thou in safety leave,  
" With reins secur'd, my horses and my car,   260  
" And on the steeds of great Æneas rush  
" Mindful, and drive them to the Grecian camp:

- “ They are of breed ætherial, which on Tros,  
“ To recompense the loss of Ganymede  
“ His son, Saturnian Jove himself bestow’d; 265  
“ The best and fleetest which the sun beholds.  
“ This breed Anchises from Laomedon  
“ By stealth obtain’d: four grace his ample stalls;  
“ Two bear Æneas through the ranks of war,  
“ Chief of renown: if we but capture these, 270  
“ No trifling honour will our labours crown.”

Whilst with his friend Tydides thus conferr’d,  
Borne by the rapid steeds the mighty chiefs  
Advanc’d; when thus Lycaon’s valiant son:  
“ Since, then, my shaft hath ineffectual prov’d, 275  
“ Nor check’d thy daring courage, I will try  
“ If this my spear can give a surer wound.”

Thus spake the chief, and hurl’d it at his foe.  
Full on his shield it smote, and pierc’d the folds,  
The point stood fixed in his plaited mail; 280

When thus, exulting, spake Lycaon’s son:  
“ Now art thou wounded, and severely too,  
“ Nor mayst thou long endure; the glory’s mine.”

When thus Tydides, fearless: “ ’Tis not so;  
“ Thy spear hath miss’d; yet shall not both escape,  
“ Nor cease, till, off’red to the god of war, 286  
“ One fall at least, and sate his thirst for blood.”

He spake, and hurl'd his lance: Minerva's self  
Its course directed, and with force impell'd;  
Beneath the eye it pass'd, within the teeth 290  
His tongue cut sheer in twain, and through the chin  
The deadly point appear'd: headlong he fell;  
His glitt'ring armour rang, and with the din  
The fright'ned coursers started: in the dust  
A breathless corpse he lay. Forth rush'd amain 295  
Æneas, with his shield and lifted spear  
Protecting; as a lion, round he stalk'd,  
Threat'ning aloud destruction to the foe  
Who dar'd approach the dead, on spoil intent.

When now Tydides seiz'd a cumb'rous mass, 300  
The fragment of a rock; not twice the force  
Of man, such as now live, might bear its weight;  
This, pois'd in air, alone with ease he threw;  
Full on his hip Æneas felt the wound,  
The rugged stone both tendons cut in twain, 305  
And crush'd the bone: back on his knee he fell  
Recumbent; scarce his hand might well support  
His weight; and darkness on his eyelids press'd.

And now the mighty chief had sunk in death:  
But Venus, ever watchful for her son, 310  
Hast'ned to save; and first around him threw  
Her beauteous arms, and with her mantle veil'd



In splendid folds, lest sword or hostile spear  
Attacking might destroy ; and from the fight  
Her much-lov'd son, upborne with ease, convey'd.

Meantime the warlike son of Capaneus, 316  
Attentive to his charge, apart remov'd  
The horses and the car of Diomed  
In safety, and them well with reins secur'd ;  
And on the coursers of Æneas rush'd 320  
Mindful, and drove them to the Grecian camp ;  
And to thy care, Deipylus, consign'd,  
Whom most he valued, and whose skill he knew  
Superior to conduct them to the ships :  
And then himself attentive mark'd the steps 325  
Of Tydeus' son, and near him rein'd his steeds.

And now Tydides with vindictive rage  
Pursued the goddess with uplifted spear,  
Whom war's alarms and slaughter ill became ;  
Unskill'd like Pallas to direct the war, 330  
Or, like Bellona fierce, to overthrow  
Besieged cities : eager he pursued,  
And, rushing forward, urg'd the daring steel  
Through her bright robe ambrosial, work divine,  
Wrought by the Graces ; on her hand infix'd 335  
The painful wound, and drew the purple stream  
Ichor, which flows from pure immortal frames ;



Frames of celestial kind, which, nor by wine  
Nor bread sustain'd, are pure and spiritual,  
Not subject to decay. With piercing cries 340  
Forth from her arms she cast her favour'd son :  
Him dread Apollo, mantled in a cloud,  
Bore far away from force of hostile spear ;  
When thus, exulting, Diomed exclaim'd :

“ Cease, goddess, from the war, and leave the  
“ field 345

“ To fierce contending hosts : be thine the task

“ To cheat and to deceive the softer sex :

“ Tempt not the war again ; thou who shouldst  
“ fear

“ And tremble at the name, though distant far.”

Smarting with pain, the goddess quick retir'd, 350

By Iris led apart, swift messenger

Of heaven : from the wound sharp pain ensued

Through all her tender frame : apart she found

Mars on his shield reclin'd, and in a cloud

Envelop'd thick his spear and winged steeds ; 355

With bended knee, and supplicating words,

Her brother thus the goddess fair address'd :

“ Dear brother, aid me, and thy chariot lend

“ And horses ; to Olympus' height I go,

“ Seat of immortal gods : much I endure 360

“ From wound inflicted by a mortal hand,  
“ By Diomed, who would contend with Jove.”

She spake; nor was her humble suit denied.

Her, seated in the rapid car of Mars,  
And sorely grieving, Iris thence convey'd: 365  
She seiz'd the reins, and urg'd the willing steeds  
To the blest seat of deities supreme,  
Olympus' lofty summit: there she staid  
The immortal coursers, with ambrosial food  
Sustain'd. Meantime the suff'ring goddess sought  
Her mother's tender care, and at her knees 371  
Fell prostrate: her Dione thus bespoke,  
And sooth'd with kindness and maternal love:

“ Alas, my child! from what immortal hand  
“ Hast thou this shameful injury receiv'd, 375  
“ Unmerited by thee?” When Venus thus:

“ From Diomed this insult I sustain,  
“ For that I bore in safety from the war  
“ My much-lov'd son: Trojans and Greeks no more  
“ Engage, for these would e'en with Jove contend.”

To whom Dione: “ Patient bear, my child, 381  
“ Though griev'd: from men we suffer; yet our-  
“ selves,

“ Although immortal, cause each other woe.  
“ Mars suff'red, whom Aloius' mighty sons,

- “ Otus and Ephialtes, bound with chains,  
“ In brazen cave confin’d: nor had escap’d,  
“ But that the beauteous Eribœa soon  
“ To Mercury his prison-house disclos’d,  
“ Who stole him thence, oppress’d with pain and  
“ grief.  
“ Much Juno suff’red when Amphitryon’s son 390  
“ With barbed arrow pierc’d her tender breast,  
“ Inflicting pains severe. Pluto endur’d  
“ Acutest torture at the gates of hell,  
“ Surrounded by the manes of the dead,  
“ From the same hand Herculean: to the seat 395  
“ Of mighty Jove, on high Olympus’ top,  
“ He hast’ned: in his shoulder deep infixt,  
“ The barbed shaft caus’d agonizing pains:  
“ Him Pæon’s skill, with herbs medicinal,  
“ Not subject to mortality, restor’d. 400  
“ Ill-fated! insolent! whose daring soul  
“ To impious deeds aspir’d, to fight with gods:  
“ Minerva urg’d him to this cruel deed.  
“ Rash mortal! nor doth Diomed perceive  
“ How few his years who dares with gods contend:  
“ No children greet him with their welcome joy,  
“ Climbing his knees, when safe from war return’d.  
“ Then let him, brave and mighty as he is,

“ Consider well, lest some more pow’rful foe  
“ Revenge thy cause, and check his mad career: 410  
“ Or lest Aglaia, starting from her sleep,  
“ Shall seek in vain the husband of her youth;  
“ With loud lament her faithful servants call,  
“ To join with hers their sympathizing tears;  
“ Aglaia fair, from great Adrastus sprung, 415  
“ ‘The much-lov’d partner of Tydides’ bed.’”

She spake; and, gently pressing with her hand,  
Cleans’d the light wound, and all her pain remov’d.

But Juno and Minerva with harsh words  
And taunts severe Saturnian Jove bespake: 420

“ May we, great Jove, freely our thoughts de-  
“ clare,  
“ Nor blame incur? Some Grecian fair, impell’d  
“ By Venus to her favour’d Trojan’s arms  
“ (For those alone she loves), in fond caress  
“ Hath, with the golden cincture of her vest, 425  
“ Wounded the softness of her lovely hand.”

Thus spake they: Jove with approbation smil’d,  
And thus address’d the gentle pow’r of love:

“ The shock of arms, my child, and tented field,  
“ But ill become thy milder influence, 430  
“ Best suited to the softer ties of love:  
“ Mars, Pallas, guide the thunder of the war.”

Whilst thus the heav'nly pow'rs conversing sat,  
Fierce on Æneas rush'd Tydides' might,  
Although protected by the god of day. 435  
Dauntless, he still pursued with eager haste  
To slay the foe, and reap the glorious spoils.  
Thrice with impetuous rage he onward rush'd,  
And thrice Apollo, with his dazzling shield,  
Check'd in midway the valorous emprise; 440  
But when again, with more than mortal force,  
He dar'd the fight renew, in angry tone  
Him thus the offended deity bespoke:  
" Consider well, and cease the unequal fight,  
" Tydides, nor contend with heav'nly pow'rs." 445  
He spake: reluctant, Diomed retir'd,  
Dreading his anger: when to Ilion's tow'r  
Secure the god convey'd Anchises' son,  
And in his temple plac'd; by the fond care  
Of Dian and Latona soon restor'd. 450  
An airy form Apollo now design'd,  
In semblance like Æneas, and in arms,  
Round which the fight rekindled: now the Greeks,  
Now Trojans, shield with shield and spear with  
spear  
Clashing, with rage increas'd, contending fought.  
But Phœbus thus the god of war address'd: 456

“ O Mars, whom slaughter and the ensanguin’d  
“ field,

“ Whom cities overthrown do most delight,  
“ Dost thou not check Tydides’ daring course,  
“ Who would with mighty Jove himself contend ?  
“ Venus severely feels his vengeful spear ;      461  
“ And even on me, like to some god he rush’d.”

He spake, and to the lofty tow’rs of Troy  
Pursued his way : Mars mingled with the host,  
Assum’d the form of Thracian Achamas,      465  
And thus the sons of Priam urg’d to war :

“ O sons of Priam, favour’d of high Jove,  
“ Why suffer ye the foe thus long to thin  
“ Our ranks, and at our very gates contend ?  
“ Æneas fall’n, belov’d like Hector’s self,      470  
“ Let us regain, or perish in the attempt.”

Thus he their courage rous’d ; when, with re-  
proach

Severe, Sarpedon Hector thus rebuk’d :

“ Where now thy boasted courage, valorous chief !  
“ Thou, who alone, unaided, unallied,      475  
“ With thine own kinsmen wouldst repulse the foe ?  
“ Why do they shun the dangers of the field,  
“ Fearing as dogs the lion ?—we alone,  
“ Allies, support the war. What though from far,



“ From Lycia and from Xanthus’ yellow stream,  
“ I came to Priam’s aid ;—there all I hold 480  
“ Most dear,—possessions, children, wife, remain;—  
“ Yet I the Lycians to the battle lead,  
“ And dare Tydides’ might, without a risk  
“ But life, which I condemn : you stand aloof, 485  
“ Nor give command this onset to oppose.  
“ Beware, lest by the toils hemm’d in and caught,  
“ You fall an easy victim to the foe,  
“ Who will your city to the flames consign.  
“ Hector, to you this weighty care belongs, 490  
“ By night, by day, to animate, to rouse  
“ The chiefs and leaders of thy brave allies,  
“ That they stand firm ; but spare reproachful  
“ words.”

Thus spake Sarpedon. Stung with just reproof,  
Hector, all-arm’d, from forth his chariot sprung, 495  
And through the ranks of war with eager steps  
Hast’ning, their courage rous’d : they clos’d their  
ranks

And dar’d the Grecian host, which firmly stood.

As on the consecrated floor the wind  
Disperses the light chaff, and separates 500  
The solid grain, what time the rip’ned fruit  
Of yellow Ceres crowns the winnower’s toil,



Grateful, the light chaff whitens all the ground ;  
So, whit'ned by the dust, from num'rous hoofs  
Uprais'd and rapid chariots, to the fight 505  
The Greeks mov'd on. Meantime the god of war,  
In aid of Troy, thick darkness shed around  
As through the ranks he pass'd : for thus in charge  
Apollo gave to rouse them to the fight ;  
Whilst Pallas, absent, sought the realms above ; 510  
Pallas, the bulwark of the Grecian host.

Now from the sacred fane, by Phœbus led,  
In strength renew'd, Æneas join'd the war :  
Him safe return'd with joy the host receiv'd,  
Nor question'd how ; such urgent danger press'd,  
And labour of the field, by Mars uprais'd, 516  
By dread Apollo, and by Discord fell.

Nathless the Grecians, with Laertes' son,  
Ajax, and Diomed, in firm array  
Their troops encouraging, the battle dar'd, 520  
Fearless. As clouds upon the mountain brow  
Hang threatening, when the tempest, hush'd by  
Jove,

And boist'rous winds are lull'd in caverns deep,  
Winds whose impetuous blasts the clouds disperse :  
So firm the Grecian host awaits the foe ; 525  
Whom thus Atrides animates to war :

“ Courage, my friends, now arm we to the fight;  
“ Vie with each other in heroic deeds;  
“ The brave meet safety in the shock of arms;  
“ Cowards in flight both life and honour lose.” 530

He spake, and hurl'd his spear; whose vengeful  
force

The son of Pergasus, Deicoön, felt,  
Companion of Æneas; high esteem'd  
As Priam's sons, and fam'd for valorous deeds.  
The spear his shield transfix'd, and through the  
belt

Deep in his groin infix'd the mortal wound: 536

He fell; and on the ground his armour rang.

Æneas then two Grecian chieftains slew,  
Crethon, Orsilochus, Diocles' sons;  
In Pheræ's lofty city long he dwelt, 540  
Rich in estate, from sacred Alpheus sprung,  
Whose copious stream through Pylos takes its  
course;

Diocles boasts from great Orsilochus  
His high descent: Crethon, Orsilochus,  
Twin-born, brave, warlike, from Diocles claim'd  
A father's care: in early youth they came 546  
To aid the sons of Atreus on the plains  
Of Troy; and both there found an early grave.

As from the cloud-capt mountain's craggy brow,  
And deep-embow'ring wood, the lion's whelps 550  
Descending, first the shepherd's fold essay,  
And desolate the plain, by force assail'd  
Of numbers fall; so fell Diocles' sons,  
Slain by Æneas; as two lofty pines,  
Pride of the forest, bow their lofty heads. 555

Struck with compassion at their early fate,  
Forth Menelaus, clad in armour, rush'd  
With lifted spear: him then the god of war  
Urg'd to meet death from great Æneas' arm.

But Nestor's son, Antilochus, perceiv'd, 560  
And hast'ned to assist; for much he fear'd  
Lest, Menelaus slain, abortive prove  
The toils and labours of the doubtful war.  
With adverse spears, high brandisht in the air,  
Already they prepar'd and aim'd the blow, 565  
When Nestor's son advanc'd. The Trojan chief  
The unequal combat shunn'd, and quick retir'd,  
Nor claim'd the spoil: when to the Grecian host  
The chiefs victorious dragg'd their slaught'red  
friends,

From insult sav'd, and to their post return'd. 570

Then fell Pylæmenes, like Mars in fight,  
Chief of the warlike Paphlagonian bands,

By Menelaus slain, whose pond'rous sword  
Fix'd in his tender throat the fatal wound.

Next Mydon felt thy force, Antilochus; 575

Mydon, Atymnis' son, Pylæmon's friend :

As he the chariot turn'd the impetuous stone  
Shatt'red his arm ; down fell the studded reins

From his enfeebled grasp ; when, rushing on

With lifted sword, Antilochus advanc'd, 580

And in his temple fix'd the deadly wound :

Headlong he fell, and, pois'd in depth of sand,

Beneath his shoulders sank ; his plunging steeds

The lifeless corpse extended on the plain :

Arms, chariot, horses, all the victor's meed. 585

Hector observ'd indignant, and with shout

Advanc'd exulting : him the god of war,

Him fierce Bellona, marshall'd to the fight,

With Discord near attendant ; in his hand

Mars, brandishing aloft his spear, of size 590

Enormous, now advancing in the van,

Now in the rear, spread terror and dismay.

Tydides saw, and trembled at the sight.

As the lorn traveller his way pursues

With weary step the level plain across, 595

Sudden he meets the wasting torrent's course

Wide rushing to the sea ; then back with fear

And disappointment starts ; Tydides thus  
Sudden retir'd, and said : " O warlike friends !  
" The might of Hector we have oft admir'd, 600  
" And dauntless courage in the doubtful war,  
" But him some present deity protects  
" From danger ; now, in mortal shape disguis'd,  
" Mars all his steps attends : retreat we then  
" Facing our foes, nor with the gods contend." 605

He spake : with rapid march the Trojan host  
Advanc'd : then Hector slew two valiant chiefs,  
Menesthes and Anchialus ; one car  
Both heroes through the ranks of war convey'd.

Ajax, with pity mov'd, their fall observ'd, 610  
And, near approaching, hurl'd his glittering spear,  
And smote Amphion, son of Selagus :  
In cattle, in possessions rich, he dwelt  
In well-built Pæsus ; but o'er-ruling fate  
To Priam and his sons the chief allied : 615  
Through his strong belt the Telamonian spear  
His entrails pierc'd : he fell, his armour rang.  
Ajax impetuous to the spoil advanc'd ;  
On him the Trojans pour'd an iron show'r ;  
His ample shield their numerous points receiv'd :  
Nathless his spear he from the slain withdrew,  
But left the spoil, reluctant ; for the foe

Press'd on in numbers, chiefs of high renown,  
Many and brave, to cut off all retreat  
Intent: though great in arms, retiring still 625  
He fought; nor might withstand, nor deign'd to  
fly.

Thus through the field the various battle rag'd.  
Now fate impell'd the brave Tlepolemus  
To meet Sarpedon, like a god in arms;  
Alcides' offspring, and the son of Jove. 630

Tlepolemus in boasting terms began:  
" Sarpedon, of the Lycian forces chief,  
" Unskill'd in war, and fearful to engage,  
" Erring report doth call thee son of Jove;  
" But thou art far indeed inferior 635  
" To Jove's high offspring born in former times;  
" Such as my father, mighty Hercules,  
" Intrepid, brave; who with six ships alone  
" Laid waste and desolated lofty Troy,  
" Though few his forces; but the treachery 640  
" Of false Laomedon his wrath incurr'd:  
" Thy people perish through thy cowardice;  
" Nor is thy aid effectual: boast no more  
" Thy prowess; for by me, if right I deem,  
" Now conquer'd, thou shalt enter Pluto's realm."

Sarpedon answer'd: " True, Tlepolemus,

“ He Troy subdued, chiefly from want of skill  
“ And prudent conduct in Laomedon ;  
“ Who for past service made return ingrate,  
“ And added words reproachful, nor restor’d 650  
“ The horses, for the which Alcides came :  
“ For thee, dire fate, from this my spear, awaits  
“ Thy steps : maugre thy boast, the glory mine ;  
“ Thine instant death, and Pluto’s gloomy shades.”

He spake : Tlepolemus with lifted arm 655  
Advanc’d, and both their hostile weapons threw  
At the same time : Sarpedon’s rapid lance  
Pierc’d through thy neck, Tlepolemus, and death,  
Quick death, ensued ; but yet not unreveng’d :  
Thy weapon pierc’d Sarpedon’s thigh, the point 660  
Drank deep the blood ; but with protecting hand  
Jove interpos’d, and sav’d his son from death :  
His friends convey’d him, bleeding, from the field,  
Dragging the spear along, still deep infixt,  
With bitter pain ; yet the confusion such, 665  
And labour of the field, no thought occur’d  
To ease his suff’rings and extract the spear,  
Intent alone to save their wounded friend.  
The Greeks, meantime, Tlepolemus apart  
Remov’d, and greatly mourn’d the hero slain. 670  
His fall Ulysses saw ; compassion mov’d



His mighty soul ; but whether to pursue  
The son of Jove himself, or to disperse  
The Lycian bands, his prudent thought engag'd ;  
Yet was it not to him by fate assign'd 675  
To slay the mighty son of Jove supreme :  
Minerva to the Lycians turn'd his force.

Alastor, Chromius, Coiranus, he slew,  
Alcander, Halius, Noemon, Prytanis,  
And more Ulysses' vengeful sword had slain ; 680  
But Hector saw, and hast'ned through the ranks,  
Clad in bright armour, spreading deaths around.  
Sarpedon at his near approach rejoic'd,  
And thus, in plaintive words, his aid implor'd :

“ O son of Priam, now thy friend protect, 685  
“ Nor leave me wounded, to the Greeks a prey ;  
“ Save but from them, and I to fate resign,  
“ Content in Troy to perish ; since decreed  
“ I no return shall find, nor joy dispense  
“ Nor glad the heart or of my wife or son.” 690

He spake, but Hector pass'd in silence on—  
No time for parley—to repulse the foe,  
And satiate his revenge. His friends, meantime,  
Under the beech of Jove Sarpedon plac'd,  
The spear extracted, and reliev'd his pain ; 695  
But chiefly Pelagon, his constant friend.

Fainting he lay, his eyes near clos'd in death ;  
And then again reviv'd, as round his lips  
Play'd the light air and vivifying breeze.

The Grecian host, meantime, by Mars assail'd,  
And Hector clad in arms, nor to their ships 701  
Repuls'd, nor yet advancing on the foe,  
Maintain'd the fight ; but from the god of war,  
And from unequal combat, slow retir'd.  
Whom first, whom last, did mighty Hector slay, 705  
And brazen Mars ? First, Teuthrans met his fate,  
Orestes next, then Trechus warlike chief,  
Ænomaus, Helenus, Oresbius  
With riches blest ; in Hyla fair he dwelt,  
Near to Cephissus' lake ; a country rich 710  
And populous : when Juno them perceiv'd  
Destroying many Grecians through the field,  
Thus Pallas she address'd : “ Daughter of Jove,  
“ Unconqu'red maid, vain all our promises  
“ Of war successful, and of safe return 715  
“ To Menelaus, if we suffer thus  
“ Uncertain Mars to deal destruction round :  
“ Consider, then, and arm we to the war.”  
She spake ; nor did Minerva disobey :  
But Saturn's daughter, Juno venerable, 720  
In haste the fiery-footed steeds prepar'd,

Richly caparison'd. Hebe, meantime,  
The well-wrought wheels of polisht brass pre-  
par'd,  
And on the iron axle fix'd: bright gold  
Shone in the fellies, but the tire was brass; 725  
The naves of polisht silver, round and smooth;  
Braces of gold the circling car upheld:  
The silver pole she fix'd, and from its end  
The golden yoke suspended; and made fast  
The traces, bright with gold. Eager for war, 730  
Juno herself the immortal coursers yok'd.

But Pallas, daughter of Saturnian Jove,  
The varied mantle, which her hands had wrought,  
Laid on the starry pavement of high heav'n;  
The mail of cloud-compelling Jove she took, 735  
And arm'd her for the war. Her hand sustain'd  
Jove's ægis, terrible, encircled round  
With fear: Contention there, there Violence,  
There rash and heady Persecution;  
And in the midst the dreadful Gorgon head, 740  
Monster portentous, fearful to behold,  
Ensign of mighty Jove: then o'er her brow  
The helmet, gold emboss'd, with varied crest,  
Capacious of a hundred cities' force,  
She plac'd; then mounted on her rapid car, 745

Grasping a spear, huge, weighty, terrible,  
Which turns whole hosts, in terror and dismay,  
To flight, who dare her just revenge incur.

Juno, impatient, urg'd the steeds along :  
The gates of heav'n spontaneous open'd wide, 750  
Kept by the watchful Hours, whose constant care  
Or light or darkness sheds o'er spacious heav'n :  
Through the wide portal flew the rapid steeds :  
Seated apart from other deities,  
On the high summit of Olympus' top, 755  
Saturnian Jove they found ; when, from her car  
Descending, Juno mighty Jove address'd :

“ Art thou not, justly too, displeas'd to see  
“ Such daring outrage from the god of war ?  
“ How many Grecians of superior note 760  
“ He hath destroy'd, whilst I their loss deplore !  
“ Venus meantime, and Phœbus, in his work  
“ Of death exult, and urge him to such deeds.  
“ Great Jove, will it displease thee if I drive  
“ Mars from the field with most disgraceful  
“ wounds ?” 765

When cloud-compelling Jove thus answer made :  
“ Urge Pallas to the task ; for she alone  
“ Can quell his rage, and all his fury stay.”  
He spake ; but Juno urg'd the willing steeds

Midway 'twixt earth and heav'n's high arched roof:  
Wide as the space which mortal eye may ken 771  
O'er ocean's level from some lofty site,  
So far, each bound, the immortal coursers flew.  
And now they reach'd the distant plains of Troy,  
Where Simois' and Scamander's streams unite; 775  
There Juno staid her chariot, and in clouds  
And darkness thick envelop'd, whilst with food  
Ambrosial Simois fed the immortal steeds.

And now the goddesses, in form like doves,  
Mov'd on, intent to aid the Grecian host: 780  
And where the bravest of their chieftains stood,  
With Diomed, in dread array conjoin'd,  
Like lions fierce, or as the mountain boars  
Of more than common force; there Juno staid  
Her course, and rais'd her voice like Stentor loud,  
Whose brazen throat, amid the din of arms, 786  
And the dread clamour of the war was heard.

“ O shame! O scandal to the Grecian name!  
“ In form alone excelling! Whilst in arms  
“ Achilles scour'd the plain, within their walls 790  
“ Shut up, the Trojans dar'd not once advance  
“ Beyond their gates, such dread his spear convey'd:  
“ Now at your ships they foremost dare contend.”  
Thus she with courage every breast inspir'd:

But Pallas sought Tydides ; him she found  
Near to his steeds reclin'd, o'erspent with toil,  
And sorely wounded by the unerring shaft  
Of Pandarus ; his shield's enormous weight  
Wearied his aching limbs ; the galling belt  
He loos'ned, and wash'd off the clotted gore : 800  
The goddess, leaning on his chariot, spoke :

“ A son, of note inferior, Tydeus owns,  
“ And of degenerate race ; what though in form  
“ Diminutive himself, yet brave in arms :  
“ For ev'n when I forbade, and check'd his ire, 805  
“ What time he went on embassy to Thebes  
“ To the Cadmeans, when I gave in charge  
“ That he should peaceably demean himself,  
“ Yet, such as heretofore his daring soul,  
“ He challeng'd all, and all with ease subdued ; 810  
“ Such aid I gave. You, also, I assist  
“ And guard, and bid you dare the Trojan host ;  
“ But or fatigue and labour of the field  
“ Thy limbs unnerve, or fear thy soul invades,  
“ Unworthy to be call'd brave Tydeus' son.” 815

When Diomed replied : “ I know thee well,  
“ Daughter of Jove supreme, nor will conceal,  
“ But rather willingly the truth declare ;  
“ For nor fatigue, nor labour of the field,

“ Nor fear my soul invades ; thy strict command  
“ Alone deters me : thou didst order me 821  
“ To shun the contest where the gods engag’d,  
“ Venus alone excepted, but with force  
“ To drive the feeble goddess from the war :  
“ I therefore now retire, and bid retreat 825  
“ The Grecian host, for Mars directs the war.”

When Pallas thus : “ O much-lov’d Diomed,  
“ Fear not this Mars, nor any deity,  
“ Should others tempt the fight, such aid I give :  
“ Direct on him thy rapid coursers drive, 830  
“ And aim thy spear, nor reverence the god  
“ Thus blindly raging ; author of all ill,  
“ Inconstant as the wind ; who promis’d erst  
“ To Juno and to me the Greeks to aid,  
“ And now, forgetful, leads the Trojan arms.” 835

Thus saying, from his seat, with potent hand,  
She Sthenelus remov’d ; and, rushing on,  
Herself his place supplied : the goddess sat  
By Diomed, and grac’d his martial car.  
The beechen axle groan’d beneath the weight 840  
Of the dread goddess and the Grecian chief :  
Minerva seiz’d the reins, and through the ranks  
Drove, tow’rds remorseless Mars, the rapid steeds.

Just then the god of war had overthrown



Ochesius' son, the warlike Periphas,  
Of stature vast ; when o'er her radiant head,  
Invisible to all, Minerva plac'd  
The helmet of black Orcus. Mars beheld,  
With joy exulting, Diomed's approach ;  
The spoils of fallen Periphas he left, 850  
And on the Grecian chief bent all his force :  
His brazen spear with levell'd aim he hurl'd,  
Intent on slaughter ; but Minerva's hand  
The chief protected, and the weapon's point  
Or turn'd aside, or spent in empty air. 855

Then rose the strength of matchless Diomed,  
Whose spear, by Pallas urg'd, his belt transfix'd,  
And drank immortal blood : the god with pain  
Writh'd his huge form, and rais'd a shout that rent  
The distant sky, loud as the din of war 860  
When thousands combat : pale dismay assail'd  
Trojans and Greeks, so terrible the noise.  
As clouds condens'd with darkness overspread  
The face of heav'n, when Sirius' raging heat,  
By southern winds increas'd, its influence sheds 865  
O'er the wan earth ; thus rising through the air  
Mars to Tydides' wond'ring eyes appear'd.

Soon to the realms of light the god arriv'd,  
And, seated near to Jove, oppress'd with grief

And pain, the wound he show'd, and thus complain'd: 870

“ Such daring acts must needs thy anger move,  
“ Father supreme! that high immortal pow’rs  
“ For mortal men should such dissension move,  
“ Such pains endure: nor art thou least to blame,  
“ Whose daughter, Pallas, dares such monstrous  
“ deeds: 875

“ All other deities thy will obey;  
“ Pallas alone no order, no control  
“ From thee receives; she ruleth unrestrain’d,  
“ Indulg’d by thee in most atrocious deeds:  
“ She urg’d Tydides to contend with gods: 880  
“ Venus hath felt the daring mortal’s force,  
“ By wound unseemly pain’d; and now on me,  
“ Like some superior deity, he rush’d:  
“ Flight only sav’d me, or mid heaps of slain  
“ I still had suff’red on the blood-stain’d field, 885  
“ Vanquisht, subdued, disgrac’d, by mortal man!”

Jove sternly thus replied: “ Think not to move  
“ My pity, fickle and detested god;  
“ Whom war delighteth, whom contention dire,  
“ And slaughter indiscriminate, attend; 890  
“ Whose stubborn mind no suppliant voice can  
“ touch,

“ Implacable as Juno’s vengeful hate,  
“ Which I can scarce restrain : from her advice  
“ I do imagine thou dost suffer this ;  
“ Yet for thou call’st me father I will heal 895  
“ Thy pains, though hateful thou ; from other  
“ sprung,  
“ Long since from highest heav’n to deepest hell,  
“ With Titans chain’d, I’d hurl’d thee bellowing  
“ down.”

He spake ; when Pæon all his art applied,  
Cleans’d the deep wound, and all his pains remov’d.  
As when the juice of figs coagulates 901  
The milk, and separates the hardening curd,  
Turn’d swiftly by the skilful maiden’s hand ;  
Thus by his hand applied, medicinal  
And softening applications heal’d the wound. 905

Hebe the bath prepar’d ; then robes divine  
His limbs invested : glorying in his might  
He sat beside the King of gods and men.

But Juno and Minerva to the throne  
Of Jove return’d, when quell’d the frantic rage 910  
Of Mars, and staid his desolating arm.

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BOOK VI.

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EACH host, unaided, to the battle mov'd ;  
Now here, now there, the tide of conquest flow'd,  
With various success, throughout the plain,  
'Twixt Simois' stream and Xanthus' rapid course,  
When Ajax, bulwark of the Grecian host, 5  
Broke through the Trojan ranks, and turn'd the  
day :

The bravest of the Thracian bands he slew,  
Enormous Acamas, Eussorus' son :  
The impetuous weapon pierc'd his helmet through,  
Then, in his forehead fixt, it cleft the bone, 10  
Such force impell'd ; and darkness clos'd his eyes.

Tydides next the son of Teuthrans slew,  
Axylus : in Arisba fair he dwelt,  
With riches blest, near to the public way  
His dwelling : thus a general friend to man, 15  
He lov'd them all, and all their wants reliev'd :  
Yet none were found to succour his distress :  
His faithful servant perish'd by his side,  
Calesius : one grave receiv'd them both.

Now Dresus perish'd, and Opheltius,  
Slain by Euryalus ; who next pursued  
Æsepus fair, and Pedasus, twin-born,  
Whom Abarbarea to Bucolion bore ;  
Bucolion, son of great Laomedon ;  
First of his race, yet secret was his birth : 25  
Tending his flock, Bucolion won the nymph,  
Who bore him twins ; yet short their fleeting  
years,

Slain by Euryalus ; their arms his spoil.

Then Polypœtes slew Astyalus ;  
And by thy sword, Ulysses, vanquish'd, fell 30  
Percosian Pidytes : Teucer's shaft  
Pierc'd Aretaon ; Nestor's valiant son  
Ablerus slew : Atrides, Elatus ;  
In lofty Pedasus, by Satnia's stream,  
He dwelt. But Leitus his flying foe 35  
Phylax transfix'd : Eurypylus o'erthrew  
Melanthius : alive Adrastus fell  
A prisoner in Menelaus' hands :  
His fright'ned coursers fled the plain and broke  
The chariot pole, entangled in the boughs 40  
Of the tough tamarisk ; then, disengag'd,  
With others routed, to the city ran,  
Such terror reign'd : Adrastus headlong fell,

Roll'd in the dust. Atrides quick advanc'd,  
And aim'd his fatal spear ; with suppliant voice 45  
Adrastus thus preferr'd his humble suit :

“ Save me, Atrides, and a ransom take,  
“ Or gold or iron wrought, or sculptur'd brass ;  
“ Which my fond father, with no sparing hand,  
“ Will gladly give, if at thy hollow ships 50  
“ He shall but hear his much-lov'd son still lives.”

He spake, and pity touch'd his generous mind ;  
He paus'd, and check'd his rage ; and had convey'd  
His captive to the ships, but with rebuke  
Severe thus interpos'd the king of men : 55

“ Heav'ns ! Menelaus ; what ! is this a time  
“ To spare one Trojan ; can they at thy hands  
“ Deserve or pity or compassion ? No ;  
“ Yea, rather let not one escape alive,  
“ Perish the race entire, and all with Troy, 60  
“ Unburied, in one general ruin fall.”

He spake, and chang'd his brother's wav'ring  
mind,

Who thrust Adrastus from him with disdain :  
Him Agamemnon slew ; the spear transfix'd  
His bowels, prone he fell ; the victor's heel 65  
Insults the dead as forth his spear he draws ;  
When Nestor loudly to the Grecians call'd :

“ Friends, Grecian heroes, warriors of renown,  
“ Think not of spoil, but let your vengeful swords  
“ Exterminate the foe ; then, at your ease, 70  
“ Despoil them of their arms, the victor’s meed.”

Thus Nestor rous’d their courage to the war:  
Then had the routed Trojans to their walls  
Retreated, nor had dar’d resist the foe,  
But Helenus, well skill’d in augury, 75  
To Hector and Æneas thus exclaim’d :

“ O mighty chiefs, you who alone sustain  
“ And bear the weight of war, you who direct  
“ Our counsels, stay this most disgraceful flight,  
“ Ere they return, like cowards, to their home, 80  
“ Scorn and derision of their enemies ;  
“ Then we, all wearied as we are and spent  
“ With toil, will yield to hard necessity,  
“ And check the foe or perish in the cause.  
“ Hector, do thou our royal mother seek, 85  
“ (For thus we counsel,) let her quickly call  
“ The venerable matrons to the fane  
“ Of Pallas in the lofty citadel ;  
“ Let her select the robe of richest dye  
“ And choicest work, invaluable, rare, 90  
“ Meet present for a god, and at her knees  
“ Offer with humble supplication due ;



“ And let twelve heifers on her altars smoke,  
“ Yearlings, unblemisht ; if perchance she take  
“ Compassion, and our wives and children spare,  
“ And from our city far Tydides drive, 96  
“ The bravest of the Greeks ; for not the sword  
“ Of swift Achilles such destruction wrought,  
“ Though from a goddess sprung ; of matchless  
“ strength,

“ No mortal may with Diomed compare.” 100

He spake ; Hector his counsel well approv'd,  
And from his chariot leap'd all-armed forth ;  
Two spears he brandished, and through the ranks  
Pass'd on, and all their drooping courage rais'd :  
Again they turn'd, again they dar'd the fight. 105  
The Grecians paus'd, and from the slaughter  
ceas'd ;

For well they deem'd some potent deity,  
Descending from above, their courage arm'd ;  
So quick they rallied, and renew'd the war.

When Hector thus : “ Trojans, allies, be brave  
“ And dare the battle, whilst to Troy I go, 111  
“ By urgent business press'd, to give in charge,  
“ That Trojan matrons and wise counsellors  
“ Of age mature, with supplication meet,  
“ And hecatombs, the offended gods appease.” 115

Thus saying, Hector to the city mov'd,  
Protected by his pond'rous massy shield,  
Whose utmost verge his ample shoulders hid,  
Descending to his feet, so vast the orb.

But Glaucus, son of great Hippolochus, 120  
And Tydeus' son, before each host advanc'd  
To fight; when near, thus Diomed began :

“ And who art thou, bravest of mortal race ?  
“ I have ne'er seen thee in the ranks of war  
“ Before this day ; yet now thy daring soul 125  
“ Impels thee to withstand my fatal spear :  
“ Unhappy they whose sons my strength defy.  
“ But if some deity from heav'n thou com'st,  
“ I war not with the gods : for Dryas' son,  
“ Lycurgus, did not long the light enjoy 130  
“ Of life, contending with immortal gods ;  
“ Who erst through Nyssa's consecrated grove  
“ Drove Bacchus and his votaries : with fear,  
“ With terror seiz'd, they fled, and cast away  
“ Their sacred thyrsi ; Bacchus fled amain, 135  
“ Fright'ned, and sought protection in the sea ;  
“ Thetis receiv'd him, trembling at the voice  
“ And stern rebuke of man. But, much displeas'd,  
“ The gods this deep-felt injury reveng'd ;  
“ Saturnian Jove himself with blindness struck 140

“ The offending mortal ; nor yet long his days,

“ By all the gods detested and abhorr’d.

“ I will not, therefore, with the gods contend.

“ If mortal thou, by earth’s productions fed,

“ Approach, and thou shalt quickly meet thy fate.”

Glaucus thus answ’red : “ Mighty Diomed, 146

“ My name and lineage why dost thou inquire ?

“ As leaves to leaves succeed, so man to man :

“ These fall and wither ; then, by spring renew’d,

“ In quick succession rise : so mortal man 150

“ To man succeeds, and falls. But wouldst thou

“ know

“ Of my descent (for many know it well),

“ On the utmost bounds of Argos, fam’d for steeds,

“ Lies Ephyra’s fair town, within whose walls

“ Dwelt Sisyphus, of men most prudent deem’d,

“ The son of Æolus ; to him was born 156

“ Glaucus, the father of Bellerophon,

“ For beauty as for courage far renown’d,

“ Gift of the gods. Prætus with evil mind

“ Exil’d Bellerophon, for great his pow’r 160

“ Amongst the Grecian states, so Jove ordain’d.

“ His form attracted fair Anteia’s love,

“ The wife of Prætus, but his prudent mind

“ Scorn’d to dishonour Prætus. She, with rage

- “ Of disappointed love, thus falsely charg’d  
“ Bellerophon with foulest calumny :  
“ ‘ Or die thyself or slay Bellerophon,  
“ ‘ Who basely sought to stain my Prætus’ bed.’  
“ She spake : fell rage inflam’d the monarch’s  
“ mind,  
“ Yet fear’d he to destroy the godlike youth ; 170  
“ But sent to Lycia, with no friendly view,  
“ With tablets seal’d, whose ominous contents  
“ Might quick destruction bring, with strictest  
“ charge  
“ To show the fatal tablets. By the gods  
“ Protected, he to Lycia bent his way : 175  
“ And now arriv’d at Xanthus’ fertile fields,  
“ The king with honour due receiv’d his guest,  
“ And spread the feast, and sacrifices meet  
“ Nine days the altars crown’d ; when the tenth  
“ morn  
“ With ruddy light appear’d, the faithful youth 180  
“ To see the tablets made his just request,  
“ Which he from Prætus brought : but when re-  
“ ceiv’d  
“ The dread commands to slay Chimæra dire,  
“ His first exploit ; monster implacable,  
“ Of race divine, part lion, serpent part, 185

- “ And part Chimæra, from whose nostrils pour’d  
“ Thick smoke and bickering flames: this monster  
“ slain  
“ (For heav’n his cause defended), next in war  
“ He dar’d the Solymi, of men esteem’d  
“ The bravest, nor an easy conquest gain’d: 190  
“ Then he the Amazons, in fight with men  
“ Contending, slew. When now, on his return,  
“ The Lycian king in secret ambuscade  
“ A band selected plac’d, who to their homes  
“ No more return’d, slain by Bellerophon. 195  
“ Whom, when the king of race divine perceiv’d,  
“ Glad he detain’d him, and his daughter gave  
“ In marriage, and receiv’d him as a king.  
“ With large domain, and fields of wide extent,  
“ And fertile soil, the Lycians him endow’d. 200  
“ Three children grac’d his house, Hippolochus,  
“ Isander, and Laodamia fair,  
“ (From her Sarpedon, son of mighty Jove,  
“ Boasts his descent). But when Bellerophon  
“ The just displeasure of the gods incurr’d, 205  
“ Alone he wand’red o’er the Aleian field,  
“ In deep affliction shunning mortal sight.  
“ Insatiable Mars Isander slew,  
“ Engag’d in combat with the Solymi ;

“ By Dian’s shaft Laodamia fell :

“ I boast descent from great Hippolochus ;

“ At his command I aid the Trojan host,

“ And seek for honour and renown in arms ;

“ Nor bring disgrace upon a noble line

“ Of ancestry, the bravest of their days. 215

“ Such is the origin I have to boast.”

He spake ; when mighty Diomed rejoic’d,

And fixing in the ground his spear, he thus

With friendly words the Lycian chief address’d :

“ Guest of my father, welcome to these arms: 220

“ Æneus of old with hospitality

“ Receiv’d Bellerophon, and him detain’d

“ Within his spacious palace : mutual gifts

“ The fact record ; Æneus a purple belt

“ Of richest dye, a cup of massy gold 225

“ Bellerophon bestow’d ; I still possess

“ The valued treasure. Tydeus left me young,

“ When with ill omen to the Theban walls

“ He led the Greeks, beyond my memory’s date.

“ Let us then still maintain, in Argos I, 230

“ In Lycia thou, friendship’s most sacred rites,

“ Nor hostile meet in arms. Trojans, allies,

“ A numerous foe, shall fall before my spear,

“ And many Grecians yield their lives to thine ;



“ Let us then arms exchange, that all may know

“ We boast the inviolable tie of friends.” 236

Thus saying, from their cars the chiefs descend,  
Pledge their right hands, and lasting friendship vow:  
Glaucus (for Jove himself his mind impell'd)

His golden armour, hecatombs the price, 240

To Diomed for much inferior gave.

Meantime great Hector, at the Scæan gate  
Arriv'd, each Trojan wife, each daughter fair,  
Of husband, brother, dearest relatives,  
Question with anxious care: he to the gods 245  
Commends their pray'rs, for grievous woes impend.

Now Priam's lofty palace he approach'd,  
With stately columns grac'd; of polish'd stone  
The spacious chambers of his numerous race  
In order show'd; within the vaulted hall, 250

And opposite to these, in royal state  
Twelve domes of polisht marble rose to view,  
For Priam's daughters and their potent lords.

Here met the chief, as to Laodice  
She went, his mother, mildest of her sex; 255  
Who seiz'd his hand, and thus her son bespake:

“ My son, why hast thou left the tented field?

“ Surely the hateful Grecians at our walls

“ Press hard, and thou art come with pious zeal



“ To raise thy suppliant hands to Jove supreme.  
“ From the high citadel : but stay, my son,  
“ Libation to the heav’nly pow’rs first made,  
“ Let me with wine thy weary limbs refresh,  
“ And all thy strength renew, by toil subdued ;  
“ The labour and the heat of this dread war    265  
“ Thy hands alone sustain in our defence.”

Hector replied : “ O parent, much belov’d !  
“ Give me not wine, lest you unnerve my limbs ;  
“ Nor dare I lift, polluted as they are,  
“ These hands to Jove : ’t is not for mortal man, 270  
“ With blood and gore distain’d, to raise his voice,  
“ Or pray’r address, to heav’n’s high majesty.  
“ But do thou lead the venerable band  
“ Of holy matrons to Minerva’s fane :  
“ Spread the rich mantle and implore her aid ; 275  
“ Vow on her altars twelve unblemisht steers,  
“ If haply then she will compassionate  
“ Our city, and our children, and our wives,  
“ And from our walls avert Tydides’ rage,  
“ Who spreads destruction through our routed host.  
“ Go then, my mother, to Minerva’s fane ;    281  
“ I will seek Paris, and his courage rouse  
“ To arms, if he will hear a brother’s voice :  
“ Oh, had he perish’d ere in woes involv’d

“ His country and his king, and all his race !

“ Could I but see him to the shades descend,

“ I might awhile forget my bitter griefs.”

He spake ; when Hecuba her servants call'd,  
And bade convene the matrons : they in haste  
Assembled ; then herself a mantle chose, 290  
The richest of her stores ; a treasure rare,  
Work of Sidonian maids, which in his ships  
From Sidon Paris brought when he to Troy  
Helen convey'd ; of these the richest far  
She chose, of curious work, and dazzling hue, 295  
Resplendent like a star, and to the fane  
Of Pallas she the assembled matrons led  
In long procession to the citadel.

Theano fair unbarr'd the temple gates,  
Priestess of Pallas ; they with loud lament 300  
Ent'ring, uprais'd their supplicating hands ;  
Theano spread the mantle on the knees  
Of dread Minerva, and thus urg'd the pray'r :

“ O potent goddess, guardian of our walls !

“ Break short his spear and headlong at our gates

“ O'erthrow Tydides, author of our woes ; 306

“ So shall twelve heifers at thy altars blaze,

“ Unblemisht. Pity then our great distress ;

“ Our city, and ourselves, and children spare.”

Thus pray’d she, but the goddess stern refus’d. 310

Whilst thus to Pallas they the pray’r address’d,  
Hector mov’d onward to the lofty dome

Of Paris, who himself the structure plann’d,

And Trojan artists of superior skill

The palace rais’d. The spacious hall within, 315

The sumptuous chambers rang’d in order meet,

Near Priam’s palace in the citadel,

And Hector’s stately mansion : thither went

The chief of Troy, and in his hand he grasp’d

A spear of larger size, whose glitt’ring point 320

Before him shone, with golden rings adorn’d.

Paris he found handling his polisht arms,

The shield, the corselet, and the fatal shafts ;

And near him Helen with her virgin train,

Their works directing, sat. Him Hector thus 325

In terms severe bespoke : “ Ill-fated man !

“ Why this resentment ? why in rage retir’d ?

“ It is not well : our troops are minished :

“ For you alone these dreadful flames of war

“ Surround our walls : should other chiefs thus

“ shun

330

“ The danger, thou thyself wouldst first complain.

“ Rouse then to arms, or ere the vengeful foe

“ With desolating fire our city raze.”

Paris replied: “ I own thy just rebuke,

“ Hector, and therefore freely do confess, 335

“ If thou canst lend a patient ear,\*that not

“ My anger only causeth this delay,

“ Howbeit just, but that I greatly wish’d

“ In sorrow to indulge my soul awhile :

“ Ev’n now fair Helen, with persuasive words, 340

“ Hath rous’d my courage: arm we to the fight,

“ Success may crown, perchance, thy brother’s

“ toils ;

“ Stay, then, and I will put my armour on,

“ Or quickly follow to yon hostile plain.”

Hector in silence heard, nor made reply ; 345

But Helen thus : “ O brother, much belov’d,

“ Had I but perish’d, hateful as I am,

“ In early infancy, to wilds expos’d,

“ To the rude winds or ruder seas a prey,

“ By merciless waves o’erwhelm’d, nor liv’d to cause

“ Such complicated ills ! but heav’nly pow’rs 351

“ Had otherwise ordain’d : yet I might claim

“ A warrior husband ; one who could resent

“ Reproaches keen, and wounded honour feel ;

“ But Paris, by the avenging hand of Fate 355

“ Depriv’d of judgment, knows not the extent  
“ And measure of those ills which folly brings.  
“ But come, my brother, rest thee here awhile,  
“ The weight and burthen of this fatal war  
“ Thy hands sustain, and we, alas! the cause; 360  
“ We, whom great Jove, in anger, hath ordain’d  
“ A spectacle to ages yet unborn.”

“ Detain me not,” the valiant chief replied;  
“ Thy kindness I acknowledge, but my mind  
“ Forbids delay when I may succour Troy, 365  
“ Which now my presence waits. Do thou, mean-  
“ time,

“ Urge Paris to the field, that he forthwith,  
“ When arm’d, may join me at the Scæan gate.  
“ I go, a last farewell, perhaps, to take  
“ Of those my soul most loves, my wife and child:  
“ Heav’n knows if ever I again return, 371  
“ Or perish by the Grecian host o’erwhelm’d.”

He spake, and hast’ned on with eager steps  
To seek Andromache; but sought in vain:  
Her house she left, attended by her son  
And faithful servant, and with anxious care,  
With heart bursting through grief, sought Ilium’s  
tow’r.

Hector inquir’d: “ Ah! whither is she gone?”

“ Or to her sisters or dear relatives ?

“ Or with the pious matrons to the fane 380

“ Of dread Minerva to implore her aid ?”

“ Nor to her sisters, nor to Pallas’ fane,”

The servant answer made : “ To Ilium’s tow’r

“ She went, for she had heard our sad defeat,

“ And the success of Greece: trembling she heard,

“ Nor staid ; but to the tow’r, well nigh of sense

“ Bereft, she hast’ned with her infant son.”

She spake : Hector eftsoons pursued his way,

And measur’d back his steps with quick’ned pace,

Travers’d the spacious streets, and to the gate 390

Which led to battle and the tented field

Return’d : there met him his most blameless wife,

The wealthy daughter of Eetion ;

Cilician Thebe own’d his regal sway,

And Hypoplacus’ wide extent of wood : 395

All unexpected, at the Scæan gate

Sudden she met him ; her attendant maid

Press’d to her fragrant bosom Hector’s heir,

His parents’ only hope, of tender years,

Fair as the orient beam that gilds the morn, 400

Scamandrius nam’d ; but Troy, with one consent,

Call’d him Astyanax ; for well they knew

His mighty father, guardian of their walls.



With silent joy he view'd his infant child ;  
But sad Andromache, with tearful eye, 405  
Hung on his hand, and thus in sorrow spake :

“ Ill-fated prince ! whose daring courage brings  
“ Destruction with it, ah ! reflect awhile !  
“ An orphan child, a wretched widow'd wife,  
“ Thy pity claim : tempt not the doubtful war,  
“ Lest hosts entire o'erwhelm thee : ere that day  
“ I see, heav'n close these eyes ! depriv'd of thee,  
“ No ray of comfort, but unceasing woes.  
“ Await me, wretched : father I have none,  
“ And mother, none ! him fierce Achilles slew, 415  
“ Thebe destroy'd with all her lofty gates,  
“ And laid her monarch low ; but of his arms  
“ Despoil'd him not, such high respect he paid :  
“ But, clad in arms, he to the funeral pyle  
“ Committed him, and rais'd the sacred mount 420  
“ In honour of the dead : the mountain nymphs,  
“ Jove's daughters, planted elms around his tomb.  
“ Seven brothers perish'd by Achilles' sword,  
“ Tending their lowing herds and fleecy care,  
“ All in one day sent to the shades below. 425  
“ My captive mother, who with sov'reign sway  
“ In Hypoplacus dwelt, her freedom gain'd,  
“ Paying large ransom : yet how short her days !



- “ An early victim to Latona’s shafts.  
“ Thou, Hector, art my father ; thou to me 430  
“ A mother, husband, brother ; in thee all  
“ United I behold ; in pity then,  
“ Rest here and guard us, lest of thee bereft,  
“ A widow’d wife and orphan mourn thy fate.  
“ Where the wild fig-tree grows thy forces stay ;  
“ There the low wall invites the daring foe, 436  
“ Of access easy ; thrice the Grecian host,  
“ By Ajax and Idomeneus led on,  
“ By Atreus’ sons, or matchless Diomed,  
“ Have made the fierce assault, whether by heav’n  
“ Impell’d, or their own courage, to the attack.” 441  
Hector replied : “ These things indeed engage  
“ My serious thoughts, Andromache ; yet much  
“ I dread the censure and reproach of Troy,  
“ If, coward-like, I should most basely shun 445  
“ The dangers of the war, and shrink through fear ;  
“ I who from early youth have learnt to brave  
“ A host of foes, and foremost dare the war,  
“ My own, my father’s glory to assert :  
“ Yet well, indeed, I know this fatal truth, 450  
“ The day must come when sacred Troy shall fall,  
“ And Priam perish in his country’s doom.  
“ But not for these such grief severe I feel,

- “ My valued mother, or my royal sire ;  
“ Or my dear brothers, numerous and brave, 455  
“ Destin’d to perish by the Grecian sword ;  
“ As for thyself, a wretched captive made  
“ Where tears will nought avail ; to ply the loom,  
“ Stoop to the meanest offices, and bend  
“ Under the galling yoke; and labouring hard, 460  
“ Bring water from the fam’d Thessalian springs,  
“ From Hyperia or Messeïs ; worn  
“ With grief, and press’d by hard necessity :  
“ When some in Argos will be heard to say,  
“ ‘ See! Hector’s wife, of all the Trojan host 465  
“ ‘ The bravest chief.’ whilst from thy aching heart  
“ Bursts the deep sigh, and flows the incessant tear,  
“ No Hector near to break thy captive chain.  
“ O may earth hold me in its cold embrace,  
“ A stranger to those griefs which rend thy soul!”

He spake ; and to his child the warlike chief 471  
Stretch’d his fond arms : with sudden fear appall’d,  
The affrighted babe clung to his nurse’s breast,  
Crying ; the brazen shield, the nodding plume,  
And martial countenance with terror clad, 475  
His tender mind alarm’d : with secret joy  
Each parent smil’d : then Hector from his brow  
Unbound his glitt’ring helmet, and remov’d

The dread-inspiring crest, embrac'd his child,  
And fondly kiss'd, expressive of his love, 480  
And thus to heav'n address'd his earnest pray'r:

“ O Jove supreme! and all ye heav'nly pow'rs!  
“ Grant this my son in valour to excel,  
“ And bravely vindicate his country's cause!  
“ May hosts approving greet his glad return 485  
“ From battle, crown'd with spoils; and shouts de-  
“ clare

“ The son's superior to the father's fame,  
“ Whilst conscious joy pervades his mother's heart!”

Thus Hector spake, and to her longing arms  
The lovely babe return'd: him she receiv'd, 490  
And to her fragrant bosom fondly press'd,  
Smiling with tearful eye. He saw, and thus  
In gentle terms: “ O my Andromache!

“ Indulge not grief too much; I shall not fall  
“ Till fate decree; that fate which none escape, 495  
“ Coward or brave; for such the will of heav'n.  
“ Weep then no more, but to thy home return;  
“ There let thy house affairs, and curious works,  
“ With suitable employ thy mind engage:  
“ War is for men alone, but chiefly me.” 500

Thus saying, he replac'd his glitt'ring casque;  
And to her palace, sad and slow, return'd

Andromache, and shed the frequent tear  
While as she cast a long last ling'ring look :  
Then with her maidens wept her husband's fate, 505  
Though living, and with loud lament bewail'd  
Throughout his palace ; for no more they deem'd  
He might escape the vengeful sword of Greece.

Nor Paris in his lofty palace staid  
Reluctant, but, all-arm'd in shining brass, 510  
Through Troy's wide streets with hasty step ad-  
vanc'd.

The high-fed courser thus, long time confin'd,  
Sudden breaks forth and scours the distant plain,  
Eager to bathe him in the copious stream,  
Exulting ; high in air his head he bears, 515  
His flowing mane o'er neck and shoulders waves,  
With speed impetuous to the well-known fields  
And pastur'd steeds he wings his rapid way :

So Priam's son, from lofty Pergamus,  
In shining armour clad, exulting ran, 520  
Bright as the sun, and Hector thus address'd :

“ Brother, I fear I have detain'd thee long,  
“ Nor thy commands obey'd.” When Hector mild  
Replied : “ I own thy courage in the fight,  
“ And valour tried : yet indolence arrests 525  
“ Thy better knowledge : then indeed, my heart

- “ With anguish bleeds when thou art justly blam’d;  
“ Thou for whose cause alone such toils we bear.  
“ But haste we to the field ; whate’er amiss  
“ May have occur’d, we will in order set      530  
“ When Jove shall grant that to the immortal gods  
“ We pour the free libation from the cup,  
“ Each in his several mansion, undisturb’d ;  
“ The Grecians vanquish’d and repuls’d with shame.”



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B O O K VII.

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**T**HUS saying, Hector through the Scæan gate  
With Paris rush'd impetuous ; each resolv'd  
To mingle in the fight, and dare the foe.

As when to sailors, spent with weary toil  
Plying the cumbrous oar and labouring hard, 5  
Jove sends a prosp'rous gale ; so joy each breast  
Pervaded when the chiefs to view appear'd.

First Paris slew brave Areïthous' son,  
Menesthius, whom Philomedusa fair  
To Areïthous bore : by Hector's sword 10  
Eioneus expir'd ; the deadly blow  
Sever'd his neck, and clos'd his eyes in death :  
Glaucus, brave leader of the Lycian bands,  
O'erthrew Iphinous ; the rapid spear  
Transfix'd his shoulder, while as on his steed 15  
He vaulted ; to the ground he dying fell.

Pallas observ'd them through the Grecian host  
Dealing destruction, and with rapid flight



From high Olympus to the Trojan plains  
She quick descended ; and from Pergamus,  
When Pallas near approach'd, Apollo rose  
To aid the Trojans : at the sacred beech  
They met ; Apollo first his speech address'd :  
“ Daughter of Jove, why art thou hither come ?  
“ Is it to change again the fate of war, 25  
“ And aid the Grecian host, that from high heav'n  
“ Thou dost descend ? O yet commiserate  
“ The Trojans, perishing ! Let me prevail,  
“ For so is best : then shall the rage of war  
“ This day surcease ; hereafter let them fight 30  
“ Till Troy shall be no more ; whose fall alone  
“ Can satiate thy revenge, and Juno's hate.”  
“ Then be it so,” Minerva quick replied ;  
“ For with that view to these contending hosts  
“ I from Olympus came : say then, how best 35  
“ We may the combat cease, and stay the fight.”  
Phœbus return'd : “ Let Hector's mighty mind,  
“ Inspir'd by us, to single combat dare  
“ The bravest chieftain of the Grecian host ;  
“ And Greece, astonish'd, shall a warrior choose, 40  
“ Of valour tried, to measure strength with him.”  
He spake ; nor did Minerva disapprove :  
When Helenus, well-skill'd in augury,

Nor uninspir'd in what the gods ordain'd,  
Approaching Hector, thus the chief bespoke: 45

“ O son of Priam ! canst thou lend an ear,  
“ Skill'd as thou art in counsel, and to one  
“ Who would advise with all a brother's love ?  
“ Cause each contending host to stay the fight,  
“ And labour of the field ; then singly dare 50  
“ The bravest chieftain of the Grecian host ;  
“ Nor fear discomfiture or death from him  
“ Who shall contend, for so the gods ordain.”

Hector with pleasure heard, and quick advanc'd  
To stay his troops, holding his levell'd spear 55  
Token of parley : they the sign obey'd,  
And Agamemnon staid the troops of Greece.

Pallas meantime and Phœbus sat apart,  
In form like vultures, on the lofty beech  
Sacred to Jove, well pleas'd to view the scene ; 60  
While as the thick'ning ranks on earth reclin'd,  
And shields and spears in horrible array,  
And glitt'ring swords, encircled all the plain.

As when the ruffled surface of the deep,  
By rising winds upturn'd and southern blasts, 65  
Grows black ; so the thick-seated ranks appear'd  
Of either host, whom Hector thus address'd :

- “ Hear me, ye Trojans ; and, ye Grecians, hear,  
“ Whilst I the dictates of my mind declare :  
“ Great Jove hath rend’red vain our solemn  
“ truce, 70  
“ And grievous woes impend ; whether on Troy,  
“ By Grecian force subdued, or at your ships  
“ Dismay and terror reign, and foul defeat :  
“ If then amongst the chiefs whom Grecia boasts  
“ There be whose soul to highest deeds aspires, 75  
“ Let him come forth that he may fight with me.  
“ Witness, ye heav’nly pow’rs, and Jove supreme !  
“ If vanquish’d I shall fall, his be the spoil,  
“ This armour his ; but, to his friends restor’d,  
“ Let Hector claim the rites of sepulture, 80  
“ And Trojan matrons heap the funeral pyle :  
“ But should Apollo grant to me success,  
“ Be mine his armour, to the god of day  
“ A votive gift to decorate his fane :  
“ Whilst, to his friends restor’d, funereal rites 85  
“ The sorrowing Grecians at their ships perform ;  
“ And on the Hellespont’s resounding shore  
“ Erect the tumulus, that future times  
“ May know, and late posterity remark,  
“ Ploughing the briny wave, ‘ Behold the tomb 90

“ ‘Of some illustrious chief, by Hector slain!’

“ So shall my glory brave the wreck of years.”

Thus Hector spake : a general silence reign’d :

Refusal shame forbad, acceptance fear ;

When Menelaus rising, with reproach 95

The bitter anguish of his soul express’d :

“ O boasters ! to your sex a mark’d disgrace ;

“ Women, not men, to infamy consign’d ;

“ That not one Grecian dare with Hector fight !

“ ‘To water and to earth return again, 100

“ Whom neither glory fires, nor courage arms.

“ I will stand forth then, and this combat dare ;

“ On heav’n alone the fate of war depends.”

He spake indignant, and his arms prepar’d.

Then hadst thou perish’d, by superior might 105

Subdued, O Menelaus ! but the chiefs

Of Greece quick interpos’d : Atrides first,

Who seiz’d thy hand, and thus express’d his fears :

“ O Menelaus, sure of sense bereft !

“ Brother, forbear, such madness ill becomes : 110

“ Let not thy courage urge thee to contend,

“ Rashly, with force superior : many dread

“ With mighty Hector to contend in arms ;

“ E’en swift Achilles in the ranks of war

“ Fear’d to meet Hector. Brother, then, forbear ;

“ The Greeks some other chieftain will select  
“ To fight with Hector: fearless though he prove,  
“ Insatiate of war, yet soon, I deem,  
“ He will with bended knee joyful repose,  
“ From war escap’d and from his pow’rful foe.” 120  
Scarce with these words he staid his brother’s  
mind,

And counsel sage; reluctant he obey’d,  
And to his friends his glitt’ring arms return’d;  
When Nestor thus th’ assembled chiefs address’d:

“ Alas! what wondrous ills o’er Greece impend!  
“ How would the venerable Peleus grieve, 126  
“ Whose counsels sway the warlike Myrmidons,  
“ Who erst inquiring learnt with secret joy  
“ The names and numbers of our Grecian host,  
“ Should he once hear they dreaded to contend 130  
“ With Hector! to the gods his aged hands  
“ Uplifting, he would pray for instant death.  
“ Oh, would to heav’n! to mighty Jove supreme!  
“ To Pallas, to Apollo! that my youth  
“ Might be restor’d, as when at Pheia’s walls, 135  
“ Near to the sounding Celadonian stream,  
“ And Jordan’s flood, the Arcadian spearmen met  
“ And Pylians brave in arms; their mighty chief,  
“ Great Ereuthalion, dar’d in single fight

- “ The bravest of our troops: in armour clad  
“ Of Areïthous, Corynetes nam’d  
“ By all Arcadia from his iron mace,  
“ (For not to war with bow or spear he rush’d,  
“ But with his iron mace whole ranks dispers’d,)  
“ Him by address, not force, Lycurgus slew, 145  
“ Transfixing with his spear ere he could wield  
“ His cumbrous arms, in narrow space confin’d:  
“ Of bulk enormous to the ground he fell,  
“ Extended huge; his arms the gift of Mars,  
“ The victor’s spoil, which now Lycurgus bore. 150  
“ But when, grown feeble by the weight of years,  
“ Lycurgus fast declin’d, the valued prize  
“ He gave to Ereuthalion his friend.  
“ Clad in such arms he all our host defied,  
“ Who trembled at his sight, nor dar’d engage. 155  
“ My courage urg’d me to the bold emprise:  
“ Great as he was, I youngest of our host,  
“ Yet fought I, for Minerva gave success,  
“ And slew this man, of stature vast and size,  
“ And stretch’d his wondrous length upon the  
“ plain. 160  
“ Oh, might I but recall my former years  
“ And strength, I would engage this dreaded foe;  
“ But you, the bravest of the Grecian host,



“ The combat shun, nor dare with him con-  
“ tend.”

Stung by his just reproof, nine chiefs arose. 165  
Atrides, first in honour as in arms,  
Uprose; him followed mighty Diomed;  
Then Ajax Telamon: Oileus next,  
Idomeneus, and brave Meriones;  
Meriones like Mars himself in fight: 170  
Then rose Eurypylus, Euæmon's son;  
And Thoas and Ulysses, valiant chiefs,  
All eager to engage; when Nestor thus:

“ Lots must decide; for no mean praise awaits  
“ Him who asserts the honour of our arms, 175  
“ Who in this hazardous emprise stands forth  
“ Fearless, and from the combat safe returns.”

Thus Nestor spake: his lot each chieftain mark'd,  
And in the helmet of Atrides cast;  
Whilst hosts admiring rais'd to heav'n the pray'r,  
And thus were heard to say: “ O mighty Jove! 181  
“ Let Ajax gain the lot, or Tydeus' son,  
“ Or great Atrides' self, Mycenæ's king.”

Thus they preferr'd the pray'r; when Nestor  
shook  
The helmet, and the wish'd-for lot leap'd forth 185  
Of Ajax Telamon, which through the host



To all the Grecian chiefs the heralds bore.

None yet the lot acknowledg'd, till the mark

Ajax exulting own'd, and stretch'd his hand

The welcome lot to take, which on the ground 190

With joy the hero plac'd, and thus exclaim'd :

“ Mine is the lot, my friends, which I receive

“ Joyful, and now anticipate success :

“ You then, whilst I prepare me for the fight,

“ To Jove supreme address the silent prayer, 195

“ Or loud exalt your voice, for none we fear :

“ Nor shall he through neglect or want of skill

“ Subdue me ; nor untaught, I trust, in arms

“ Did Salamis to Troy her warrior send.”

He spake ; and they to Jove preferr'd their vows,

And thus their wishes urg'd : “ O mighty Jove !

“ Greatest and best, to Ajax give success

“ And honour ; but if Hector be thy care,

“ Let both an equal share of glory claim.”

Thus they : Ajax meantime, with armour bright

Invested, to the fight impetuous mov'd, 206

Like Mars when rushing to the shock of arms

Between contending hosts, whom angry Jove

With discord agitates, and fell revenge.

Thus mov'd the chief, in stature eminent, 210

The bulwark of the host ; terrific smiles

His visage mark'd, as o'er the plain he strode  
Grasping his massy spear of wondrous length.  
A secret joy then felt each Grecian heart ;  
But fear and terror through the Trojan host      215  
Prevail'd, and Hector trembled at the sight ;  
Yet scorn'd he to retreat, or shun the war,  
Himself the challenger. Ajax meanwhile  
Drew near, bearing his shield's enormous weight,  
Like to some tow'r, so large the pond'rous orb,      220  
With brass o'erlaid, the work of Tychius,  
Artificer renown'd ; in Hyla fair  
He dwelt ; there fram'd the various sev'nfold orb  
Which Telamonian Ajax bore aloft,  
And near approaching, menac'd thus his foe :      225  
    “ Hector, now shalt thou know, when man to  
    “ man  
    “ Confronted, what the Grecian chieftains are,  
    “ After Achilles lion-like in arms,  
    “ Spreading discomfiture through armed hosts.  
    “ But he in anger, at his ships retir'd,      230  
    “ No longer wars in great Atrides' cause ;  
    “ Yet are we many who will dare contend  
    “ Singly with thee : come on, begin the fight.”  
When Hector thus : “ Think not, illustrious  
    “ chief,

“ To frighten, as a child unus’d to arms  
“ Or deeds of war, me, whom the battle’s rage  
“ And slaughter’d ranks delight: for well I know  
“ To shift the cumbrous shield, and long maintain  
“ The doubtful combat; to support the charge  
“ In firm array; or, vaulting in my car, 240  
“ Drive my swift coursers headlong on the foe:  
“ Yet, for thou bear’st thyself in noble guise,  
“ Forewarn’d prepare to meet this fatal stroke.”

He spake; and, brandishing aloft in air  
His glitt’ring spear, full on the sev’nfold orb 245  
Smote vehement; through six tough hides it pass’d,  
The seventh its force repell’d. Then Ajax hurl’d  
His spear, and on the shield Hectorian smote  
With might superior; through the Trojan shield  
It pass’d, and through the mail of plaited work: 250  
Hector shrunk back, and scarce escap’d from death.  
Now each his spear recov’ring, to the charge  
Return’d with rage increas’d; as lions fell  
And ravenous, or as wild boars of size  
Enormous to the contest foaming rush. 255

Now Hector smote the sev’nfold orb, nor pierc’d  
The brazen shield; the treach’rous point recoil’d:  
Then Ajax rushing forward, through the shield  
Of Hector drove amain, such force impell’d

His massy spear, and sudden check'd the might  
Of Hector: on his neck the grazing wound  
Descending, stain'd the warrior's arms with gore.  
Yet not for this did Hector quit the field,  
But stepping back he seiz'd a pond'rous stone,  
Craggy and black, and hurl'd it on his foe: 265  
Full on the boss the cumbrous ruin fell,  
The sev'nfold orb resounded from the stroke.

Then Ajax seiz'd a stone of larger size,  
And the vast fragment, pois'd aloft in air,  
Hurl'd with his utmost strength: the craggy mass  
Burst through the shield's defence, and on the plain  
The chief extended prone: his bended knee  
And shatter'd buckler scarce his weight sustain'd;  
But Phœbus interpos'd with aid divine.

And now they had with swords renew'd the fight,  
But that the faithful heralds, messengers 276  
Of gods and men, from either host appear'd,  
Talthybius and Idæus: in the midst  
Their sceptres they advanc'd. Idæus thus  
The combatants address'd: "O lov'd of Jove! 280  
"Illustrious chiefs, forbear, nor urge the fight;  
"Your valour tried each host with pleasure sees,  
"And all acknowledge: Night advances fast,  
"Obey her dictates, and our counsel hear."

When Ajax thus : " To Hector this advice :

" He gave the challenge, and defied us all ;

" If he begin I shall not disobey."

When Hector answer'd : " Chief in arms re-

" nown'd,

" Illustrious Ajax, grac'd with strength and might

" By heav'n above thy peers, let us desist, 290

" And cease the combat now : should fate ordain

" We meet hereafter in the ranks of war,

" We will contend till death shall end the strife :

" Now night commands, and we the night obey.

" Go then, and to thy friends with joy return, 295

" And greet thy host, whilst I again to Troy

" Retire awhile, and gladden ev'ry heart

" That lifts to heav'n a pray'r for Hector's life.

" Let us then gifts exchange which may record

" This act, and after times admiring say, 300

" These fought for honour in the warlike field,

" For glory fought alone, and parted friends."

He spake, and gave his sword with silver studs

Richly emboss'd, and belt of curious work ;

Ajax a girdle gave, with purple stain'd 305

Phœnician : thus they parted : to the Greeks

Ajax return'd, and to the Trojan host,

Well pleas'd to see him, Hector bent his way.

The joyful throng scarce think their hero safe  
From his dread enemy escap'd with life, 310  
And with loud shouts conduct him back to Troy.  
Nor less the Greeks with victory elate  
Conduct great Ajax to Atrides' tent.  
When there arriv'd, the king to mighty Jove  
Due sacrifice prepar'd of nobler kind, 315  
The ox five years had numb'ed, victim meet,  
Some strip the hide, in quarters some divide,  
Then cut in smaller joints, and, on the spits  
Fixing, they roast with skill ; and from the fire  
Removing, cease their labour, and prepare 320  
Each in his place to share the glad repast.  
Ajax receiv'd, in honour of his might  
And prowess great in arms, the chine entire,  
Mark of respect, by Agamemnon sent.  
Hunger remov'd, the Pylian sage arose, 325  
Nestor, whose prudent counsel all approv'd,  
Unfolding thus his salutary lore :  
“ Atrides, and ye mighty chiefs of Greece,  
“ Much loss we have sustain'd of heroes slain,  
“ Whom Mars hath vanquish'd ; on Scamander's  
“ banks 330  
“ Their blood pour'd out, their souls to Hades sent ;  
“ Cease then the fight, and at the morrow's dawn



- “ Let us with pious care their sad remains  
“ Bear to the sacred pyle, and burn with fire ;  
“ And at our ships collect their scatt’red bones, 335  
“ Due to their country, to their children due ;  
“ And, indiscriminate to all, uprear  
“ The hallow’d tumulus : then let us build  
“ A wall, with battlements and lofty tow’rs,  
“ To us and to our ships a strong defence, 340  
“ With gates adorn’d, through which our host may  
“ pass,  
“ Spear-men and horse array’d, and rapid cars ;  
“ And then by deep’ned fosse secure the wall  
“ From all attacks of infantry or horse,  
“ Should fate ordain that Trojan arms prevail.” 345

Thus Nestor spake, and all the chiefs approv’d.

Meantime the Trojans in the citadel  
A counsel held, fearful and turbulent,  
At Priam’s palace ; when Antenor thus :

- “ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, 350  
“ Whilst I the dictates of my mind declare :  
“ Let Helen be restor’d and all the spoils  
“ To Atreus’ sons ; we fight a perjurd host ;  
“ Nor can we hope success will crown our arms  
“ Till all their just demand be satisfied.” 355

Thus counsell’d he, and to his seat return’d.



When Paris, Helen's husband, rose in haste,  
And angry thus replied: "To me, indeed,  
" Antenor, are thy words unfriendly most;  
" Assuredly you better counsel know; 360  
" But if such be your real sentiments,  
" The gods themselves must have impair'd your  
" mind;  
" I too will speak the dictates of my heart:  
" Know then, that Helen I will not restore;  
" But for the spoils which I from Argos brought,  
" Those I will freely give, and others add." 366  
He spake; when great in counsel Priam rose,  
Who prudent thus th' assembled chiefs address'd:  
" Attend my words, Trojan and Dardan chiefs,  
" And brave allies, whilst I my thoughts disclose:  
" Refresh we first our troops as heretofore, 371  
" Set the strict watch and sentinels appoint  
" To-night, and early at the morrow's dawn  
" Our faithful heralds to the Grecian camp  
" To Atreus' sons shall bear the terms propos'd 375  
" By Paris, cause of this disastrous war;  
" And further, shall demand a truce awhile,  
" That we our dead, after due rites perform'd,  
" May burn; then will we fight again, till Jove  
" Or part our hosts or victory decide." 380

He spake: they heard, and willingly obey'd.  
And now by companies, in order meet,  
Refreshment they partook, and to the ships  
At early dawn Idæus took his way.

In council at Atrides' ship he found 385  
The chiefs assembled: in the midst he stood,  
And thus his embassy aloud declar'd:

“ Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian chiefs,  
“ From Priam and the Trojans I am come  
“ To offer terms, if such your pleasure be 390  
“ To listen what I say; by Paris' self  
“ Propos'd, the cause of this disastrous war.  
“ The treasures which from Greece his ships con-  
“ vey'd  
“ (O had he perish'd first!) he will restore,  
“ And large addition make; but doth refuse 395  
“ To give back Helen to her injur'd lord,  
“ Though by the Trojans urg'd: and furthermore,  
“ As ord'red, I demand a truce awhile,  
“ That we our dead, after due rites perform'd,  
“ May burn; then will we fight again, till Jove  
“ Or part our hosts or victory decide.” 401

So spake Idæus: silent they remain'd,  
When Diomed thus firm his mind express'd:

“ Not all these treasures; no, nor Helen's self,

“ Will we accept: the least intelligent

“ May know, destruction perjur'd Troy awaits.”

Thus spake he; and the Greeks with loud acclaim

Approv'd, admiring much his warlike mind;

When to Idæus thus Atrides spake:

“ Idæus, their opinion you have heard, 410

“ Which I do much approve: then be it so:

“ But for the truce, I envy not the dead

“ Their just and necessary rites of fire.

“ Be Jove then witness to this solemn truce.”

He spake, and to the gods his sceptre rais'd: 415

Idæus then to sacred Troy return'd.

There Trojan and Dardanian chiefs renown'd,

In solemn council still assembled sat,

Waiting their faithful messenger's return,

Who in the midst the answer loud proclaim'd. 420

Now all in the sad pious work engag'd;

Some brought the dead, others the wood prepar'd.

The Grecians from their ships collecting, some

The dead in order brought, others the wood.

Now Phœbus gladd'ned with his orient beam 425

The fields, emerging from old Ocean's bed

Serene and deep: on every side they met:

Nor might they well distinguish man from man.

Washing their bodies smear'd with dust and gore,  
They sore lamented them, and to the bier 430  
Silent convey'd; such orders Priam gave;  
And on the funeral pyle to fire consign'd,  
Heap'd indiscriminate; yet inward grief  
Severely felt: then back to Troy return'd.

Nor otherwise the Greeks in silence heap'd 435  
The pyle funereal, and with fire consum'd  
Sorrowing, and to their hollow ships return'd.

Before the dawn, whilst undistinguish'd night  
Prevail'd, a chosen band of Grecian youths  
Around the pyle the tumulus uprais'd 440  
To all promiscuous: then builded they  
A wall, with battlements and tow'rs secure,  
To guard their ships, with spacious gates adorn'd,  
For chariots and for horse capacious way:  
Without the wall they form'd the deep'ned trench,  
Large in extent, and fix'd the pointed stakes. 446  
The Grecians thus in labour pass'd the night.

The heav'nly pow'rs, with mighty Jove conven'd,  
In admiration view'd the Grecian work,  
When potent Neptune thus the gods address'd:

“ Great Jove! shall mortal man no more impart  
“ His thoughts or counsels to the pow'rs above?

“ Seest thou, the Greeks have built before their  
“ ships

“ A wall with battlements and trench secure,  
“ Nor the due hecatomb to heav’n have paid; 455  
“ Through the wide earth its glory will extend,  
“ Whilst that which erst Phœbus and I uprais’d  
“ To great Laomedon neglected lies.”

When cloud-compelling Jove thus angry spake:

“ O potent to disturb earth’s firmest base, 460  
“ Neptune, why this complaint? a weaker far  
“ Amongst the gods such fear might entertain;  
“ Thy fame extends beyond the morning ray.  
“ Do thou, when to their native land again  
“ The Grecian forces in their ships return, 465  
“ This wall, o’erwhelm’d and sunk in Ocean’s bed,  
“ Destroy, and cover deep with sand the shore,  
“ That not a vestige of their work remain.”

Thus they held converse: but the sun meantime  
Was set, and finish’d all the Grecian work. 470  
Then slew they through the camp the fatted beeves  
In numbers, and prepar’d the glad repast.

Now ships with richest wine, from Lemnos’ isle  
Freighted, arriv’d, which Euneus, Jason’s son,  
Whom fair Hypsipyle to Jason bore, 475

Sent to the sons of Atreus, and to them  
In separate gift a thousand measures each.  
From these, with money or with iron wrought,  
The Grecians purchased wine; some bart' red skins;  
With oxen others bought the gladd'ning juice, 480  
Others with captive slaves; and through the camp  
Prepar'd the genial board whilst night prevail'd  
Convivial: and through Troy's capacious streets  
Allies and Trojans festive hours prolong'd.

Great Jove meantime, indignant, thund' red loud  
Through the thick gloom of night, of evils dire  
Portentous to each host, whom terror seiz'd  
And pale affright: each pour'd libation due  
To sov'reign Jove, nor first presum'd to taste;  
And then retiring sought the gift of sleep. 490





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B O O K VIII.

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Now Morn, array'd in robe of crocus hue,  
O'er earth her influence shed; when Jove conven'd  
On highest summit of Olympus' top  
A council of the gods; they silent heard,  
When thus the Thund'rer spake: "Attend, ye gods  
" And goddesses, whilst I my mind declare;      6  
" Nor either dare to counteract my will,  
" But all with one consent approving aid,  
" So shall my purpose quickly be perform'd.  
" But should I once perceive assistance giv'n      10  
" By any deity to either host,  
" Unseemly pain'd he shall to heav'n return;  
" Or hurl'd to Tartarus obscure, far off  
" In earth's profoundest caverns, fast enclos'd  
" By gates of iron on the brazen floor,      15  
" As far beneath the realms of Pluto laid  
" As heav'n from earth; there shall he know my  
"      pow'r  
" Amongst the gods supreme and absolute.  
" Extend the golden chain, ye pow'rs divine,

“ Unite your force, your utmost strength exert,  
“ And drag the Thund’rer from his throne to earth!  
“ Your strength, your labour fruitless all, and vain.  
“ But should my mind impel me, I will draw  
“ Earth, seas, and gods, and from Olympus’ top,  
“ Enchain’d, suspend them in mid air: so much 25  
“ My might exceeds the strength of gods and  
“ men.”

He spake: admiring silent all remain’d,  
So resolute his words. Pallas at length  
Thus interpos’d: “ Saturnian Father, King  
“ Supreme, we know thy pow’r all Pow’rs above;  
“ Yet suffer that we mourn by adverse fate 31  
“ The Grecians perishing. If such thy will,  
“ From war, howe’er reluctant, we abstain,  
“ Permit us then sage counsel to suggest,  
“ Lest all in thy displeasure be destroy’d.” 35

Her Jove with countenance benign address’d:  
“ Courage, Tritonia, daughter much lov’d;  
“ Nor deem me too severe, though harsh my words;  
“ Indulgent ever are my thoughts to you.”

Thus saying he prepar’d his car, and yok’d 40  
The brazen-footed steeds with golden manes,  
Then cloth’d himself in panoply of gold;  
His golden whip he took of curious work,

Mounted his car and urg'd his rapid course,  
Midway 'twixt earth and heav'n, to Ida's top, 45  
In springs abundant, nurse of savage beasts,  
To Gargarus, where stands his lofty shrine,  
And altars blaze with incense ; there he staid  
His coursers, and in darkness thick involv'd ;  
Then on the top enthron'd, and in his might 50  
Exulting, sat the King of gods and men,  
The city viewing and the ships of Greece.

The Greeks refreshment at their tents in haste,  
As ord'red, took ; then arm'd them to the fight.  
Again the Trojans arm'd on every side 55  
Within the walls ; urg'd by necessity  
Severe, their wives and children to defend.

Now through the spacious gates the Trojan host,  
Horsemen and foot array'd, march to the field  
Tumultuous : host to host confronted stands ; 60  
Now rush they to the fight : shields clash with  
shields,  
And spear with spear, and man with man contends  
All-arm'd : to heav'n ascends the wild uproar ;  
And vaunting boast, and loud lament is heard,  
And rivers roll in blood : from morn to noon 65  
The contest equal, and the conflict dire.  
But when the sun meridian height attain'd,

Then in his golden scales Jove pois'd the fate  
Of each suspended, and the balance held ;  
The Grecian sank, the Trojan rose to heav'n. 70

Then Jove from Ida hurl'd his thunder down ;  
The vivid lightning through the Grecian host  
Incessant flash'd, the bravest to appall.

Then fled Idomeneus, Atrides fled,  
And from the field each Ajax back retir'd, 75  
Such dread prevail'd : Nestor alone remain'd,  
Not willingly ; his wounded courser stay'd  
His flight : the fatal arrow in the head  
Paris infix'd, where surest death ensues ;  
He rears ; the weapon to the brain descends ; 80  
Dying he falls, and writhes him in the dust.

Whilst Nestor strove his car to disengage,  
And cut th' entangled traces with his sword,  
Borne through the tumult by his rapid steeds,  
Hector advanc'd : then had the Pylian sage 85  
His fate receiv'd ; but Diomed observ'd,  
And loudly shouting call'd Ulysses' aid :

“ O fam'd for prudence, wise Laertes' son,  
“ Why like a coward dost thou turn thy back ?  
“ Beware disgraceful wounds ; stay then thy flight,  
“ And with me guard this venerable chief.” 91

Ulysses heard not, hast'ning to the ships :

Tydides singly through the ranks advanc'd  
Fearless, and thus the Pylian chief address'd:

“ Nestor, thy age but ill with youth contends 95  
“ In warlike deeds ; thy strength bow'd down with  
“ years,  
“ Thy servants nothing brave, thy horses slow.  
“ Come then, ascend my chariot, you shall see  
“ How Trojan horses to pursue excel,  
“ Or scour the plain in flight : I took them erst  
“ From brave Æneas. To thy servants leave 101  
“ The care of those, and to the Trojan host  
“ Direct my horses : Hector then shall know  
“ Whether this spear still rages in my hand.”

Tydides spake ; nor did the Pylian king 105  
His counsel slight, but to Eurymedon  
And Sthenelus his car and steeds consign'd.  
Seated by Diomed, he held the reins  
And drove the Trojan steeds ; soon they approach'd  
Where Hector fought : Tydides hurl'd his spear,  
Yet miss'd his mighty foe ; but through the breast  
His faithful servant pierc'd Eniopeus,  
Thebæus' warlike son : the affright'ned steeds  
Starting, turn'd short : transfix'd he falls, and dies.

His charioteer thus slain with grief unfeign'd 115  
Hector observ'd, though unreveng'd his cause :

Then sought the chief another charioteer  
Who might his place supply : nor sought in vain ;  
Brave Archeptolemus the car ascends,  
And guides in war, so Hector gave command. 120  
Then had disgraceful deeds and foul defeat  
The routed Trojans shut within their walls  
Like sheep, such terror reign'd ; but Jove perceiv'd,  
And with portentous omen thund' red loud  
And dreadful, and his lightning sent abroad, 125  
And check'd Tydides' course, before whose steeds  
The vivid lightning ran along the ground  
In streams of liquid fire : by fear assail'd,  
Trembling they stood ; from Nestor's aged hands  
Palsied with terror, dropp'd the shining reins, 130  
When thus in fear he spoke : " Now urge thy  
    " flight,  
" Tydides ; seest thou not that Jove denies  
" Success to us, but aids the Trojan host ?  
" This day to Hector's glory is assign'd ;  
" The morrow may be ours, if Jove ordain ; 135  
" For to that pow'r all mortal force must yield  
" Submissive, which admits of no control."  
Tydides answ' red : " Venerable chief,  
" Just are thy words, and true ; yet above all  
" This dire reproach I fear, lest Hector say 140



“ Amongst the Trojan chiefs, his arm alone  
“ Forc’d Diomed to basely quit the field :  
“ Should he thus boast, I must with shame expire.”

Nestor replied : “ Far other be thy thoughts,  
“ Illustrious chief! though Hector should reproach,  
“ Yet will the Trojans or the Dardans heed? 146  
“ Will they whose husbands in the field have bled,  
“ Slain by thy hand, give credence to his words?”

He spake; and turn’d to flight, with slack’ned  
reins,

Back o’er the crowded plain : all Troy pursued 150  
Shouting, for mighty Hector led them on ;

And spears and arrows, dark’ning all the air,  
Hung on the routed host ; when Hector thus  
Exulting, loud exclaim’d : “ Tydides, first

“ At feasts, in council first, by Greece admir’d, 155  
“ Disgrace awaits thee, coward as thou art ;

“ A woman in disguise : fly hence, begone ;  
“ Thou who wouldst scale our walls, and captive  
“ lead

“ The Trojan dames, whilst I inactive stand,  
“ This arm shall send thee to the shades below.”

Thus Hector boasting spake. Tydides heard,  
And now had turn’d and dar’d again the fight :  
Thrice he essay’d, and thrice from Ida’s top



Jove thund' red, to the Trojans grateful sign  
Of favouring heav'n, and still successful war ; 165  
When Hector thus, encouraging his host :

“ Ye Trojans, Lycians, Dardans, brave in fight,  
“ Now be your courage, now your valour shown ;  
“ I know that mighty Jove to us success  
“ And glory gives, but to the Greeks dismay : 170  
“ Who, such their folly, deem themselves secure  
“ Within their wall : contemptible defence,  
“ Scarce worth a thought ; too weak against my  
“ strength ;  
“ My horses shall o'erleap this idle fosse.  
“ When at the ships successful I shall drive 175  
“ O'er heaps of slain, then be the torch prepar'd,  
“ That I may burn their ships, whilst they be-  
“ come,  
“ Through smoke and fear dismay'd, an easy prey.  
“ And you, my horses, for to you I speak,  
“ Of noble race ; Xanthus, Podargus swift, 180  
“ Æthon and Lampus, now repay the food  
“ Which fond Andromachè, and largely too,  
“ Hath minist' red unto you, corn and wine,  
“ With liberal hand, in preference to me :  
“ Strain every nerve, your utmost strength exert ;  
“ That I from Nestor take his golden shield,

“ Solid, entire, whose fame transcends the skies ;  
“ And strip from Diomed his plaited mail  
“ Of workmanship divine, by Vulcan made :  
“ If these we shall obtain, I well might hope 190  
“ This night to drive them from the Trojan shores,  
“ For safety flying in their ships to Greece.”

Thus Hector boasting spake. Him Juno heard  
Indignant : from her throne the goddess rose  
Incens'd ; Olympus trembled as she mov'd.  
Neptune she thus address'd : “ O potent god !  
“ Seest thou the Greeks thus perishing, unmov'd ?  
“ Yet they in Helice and Ægæ bring  
“ Rich gifts, and numerous, to thy sacred shrine,  
“ That thou their cause mightst aid, if such thy  
“ will : 200

“ Were we as many as assist the Greeks,  
“ United to repel the Trojan force,  
“ And curb the arm of Jove ; on Ida's top  
“ He might indulge in solitary grief.”

When Neptune much displeas'd : “ O prone to  
“ err 205

“ In speech, what hast thou said ? not all the gods  
“ United might with Jove supreme contend.”

And now the space enclos'd was throng'd with  
horse

And armed men, the fosse and wall between,  
Repuls'd by Hector like the god of war, 210  
For Jove himself success and glory gave.  
Then had he burn'd with fire the Grecian fleet ;  
But Agamemnon, warn'd by Juno's care,  
Eager from ship to ship, from tent to tent,  
Hast'ned laborious ; in his hand he bore 215  
The purple robe, emblem of royalty ;  
Now in the centre at Ulysses' ship  
He stood, that either side his voice might hear ;  
Now at the tent of Ajax Telamon,  
Or at Achilles' tent, who, in their might 220  
Confiding, held the extremest place ; and thus  
In loudest terms their drooping courage rais'd :  
“ O great disgrace ! O men in form alone !  
“ Where now your boasted courage ? where the  
“ deeds  
“ Of high emprise which erst at Lemnos' isle 225  
“ Ye vaunted, when the genial feast was spread  
“ With choicest viands, and with richest wines  
“ The goblet crown'd ? Then were ye brave indeed,  
“ Each chased a thousand foes ; now one prevails,  
“ Hector, who braves the united force of Greece,  
“ And threatens quick destruction to our fleet. 231  
“ O mighty Jove ! lives there on earth a king

“ So wretched, so disgrac’d ! In evil hour  
“ I hither steer’d my course : yet, for thou know’st,  
“ The choicest victims at thy altar bled 235  
“ In constant sacrifice, with this fond hope,  
“ That Troy might perish by our conqu’ring arms :  
“ Now, sad reverse ! an humbler boon I crave,  
“ Protection and escape, if such thy will :  
“ Suffer not Greece thus utterly to fall.” 240

Thus spake Atrides : Jove in pity heard  
His earnest pray’r preferr’d with many tears,  
And granted his request. The bird of Jove,  
Propitious omen, now appear’d in view  
Soaring aloft in air ; a tender fawn 245  
His talons held, which at the altar’s foot  
He cast, sacred to Panomphæan Jove.  
The Greeks beheld, and knew the sign from heav’n,  
Token of favour, and renew’d the fight.

First, amongst many chiefs, Tydides dar’d 250  
Beyond the fosse to drive his rapid steeds,  
And recommence the fight : a chief he slew  
In armour clad, as he his horses turn’d,  
On flight intent ; the spear his back transfix’d  
Between his shoulders : Agelaus fell, 255  
The son of Phradmon, from his lofty car  
Extended on the plain : his armour rang.

Now Atreus' sons advanc'd; and fierce in strength  
Each Ajax came, and brave Idomeneus:  
And, like destructive Mars, Meriones: 260  
Then came Eurypylus, Euæmon's son;  
And Teucer next, well skill'd to bend the bow.  
Retir'd behind the Telamonian orb,  
Secure he view'd the plain; the shield withdrawn,  
Some hero fell by his unerring shaft; 265  
Then safe behind the vast circumference  
Retreating, as the mother screens her babe,  
So Ajax him protected with his shield,  
Who first, who last, by Teucer's arrows fell?  
Orsilochus the first, then Ormenos 270  
And Ophelestes, Dætor, Chromius;  
Then Lycophon, and Polyæmon's son  
Brave Hamopaon; Menalippus last,  
In quick succession on the plain expir'd.  
Atrides, potent king, rejoic'd to see 275  
The Trojan chieftains perish by his shafts,  
And near approaching thus the youth address'd:  
" Teucer belov'd, brave son of Telamon,  
" Thus ever fight; if haply thou mayst bring  
" Some respite to the Greeks; to Telamon, 280  
" Whose fond parental care hath nurtur'd thee,  
" Though of ignoble birth; yet in thy fame

“ He feels reflected honour : hear my words,  
“ The purpose of my mind : should Heav’n but  
“ grant

“ I take proud Troy, next to myself the gift 285  
“ Thou shalt in honour claim ; some tripod rare,  
“ Or splendid chariot with the gen’rous steeds,  
“ Or some fair captive, partner of thy bed.”

When Teucer thus: “ O monarch, much rever’d,  
“ Urge me not, willing of myself to fight ; 290  
“ I will not cease whilst strength and vigour last.  
“ Since we compell’d the Trojans to retreat,  
“ No arrow from these hands hath fled in vain.  
“ Eight barbed shafts I at the foe have sent,  
“ Eight Trojan youths have felt the fatal stroke ;  
“ Yet Hector lives, whose rage I seek to quell.”

He spake ; and aim’d his shaft to pierce the chief  
Eager ; again he miss’d his mighty foe :  
Gorgythion son of Priam felt the wound  
Deep in his breast infixt ; Gorgythion, 300  
Whom fair Castianira whilom bare,  
Of form divine : Æsume gave her birth.  
The garden poppy thus with rip’ned fruit  
Surcharg’d, and vernal show’rs, declining low,  
Bends to the weight, and bows its drooping head ;  
So bow’d the youth beneath his pond’rous casque.



Another shaft, nor aim'd with surer skill,  
Teucer directed at the chief of Troy ;  
Apollo saw, and turn'd the shaft aside :  
Yet not in vain it flew : thy charioteer, 310  
Hector, the wound receiv'd, his breast transfixt.  
Forth from the chariot Archeptolemus  
Fell prone : the coursers starting back retir'd  
Dismay'd : his lifeless corpse extended lay.

No common grief great Hector's mind assail'd, 316  
His friend thus slain, and urg'd to quick revenge.  
Cebriones his brother's place supplied,  
So Hector will'd ; who, glitt'ring in his arms,  
With shout terrific from his chariot leap'd,  
And from the ground a cumbrous stone uprais'd, 320  
And rush'd on Teucer, eager to destroy.

He the selected arrow had with care  
Fix'd on the string, when now the mass descends,  
By Hector thrown, just where the shoulder joint  
(Fatal the place) the neck and chest unites : 325  
Nor doth the well-wrought string such force sustain ;  
The bow falls useless from his hand benumb'd :  
Scarce his bent knee supports the vanquish'd youth.

But not unmindful of his brother's fate,  
Ajax in haste advanc'd, and, with his shield 330  
Protecting, to his friends the chief consign'd,



Mecisteus and Alastor ; who with care  
Convey'd him, deeply groaning, to the ships.

With added courage then great Jove inspir'd  
The Trojan host, who soon within the fosse 335  
Repuls'd their foe ; whilst foremost in the van,  
Dealing dismay and terror, Hector strode.  
As when the hound with steady foot pursues  
The boar or lion, trusting in his speed  
And eye observant, hangs upon his rear 340  
Incessant, and with frequent wound retards ;  
So Hector swift pursued the routed Greeks  
With fear inspir'd, and dealt destruction round.

Now from their lines the vanquish'd host retir'd  
Dismay'd, and at the ships, perforce detain'd, 345  
Invok'd the gods, and scarce maintain'd the fight.

With Gorgon eyes, and like destructive Mars,  
Now here, now there, his chariot Hector drove.  
But Juno seeing, pitied much their fate  
Unequal, and Minerva thus address'd : 350

“ Daughter of Jove, and shall we not at last  
“ Succour the Grecians in their deep distress ;  
“ Consign'd to fate through Hector's boundless  
“ rage  
“ And madness unrestrain'd, unsatisfied ?”

When thus Minerva: “ Long indeed ere this 355

- “ His rage had ceas’d, his life the forfeit paid,  
“ Slain by some Grecian chief’s superior might :  
“ But that with partial and unjust decrees  
“ Jove overrules, and checks my great designs ;  
“ Unmindful to repay my former cares 360  
“ To guard his son through labours perilous,  
“ Who, by Eurystheus prest, in utmost need  
“ Invok’d heav’n’s aid : I then, so Jove ordain’d,  
“ Descending, with no common care preserv’d.  
“ Had prudent forethought but suggested this, 365  
“ When to the realms of night with iron gates  
“ Barr’d fast, he went, and seiz’d and dragg’d to  
“ light  
“ The triple-headed monster Cerberus,  
“ He ne’er had cross’d again the fearful gulf.  
“ Now me he hateth, whilst the crafty views 370  
“ Of Thetis urg’d in humble guise prevail,  
“ To add new lustre to Achilles’ fame :  
“ The time may come when he will seek the aid  
“ Of his dear daughter. But do you, meantime,  
“ Prepare our horses and our car with haste. 375  
“ I to the mansion of great Jove repair,  
“ And arm me to the war : yet shall not he,  
“ The mighty son of Priam’s noble race,  
“ Rejoice when moving in the ranks of war”

“ We shall appear ; then soon to dogs consign’d,  
“ And birds, shall perish many Trojan chiefs.” 381

She spake ; and Juno list’ned her behest :

The venerable queen of heav’n herself

Rein’d the swift steeds ; the rapid car prepar’d.

Pallas meantime, daughter of Jove supreme, 385

On the bright threshold of the gods, star-pav’d,

Her mantle cast, with various work inwrought

Of art refin’d, the labour of her hands :

Then with the Thund’rer’s mail invests her limbs,

And arms her for the dreadful deeds of war, 390

And in her car ascends : her hand the spear,

Strong, vast, and pond’rous, grasps ; with which, en-  
rag’d,

The potent goddess hosts entire o’erwhelms :

Saturnia guides the coursers’ urging speed.

The gates of heav’n spontaneous open’d wide, 395

Kept by the winged Hours, to whom consign’d

High heaven and Olympus, or to close

In darkness, or admit the radiant light :

Through these they sped their way. But mighty

Jove

From Ida’s top beheld their wayward course 400

Indignant, and his messenger with wings

Of feather’d gold bespoke : “ Haste, Iris, haste,

“ Conduct them back, nor suffer that we meet  
“ Adverse ; such contest were disgrace indeed !  
“ My fix’d determination thus declare : 405  
“ Under their broken chariot crush’d their steeds  
“ Shall lie, themselves thrust headlong from their  
“ seats ;  
“ Nor may ten tedious years heal up the wounds,  
“ Painful and deep, my thunder shall inflict :  
“ Then shall Minerva know and fear my wrath, 410  
“ Her father’s wrath ; Juno indulgence claims,  
“ Accustom’d ever to withstand my will.”

He spake ; and Iris hast’ned on the wings  
Of rapid winds convey’d, from Ida’s top  
To high Olympus : at the gates of heav’n 415  
She stopp’d them, and the high command of Jove  
Deliver’d thus : “ Whither this haste, O say !  
“ What madness hath beguil’d you, what dire  
“ rage ?

“ No succour to the Grecians Jove permits ;  
“ On this his fixt determination hear : 420  
“ Under the broken chariot crush’d your steeds  
“ Shall lie, yourselves thrust headlong from the  
“ seat ;  
“ Nor may ten tedious years heal up the wounds,  
“ Painful and deep, his thunder shall inflict ;

“ That thou, Pallas, mayst know and fear his

“ wrath

425

“ Who dar’st oppose ; Juno indulgence claims,

“ Accustom’d ever to withstand his will ;

“ But thee, what rage, what insolence can urge,

“ Against great Jove, thy sire, to lift the spear ?”

Thus Iris spake ; and wing’d to heav’n her way.

When Juno thus : “ Daughter of Jove, forbear ;

“ Contend we not with him for mortal man ;

“ Let them or live or perish, as the chance

“ Of war ordains : his will alone controls

“ As just, the fate of Trojans and of Greeks.” 435

Thus saying, back she rein’d the immortal steeds,

The Hours unharness’d, and ambrosial food

Supplying, led them to their ample stalls,

And in its standing plac’d the glitt’ring car.

The potent goddesses meantime repair’d 440

Each to her golden throne amongst the gods

Promiscuous, yet with inward grief oppress’d.

When now from Ida Jove himself advanc’d,

Borne by his coursers of immortal breed,

In dazzling car to high Olympus’ top ; 445

And these to Neptune’s prudent care consign’d,

High on his golden throne the Thund’rer sat,

And all Olympus trembled at his feet.

But far apart, opprest with fear and shame,  
Pallas and Juno silent long remain'd : 450  
Jove knew their inmost thoughts, and thus began :

“ Say, Pallas, Juno, say, why thus aggriev'd ?

“ No tedious labour hath employ'd your time

“ To crush the Trojan host, your constant hate.

“ Know this, my pow'r supreme not all the gods

“ United may resist, or turn aside 456

“ My fixed purpose : yet hath fear assail'd

“ Your trembling limbs ere seen the bloody field

“ Of hateful Mars, ere heard the din of war.

“ Note well my words: had disobedience arm'd 460

“ My vengeance, you had never more return'd,

“ Blasted with lightning, to these blest abodes.”

He spake : grief held them silent, still resolv'd

The Trojans to destroy. Minerva most

With Jove incens'd, yet check'd her swelling rage ;

But Juno thus replied : “ O too severe, 466

“ What hast thou said ? We know thy pow'r su-

“ preme ;

“ Yet suffer we indulge our grief awhile,

“ And mourn the Grecians slain : if such thy will,

“ From war we must desist : but to suggest 470

“ Such counsel as may save, we ask no more.”

Jove answ'ed thus : "To-morrow thou mayst see,  
" If such thy pleasure, base discomfiture  
" Spread through the Grecian host, such my de-  
" cree :

" Nor Hector cease victorious till that day 475  
" When swift Achilles, rushing to the ships  
" In utmost need, Patroclus shall regain.  
" Thy rage I heed not ; and I tell thee more ;  
" Shouldst thou in anger to the extremest verge  
" Of earth and ocean, to the drear abode 480  
" Of Saturn and Iapetus repair,  
" Cheer'd by no genial ray, no balmy gale,  
" Fast by the gates of hell ; though wand'ring there  
" Indignant, I should disregard thy rage."

And now in ocean's bed the lamp of day 485  
Declining sank, and Night her sable wings  
In darkness spread, unwelcome to the host  
Of Troy victorious ; to the Grecian chiefs  
Most grateful, most desir'd, night's peaceful shade.

But Hector near Scamander's rapid stream 490  
A council summon'd, distant from the ships  
And numerous slain : encircled by his chiefs,  
And leaning on his spear with rings of gold  
And brass refulgent, favour'd of high Jove,  
The victor chieftain thus address'd his speech : 495



- “ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies :  
“ This day I thought indeed, this glorious day,  
“ (The Grecians vanquish’d, and their ships con-  
“ sum’d,)  
“ To have return’d to Troy : darkness alone  
“ Hath sav’d them from destruction : we obey 500  
“ The sacred Night. Refresh we then our troops  
“ And wearied coursers ; let the circling wine  
“ And ample feast our wasted strength renew :  
“ Such plenty Troy affords of fatted beeves  
“ And numerous flocks : and let the blaze of fires  
“ These plains illumine till the morn appear ; 506  
“ Lest, favour’d by the darkness, coward Greece  
“ Skulk to her ships, and balk our just revenge,  
“ Convey’d by stealth through ocean’s pathless  
“ way.  
“ Not unmolested shall they tempt the main,  
“ But bear the wounds our spears shall deep inflict  
“ To other climes, and some far distant home.  
“ Just punishment ; that others hence may learn,  
“ And fear to wage destructive war with Troy.  
“ Let faithful heralds to the city bear 515  
“ Our pleasure, that the youths and aged sires  
“ Set the firm watch, and guard her sacred walls.  
“ Let fires, the matrons’ care, prevent surprise

- “ Whilst distant we remain : then be it so ;  
“ Thus far regards the night, as seemeth best : 520  
“ What may to-morrow be expedient,  
“ The morrow will disclose. Would heav’n but  
“ grant  
“ My fervent pray’r, that we may thrust them  
“ hence  
“ With total rout, whom to our Trojan shores  
“ In their dark vessels angry Fates have brought !  
“ Let then the proper and sufficient guard 526  
“ This night be set ; we will at dawn of day  
“ Kindle the flames of war beneath their ships :  
“ Then shall I see whether proud Diomed  
“ Can force me from the ships, or I from him, 530  
“ Vanquish’d, the bloody spoils in triumph bear :  
“ His boasted courage be to-morrow tried  
“ Against my spear ; the day shall see him fall  
“ With many friends around. O might I live  
“ As Phœbus or Minerva, long rever’d, 535  
“ As the next dawn prove fatal to the Greeks !”

Thus Hector spake : the Trojans shouted loud  
With joy : their steeds unyok’d, each by his car  
In order plac’d, and from the city brought,  
So Hector gave command, the generous wine, 540  
And the rich produce of their flocks and herds,

And bread and wood, Now blaz'd the num'rous  
fires

Throughout the plain, and sacrifices due  
In vapours to the distant sky arose.

Elated with success the troops around 545  
Sat joyful, and the plain illumin'd shone  
With frequent fires. As when unnumb'red stars  
Round the pale moon their light refulgent shed,  
When every breath is hush'd, projecting rocks  
Are seen, and summits of stupendous height, 550  
And deep'ned valleys close the varied scene ;  
'The vast expanse of heav'n's high arched roof  
Bursts on the sight, and every star appears ;  
A secret joy pervades the shepherd's breast :  
So through the plain by rapid Xanthus' stream 555  
Blaz'd numerous fires, a thousand burning fires,  
And each a band of fifty chosen troops  
Assiduous guard ; their coursers ready stand,  
And all impatient wait the coming morn.

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B O O K IX.

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THUS through the night strict watch the Trojans  
kept;

But meditating flight, inspired with fear,  
With doubts distracted, and opprest with woe,  
The Grecians wait the morn. As when the winds  
Boreas and Zephyrus from Thracia blow 5  
With sudden violence, tempestuous waves  
Deform the deep, and bursting on the shore,  
From ocean's bed upturn the loos'ned weed;  
So various passions shook their wav'ring minds.

Atrides, with unbounded grief o'erwhelm'd, 10  
A council call'd: each several chief by name  
The heralds summon, or the monarch bids.  
Sorrowing they met. Atrides in the midst,  
The frequent tear still starting from his eye,  
Arose,—so bursting from the living rock 15  
The bubbling fountain pours its lucid stream,—  
And deeply sighing thus the chiefs address'd:

“ O friends ! illustrious and warlike sons  
“ Of Greece ! with loss severe and with disgrace  
“ Jove hath afflicted me, who safe return 20  
“ Promis’d from captur’d Troy : but now I fear  
“ Some dread calamity impends our host ;  
“ Since he commands, after much treasure spent,  
“ And many heroes slain, inglorious flight.  
“ Thus Jove decrees, and who shall dare resist ? 25  
“ Jove, who hath humbled cities to the dust,  
“ And still will humble, such his sov’reign pow’r.  
“ With one consent prepare we then our ships,  
“ And to our native land urge speedy flight,  
“ Since Jove forbids the capture of proud Troy.”

The monarch ended : shame long held them  
mute, 31

And disappointed hopes ; when thus at length  
Tydides spoke his mind : “ I first oppose,  
“ O king ! such rash resolve : freely I speak,  
“ As custom sanctions, nor be thou displeas’d. 35  
“ Thou didst my courage question in the field,  
“ Surrounding warriors heard the base reproach ;  
“ Behold, these know to whom I make appeal.  
“ With sov’reign pow’r, with honour Jove hath  
“ crown’d  
“ Thy days ; but hath withheld the noblest boon,

- “ A soul that knows not fear. Ill-fated king !  
“ What ! dost thou deem us of such abject mind,  
“ So void of courage as thy words import ?  
“ If such thy will all eager to return,  
“ Go ; the way’s open, and thy ships at hand 45  
“ In number great, which from Mycenæ came.  
“ Yet will the Grecians stay till we destroy  
“ Yon hated city : but should they too fly,  
“ And basely seek their native shores again ;  
“ Yet I and Sthenelus will dare the fight, 50  
“ Till Troy shall stoop beneath our conquering arms  
“ In ashes laid ; for ’twas with God we came.”

He spake : the chiefs unanimous approv’d,  
Admiring much the brave and manly tone  
Of Tydeus’ son ; when aged Nestor thus : 55

- “ O Diomed ! unconqu’red in the field,  
“ In council excellent, well hast thou said,  
“ Above the reach of censure : yet, my son,  
“ (For well my years such language will allow  
“ Compar’d with thine,) permit me to enlarge 60  
“ Thy thought ; though prudent ever is thy speech,  
“ Yet long experience and maturer age  
“ Indulgence claim, whilst I declare at large,  
“ And all my mind unfold ; which none may blame  
“ Justly who hear me ; not Atrides’ self. 65

“ No ties of blood, no laws that man may bind,  
“ No home endear, whom civil war delights !  
“ Let us Night’s sacred laws obey, and spread  
“ The genial feast, and set the watch secure  
“ Without our walls ; be that the charge of  
“ youth.

“ Do thou, Atrides, as becomes a king, 71  
“ Prepare to feast the elders ; in thy tents  
“ Abundance reigns ; Thrace sends her gen’rous  
“ wine,

“ And daily vessels ample stores supply.  
“ Then let each chief his sentiments declare : 75  
“ Our safety in collected wisdom stands ;  
“ And urgent is our need : the Trojan fires  
“ Surround our ships : this is no time for joy,  
“ ‘ This night may or destroy or save our host.’”

He spake : the Grecians willingly obey’d. 80  
Forth rush’d the guard, in glitt’ring armour clad,  
With Thrasymedes, Nestor’s valiant son,  
Ascalaphus and brave Ialmenos,  
The sons of Mars ; with them Meriones,  
Deipuros, and Aphareus advanc’d, 85  
And Lycomedes, Creon’s noble son.  
Seven leaders bore command ; a hundred youths,  
With spears well arm’d, each warlike chief obey’d,



And form'd the guard : between the fosse and wall  
High blaz'd the fires ; there each repast prepar'd. 90

Now to his tent the chiefs of rev'rend age  
Atrides bade, and spread the genial feast,  
Which all in order duly rang'd partook.  
Hunger now satisfied, and thirst remov'd,  
Thus, deeply skill'd in wisdom's sacred lore, 95  
Oft salutary prov'd, the aged chief  
Nestor his speech resum'd : " O potent king,  
" Great Agamemnon ! suffer that in thee  
" I finish and in thee begin my speech,  
" Of many nations head ; for Jove supreme 100  
" The sceptre hath committed to thy care,  
" To thee his laws consign'd, that thou mayst rule  
" With justice, and consult the public weal.  
" Thee it becomes or to declare thy thoughts,  
" Or patient hear what prudence may advise, 105  
" Adopting ever that which seemeth best.  
" Thus then I counsel ; thinking as I do,  
" And long have done, what none may contravene,  
" E'en from that day when thou didst rashly seize  
" And take Briseis from Achilles' tent, 110  
" Who justly was enrag'd : I did dissuade,  
" For much I disapprov'd : thy wrath prevail'd.  
" Him whom the gods had honour'd, with disgrace

- “ Thou didst entreat ; nay, more, dost still possess  
“ His valued gift. Yet let us even now 115  
“ Consider well the means, or by soft words  
“ Or soothing gifts to bend his mighty mind.”  
To whom Atrides : “ Venerable man,  
“ True are thy words, I own thy just rebuke ;  
“ I greatly err’d indeed. Experience shows 120  
“ This truth, that he whom Jove’s protecting care  
“ Attends, superior proves to armed hosts :  
“ Achilles triumphs in our just defeat.  
“ But since I thus have err’d, yielding the reins  
“ To wayward passion and ill-boding wrath ; 125  
“ Yet would I fain assuage, fain sooth his mind,  
“ If gifts can win him, or concessions move.  
“ First then, and witness all who hear my words !  
“ Seven tripods new, ten talents of pure gold,  
“ And twenty burnish’d vases : add to these 130  
“ Twelve coursers swift, and of superior breed,  
“ First in the race ; rich were indeed that man  
“ Who own’d the prizes which their speed hath  
“ won.  
“ Seven Lesbian captives, skill’d in various arts,  
“ Of form divine, for matchless beauty fam’d, 135  
“ I freely give : when to his conqu’ring arms  
“ Lesbos submitted, I selected them.

“ To these I add Briseis ; and declare  
“ (Heav’n be my witness !) spotless from my hands,  
“ And pure, I do restore the captive maid. 140  
“ These I at present give ; and should the gods  
“ Grant we destroy proud Ilium’s lofty tow’rs,  
“ Let him with gold and brass his vessels store,  
“ And share the spoils : he first of all shall choose  
“ Of captive Trojans, beautiful in form, 145  
“ Twenty fair virgins,—Helen’s charms alone  
“ May claim superior note ;—and when return’d  
“ To Argos, to our country, as a son,  
“ My only son, in affluence bred and ease,  
“ As lov’d Orestes will I honour him. 150  
“ And further, of my daughters nurtur’d well  
“ In Argos he shall choose ; Chrysothemis,  
“ Iphianassa, or Laodice ;  
“ And lead to Pylos his selected bride.  
“ Great shall her dowry be ; yea, greater far 155  
“ Than ever dowry was. Cardamyle  
“ Shall own his pow’r, him Enope obey,  
“ Hira’s rich meads, and Pheræ’s fertile soil ;  
“ Antheia fair, Aipeia’s lofty site,  
“ And Pædasus, for vineyards far renown’d :  
“ To Pylos these extend, and skirt the main: 161  
“ Cities in treasures rich, in flocks and herds

“ Abundant, populous ; where ample gifts  
“ From grateful citizens shall heap his stores,  
“ Just tribute pay, and own his sov’reign pow’r. 165  
“ All these I give if he but cease from wrath :  
“ Heav’n grant he may relent ! Pluto alone  
“ Knows no remorse, no pity ; therefore deem’d  
“ By men, of all the gods most worthy hate.  
“ Yet must he own my right to bear command ;  
“ From age, from station I obedience claim.” 171

Nestor replied : “ Atrides, potent king,  
“ Worthy a monarch are such noble gifts  
“ Or to receive or give. Select we then,  
“ And to Achilles send in embassy, 175  
“ Such chiefs as I shall name : let Phoenix first,  
“ Belov’d of Jove, and Ajax, mighty chief,  
“ And wise Ulysses, to his tent repair.  
“ Let Hodus and Eurybates attend,  
“ Our faithful heralds ; and lustration made, 180  
“ Raise we to heav’n the pray’r : May Jove himself  
“ Take pity on our woes, and grant success !”

Thus Nestor spake, and all approv’d his words.  
And now the heralds for lustration bring  
Pure water, and from goblets crown’d with wine 185  
The youths libations pour : each chief partakes  
In order ; and when satisfied the soul,



“ What pressing need hath brought you to my  
“ tent?”

Thus saying, to the seats with tap'stry cloth'd  
Of purple dye he led the Grecian chiefs,  
And to Patroclus thus: “ A larger cup,                    215  
“ And with more gen'rous wine, O friend, pre-  
“ pare

“ For noble guests whom I respect as these.”

He said; nor did Patroclus disobey.  
A larger cauldron on the fire he plac'd,  
And fill'd with choicest viands both of sheep            220  
And goats, and of a swine the chine entire:  
Automedon assisted; but the chief,  
Each sev'ral part dividing, for the spits  
Himself prepar'd: the fire, Patroclus' charge,  
First blaz'd with vehemence; but when subdued,  
He spread the glowing embers all abroad,            226  
And o'er them plac'd the joints, and sprinkled all  
With sacred salt, and roasted them with skill.

Patroclus heap'd the canister with bread;  
Achilles carv'd: in front Ulysses sat:                    230  
Patroclus, as enjoin'd, the sacrifice  
Perform'd, and in the fire rich off'rings threw.  
Then all partook the feast. To Phœnix now  
Ajax the signal gave; not unperceiv'd

By wise Ulysses, who the goblet fill'd,

And to Achilles thus his speech address'd :

“ Achilles, hail ! nor here, nor at the tent

“ Of Atreus' son, if feasts our notice claim,

“ Are feasts deficient ; but far other cares

“ Our thoughts engage, far other fears oppress. 240

“ Whether our ships or perish or escape,

“ On thee depends ; thy arm alone can save.

“ Near to our fleet the Trojans are encamp'd,

“ And at our wall collected numbers watch,

“ And light the frequent fires ; prepar'd at dawn

“ To storm our weak defence, and burn our ships.

“ Saturnian Jove himself their cause asserts,

“ Thund'ring from heav'n propitious : Hector near,

“ Inspir'd, and glorying in his might, nor men

“ Nor deities regards, but waits the morn . 250

“ Impatient, when, with tenfold fury arm'd,

“ He will (for such his threats) hew from our ships

“ Their prows to flames consign'd, and in the

“ smoke

“ Confus'd and routed, slay the Grecian host.

“ And much indeed I fear lest Jove perform 255

“ His threats ; and fate ordain that we must fall

“ On yonder plain, from Argos far remov'd.

“ Arise, though late, protect our wearied troops



- “ From the wild tumult of our daring foes.  
“ How wilt thou grieve hereafter, how lament, 260  
“ When mischief done no remedy admits !  
“ Consider then before, and lend thy aid.  
“ O friend ! permit that I repeat the words  
“ Of Peleus, thy lov'd father, on that day  
“ When he from Phthia to Atrides sent 265  
“ Thy early youth:—‘ Remember, O my son !  
“ ‘ Pallas and Juno courage may inspire,  
“ ‘ If such their pleasure ; but do thou control  
“ ‘ Thy mighty mind, for gentleness becomes :  
“ ‘ Cease from contention, ever source of ill 270  
“ ‘ To miserable man ; so shalt thou reap  
“ ‘ From old and young both honour and renown.’  
“ Thus spake thy father, words forgotten now.  
“ O then dismiss thy wrath ! now, now dismiss.  
“ Great gifts, whilst I relate with patience hear,  
“ Atrides gives, worthy himself and thee. 276  
“ Seven tripods new ; ten talents of pure gold,  
“ And twenty burnish'd vases : add to these,  
“ Twelve coursers swift, and of superior breed,  
“ First in the race : rich were indeed that man 280  
“ Who own'd the prizes which their speed hath  
“ won.  
“ Seven Lesbian captives skill'd in various arts,

- “ Of form divine, for matchless beauty fam’d,  
“ He freely gives ; when to thy conqu’ring arms  
“ Lesbos submitted, he selected them : 285  
“ To these he adds Briseis, and declares  
“ (Heav’n is his witness), spotless from his hand,  
“ And pure, he doth restore the captive maid.  
“ These he at present gives ; and should the gods  
“ Grant we destroy proud Ilium’s lofty tow’rs, 290  
“ You shall with gold and brass your vessels store,  
“ And share the richest spoils. You first shall  
“ choose  
“ Twenty fair virgins,—Helen’s charms alone  
“ May claim superior note,—and when return’d  
“ To Argos, to our country, as a son, 295  
“ His only son, in affluence bred and ease,  
“ As lov’d Orestes will he honour thee :  
“ And of his daughters, nurtur’d all with care  
“ In Argos, thou shalt choose,—Chrysothemis,  
“ Iphianassa, or Laodice ; 300  
“ And lead to Pylos the selected bride.  
“ Great shall her dowry be ; yea, greater far  
“ Than ever dowry was :—Cardamyle  
“ Shall own thy power, thee Enope obey,  
“ Hyra’s rich meads, and Pheræ’s fertile soil ; 305  
“ Anthea fair, Æpea’s lofty site,

- “ And Pedasus for vineyards far renown’d :  
“ To Pylos these extend, and skirt the main :  
“ Seven cities populous, in treasures rich,  
“ In flocks and herds abundant, where large gifts  
“ From grateful citizens shall heap thy stores, 311  
“ Just tribute give, and own thy sov’rein sway.  
“ All these he gives if thou but cease from wrath.  
“ Should he with all his gifts still hateful prove,  
“ Yet to thy country, to afflicted Greece 315  
“ Compassion show ; for honour’d as a god,  
“ And by their means with endless glory crown’d,  
“ Thou in their hearts shalt reign. Now mayst  
“ thou slay  
“ Hector, whom hasty and impetuous rage  
“ Will bring within thy grasp ; for well he deems  
“ No Grecian can in arms contend with him.” 321  
Achilles thus replied : “ Me it behoves,  
“ O wise Ulysses ! for in counsel thou  
“ Dost bear pre-eminence, freely to speak  
“ The dictates of a plain and honest mind, 325  
“ (For as the gates of hell my soul abhors  
“ That man who basely doth his mind conceal,  
“ While as his tongue a different language holds,)  
“ Lest various censure blame my fixt resolve,  
“ Which nor Atrides nor th’ assembled Greeks

- “ Shall move me to rescind ; for well I know  
“ My constant toils in war no thanks receive :  
“ With equal gifts, with equal honours crown’d,  
“ Alike esteem’d the coward and the brave,  
“ Or dare the combat, or ignobly fly. 335  
“ Nor aught to me remains but fruitless toils  
“ And constant danger in the doubtful field.  
“ As the fond parent bird’s unceasing care  
“ Supplies her young with food, herself the while  
“ With hunger prest ; thus I whole sleepless  
“ nights 340  
“ And tedious days in tented fields have pass’d  
“ For Grecian matrons in Atrides’ cause.  
“ Twelve cities with my ships I have destroy’d,  
“ Eleven with my troops, whose ample spoils  
“ I to Atrides gave. These he retains, 345  
“ Dividing to each chief, with sparing hand,  
“ His small reward. From me, and me alone,  
“ Who won them, he reclaims my valued prize.  
“ Let him then have her. Say, what cause did  
“ urge  
“ This war ? or why did Atreus’ sons collect 350  
“ Their num’rous forces, but for Helen’s sake ?  
“ Of all mankind do Atreus’ sons alone  
“ Their wives esteem and love ? the wise and good

“ In ev’ry nation love them : though in war  
“ Obtain’d, I lov’d her from my very soul. 355  
“ By fraud he took her, and by violence ;  
“ Let him not think he may deceive again :  
“ That may not be. With his assembled chiefs,  
“ With thee, Ulysses, let him best defend  
“ His vessels from the flames ; he wants not me 360  
“ Or to erect the wall, or dig the fosse  
“ Wide for defence ; yet dare he not withstand  
“ The mighty foe. Whilst on these plains I  
“ fought,  
“ Hector once only dar’d without the walls  
“ And Scæan gate to tempt the doubtful war, 365  
“ And scarce with life escap’d. But since no more  
“ With him I wage stern war ; at early dawn,  
“ Due sacrifice to heav’nly pow’rs first made,  
“ Thou shalt behold, if such thy pleasure be,  
“ My num’rous vessels plough the Hellespont, 370  
“ Their crews prepar’d to ply the cumbrous oar.  
“ Should Neptune send a favourable gale,  
“ Three days shall land us safe on Phthia’s shores :  
“ There riches wait me, gold and sculptur’d brass,  
“ There captive females whom my sword hath won,  
“ And iron, or at Phthia left, or stor’d 376  
“ Now in my ships, my portion that remains.

“ But the most valued gift Atrides gave  
“ His insolence reclaim’d. Plainly declare  
“ What I thus plainly speak, that all may hear,  
“ If yet to others he intend deceit: 381  
“ Insolent ever as he is withal,  
“ Yet dare he not once look me in the face.  
“ I will nor counsel give, nor aid his arms :  
“ He hath offended, hath deceiv’d me once ; 385  
“ I trust him not again : no ; let him die,  
“ By Jove forsaken, and of sense bereft.  
“ Himself, his gifts I value not ; they are  
“ Most odious to me : no ; if he would give  
“ Tenfold, and double that, I would not hear ; 390  
“ Nor what Orchomenos, or the rich spoils  
“ Ægyptian Thebes with all her hundred gates  
“ Contains ; so vast that, rank’d in loose array,  
“ Horsemen and foot two hundred march with ease.  
“ Were all his gifts as num’rous as the sand, 395  
“ Or dust of the earth, he never should prevail  
“ Till all my great revenge were satisfied.  
“ His daughter ! no : were she like Venus fair,  
“ As Pallas skill’d, I would not marry her.  
“ Let him amongst the Greeks some other choose,  
“ More suited to her state and dignity. 401  
“ If the gods grant me safely to return,

- “ Peleus will guide my choice : a numerous race  
“ Hellas and Phthia boast for beauty fam’d,  
“ Daughters of potent chiefs ; there will I choose ;  
“ For much my soul in wedlock’s sacred bands 406  
“ Doth long those treasures to enjoy in ease,  
“ Which my fond father hath with care amass’d.  
“ Better is life, than to possess the spoils  
“ Which Troy contain’d within her ample walls, 410  
“ Ere yet the Greeks arriv’d ; or what the shrine  
“ Of Phœbus may in rocky Python boast.  
“ By plunder herds and flocks may be obtain’d,  
“ The polish’d tripod, or the generous steed :  
“ The soul of man once fled knows no return, 415  
“ Is not, and cannot be within our grasp.  
“ For oft my parent goddess did unfold  
“ The future, and forewarn’d me, that of life  
“ A two-fold web for me the Fates had spun.  
“ Should I still war with Troy, for ever lost 420  
“ Is my return, but endless is my fame ;  
“ But should I to my native land return,  
“ My fame is gone, yet length’ned are my days,  
“ Distant my death. I therefore would persuade  
“ Return to all ; for never shall they find 425  
“ Their labour ended by yon cities’ fall.  
“ Great Jove himself with his protecting hand



“ Defends her walls, and animates her host.  
“ Go then, and to the Grecian chiefs relate  
“ What I have plainly said : let them devise 430  
“ Some other means, such as maturer age  
“ And wisdom may suggest to save their fleet,  
“ And to protect their troops, since this hath fail’d.  
“ Vain thought ! that I should cease to breathe re-  
“ venge.

“ Let Phœnix rest within our tent this night, 435  
“ That he to-morrow may with us return,  
“ If such his pleasure, to our native land,  
“ To Phthia : my request no force implies.”

He ended : admiration held them mute,  
So firmly he refus’d. At length uprose 440  
Phœnix, of age rever’d : the frequent tear  
His cheek bedew’d, for great indeed his grief ;  
Deep sighing thus he spake : “ If to return,  
“ Illustrious chief, be then thy fixt intent,  
“ Nor wilt thou save our ships from hostile flames,  
“ Nor cease thy anger ; how can I, my son, 446  
“ Bereft of thee remain ? I, to whose care  
“ The venerable Peleus erst consign’d  
“ Thy early youth, and to Atrides sent  
“ From Phthia, yet unus’d to deeds of war ; 450  
“ And in debate where men illustrious shine,

- “ All-inexperienc’d : mine the pleasing task  
“ In council to instruct thy tender mind,  
“ And teach thee deeds of valorous emprise.  
“ My son, I never can consent to stay, 455  
“ Shouldst thou depart ; no, not if Jove himself  
“ Should age remove, and make me young again,  
“ As when I first, to shun my father’s rage,  
“ Left Hellas fam’d for beauty. He, ensnar’d  
“ By meretricious charms, forgot his vows 460  
“ Connubial, and disgrac’d the marriage bed.  
“ My injur’d mother oft entreated me  
“ To disappoint his hopes, and thwart his views,  
“ And tender youthful love : her I obey’d.  
“ Which when my father knew, enrag’d at heart  
“ With dreadful imprecations he invok’d 466  
“ Th’ avenging deities, that never son  
“ From me descended might his knees embrace :  
“ So Pluto will’d, and dread Persephone.  
“ Ill could my mind support parental wrath, 470  
“ Or bear beneath his hated roof to dwell,  
“ Though friends and kindred all entreated me.  
“ Now through the spacious hall from flocks and herds  
“ The festive boards were spread, and ample feasts  
“ Nine days were held, and goblets crown’d with  
“ wine :

“ Each night strict guard was at my chamber  
“ plac’d,  
“ And fires were lighted at my very door.  
“ When the tenth night appear’d I burst the bars,  
“ O’erleap’d the walls; and favour’d by the night,  
“ With ease escap’d the guard. Far off I fled 480  
“ Through spacious Hellas, and to Phthia came  
“ For fertile pastures fam’d, and num’rous flocks,  
“ To Peleus, who with favour me receiv’d;  
“ And lov’d me as a father loves his son,  
“ Child of his age, and heir of all his wealth. 485  
“ Possessions great he gave near the utmost bounds  
“ Of fertile Phthia, where the Dolopes  
“ Inhabit: there I watch’d thy tender years,  
“ And nurtur’d thee, and made thee what thou art,  
“ O godlike man! and lov’d thee from my soul. 490  
“ Nor wouldst thou to the feast without me go,  
“ Nor take but from my hand the accustom’d food,  
“ When wayward humour oft in early youth  
“ Return’d with loathing what my fondness gave.  
“ Much have I suff’red with thee, much endur’d,  
“ With this fond hope, that since to me denied  
“ (Such Fates decree) the blessing of a child;  
“ I by adoption might obtain a son  
“ The comfort, the protector of my age. 499

- “ O then, Achilles ! check thy mighty mind ;  
“ To be implacable but ill becomes.  
“ The heav’nly pow’rs, in virtue greater far,  
“ In honour and in strength, are merciful ;  
“ For men by pray’rs and sacrifices meet,  
“ Avert that punishment their crimes deserve. 505  
“ Pray’rs are the daughters of all-pow’rful Jove,  
“ Wrinkled and blind, and impotent of feet ;  
“ These follow where Injustice runs before :  
“ Fierce, unrestrain’d, she ranges o’er the earth  
“ With desolating hand : then follow Pray’rs, 510  
“ Steady though slow, with healing influence ;  
“ Who listens their advice they kindly aid,  
“ Heal all his woes, and grant his just request :  
“ But who with scorn their proff’red boon rejects,  
“ They Jove entreat, that, as due punishment, 515  
“ Injustice ever may his steps pursue.  
“ My son, with honour due their voice attend ;  
“ Forgiveness to the brave alone belongs.  
“ Did not Atrides offer various gifts ;  
“ Did he still bear thee hate implacable, 520  
“ I should not urge thee to forget thy wrongs,  
“ And succour Greece, though in her utmost need.  
“ Great are his offers, large his promis’d gifts  
“ Now tend’red by thy friends, the bravest chiefs

- “ Whom Grecia boasts of all her warlike bands;  
“ Reject them not, though just thy former rage;  
“ Nor treat them with contempt. Thus fame re-  
“ ports  
“ Heroes in ancient time their rage control’d,  
“ Soft’ned by gifts, or sooth’d by gentle words.  
“ Well I remember, and to you, my friends, 530  
“ The fact I will relate of former days.  
“ The Ætolians and Curetes were engag’d  
“ In bloody warfare by the lofty walls  
“ Of Calydon; these to defend the town,  
“ Those to destroy intent. Neglected rites 535  
“ Incens’d Diana; hence the contest rose:  
“ Æneus to all the deities had paid  
“ Just honours but to her, in due return  
“ For the rich harvest and productive year,  
“ Or through neglect or inattention. 540  
“ The indignant goddess, to revenge her wrongs,  
“ Sent a huge monster of enormous size  
“ To desolate the Calydonian plains  
“ And Æneus’ fertile fields: the savage boar  
“ Whole trees uprooting, levell’d to the ground 545  
“ Pomona’s richest produce. When the son  
“ Of Æneus, with collected force of dogs  
“ And men from various cities, skill’d to chase

- “ The fiercest monsters, slew this wondrous beast,  
“ So vast that numbers fell beneath his force. 550  
“ Then rose contention, so Diana will’d,  
“ Who should possess the bristly monster’s spoil.  
“ Scarce at the walls, whilst Meleager fought,  
“ The fierce Curetes dar’d the contest try,  
“ Though numerous their forces ; but when rage  
“ Inflam’d his breast, (the wisest often feel 556  
“ Its power,) he with his mother much incens’d  
“ Retir’d, and with his wife sequest’red liv’d,  
“ With Cleopatra, from Marpissa sprung,  
“ And Ida, bravest deem’d of mortal race, 560  
“ Who seiz’d his bow, and dar’d the god of day  
“ To the dread contest for the beauteous nymph.  
“ (Her the fond parents call’d Alcyone,  
“ Wept by her mother, for her fate the same  
“ As erst Alcyone’s, to Phœbus’ love 565  
“ A prey.) With her retir’d he cherish’d rage,  
“ Indignant that Althæa should invoke  
“ The deities with imprecations dire.  
“ She for her brother’s death opprest with grief,  
“ Striking the ground, invok’d the infernal pow’rs,  
“ Pluto and dread Persephone, with tears  
“ Kneeling, that they would instant slay her son.  
“ Alecto heard, implacable of heart,

- “ From the dark deep abyss of Erebus :  
“ Then quickly at the gates wild tumult rose, 575  
“ And madd’ning uproar. Him the aged sires  
“ Entreated ; him the venerable priests  
“ Of blameless life, to save them from the foe,  
“ With proffers large, where Calydonian fields  
“ And fertile plains extend ; in vineyards these 580  
“ Excelling, those for richest pasture fam’d ;  
“ Full fifty acres was the promis’d boon.  
“ The venerable Æneus suppliant came,  
“ Embrac’d his knees, and urg’d his suit with tears ;  
“ His sisters and his mother sued in vain ; 585  
“ He still with persevering rage refus’d :  
“ Much his lov’d friends, companions of his youth,  
“ Entreated, nor could bend his haughty mind.  
“ When now loud shouts announc’d the foe’s ap-  
“ proach,  
“ And bick’ring flames arose : with piercing cries  
“ His supplicating wife, of form divine, 591  
“ Unfolds the tale of misery and woe,  
“ When captur’d cities feel the conqu’ror’s rage,  
“ Murder and rapine, and devouring fire ;  
“ Children and parents captive, or a prey  
“ To lawless force. Mov’d by her woful plaint,  
“ Sudden he rose in arms, repuls’d the foe,



“ And sav’d his country ; whose ingratitude  
“ Refus’d the promis’d boon ; yet still he sav’d.  
“ Then be not thou, my son, implacable, 600  
“ Nor yield thee to the spirit of revenge  
“ Till flames consume our ships : accept our gifts ;  
“ Arm, arm, and save ; be honour’d as a god :  
“ Should you without the gifts in war engage,  
“ Your honour will be less, though check’d the  
“ foe.” 605

When thus Achilles : “ Venerable chief,  
“ Phœnix, of age rever’d, I covet not  
“ Such honour ; not from man, from Jove alone  
“ I seek immortal honour : his command,  
“ To which I bend submissive, at the ships 610  
“ Detains me ; and perchance will yet detain,  
“ Whilst strength and life shall animate these  
“ limbs.

“ Yet I must add, and your attention claim  
“ To my request, that you molest me not  
“ With sighs and sorrows in Atrides’ cause : 615  
“ To like whom I detest becomes thee not,  
“ Lest loving thee my love be turn’d to hate :  
“ Yea, rather thou shouldst all my wrongs revenge,  
“ And share my kingdom, and my honour share.  
“ Let these our answer bear ; do thou, my friend,

“ Rest here : to-morrow we will consult hold

“ Whether is best or to return or stay.”

He spake ; and to Patroclus signal gave

A warmer couch for Phœnix to prepare,

When from his tent the chieftains should retire. 625

But Ajax thus, impatient of delay ;

“ O wise Ulysses, brave Laertes’ son,

“ Let us begone ; vain our entreaties all,

“ And fruitless our attempt ; yet to the Greeks,

“ Who now in earnest expectation wait, 630

“ We must his answer bear, though most unkind.

“ Achilles still doth cherish dire revenge,

“ Neglectful of those friends who honour him ;

“ Implacable, obdurate ! Yet do men,

“ For brothers murd’red, or for sons destroy’d, 635

“ (Due satisfaction and atonement made,)

“ Forgive the dreadful deed ; the fine receiv’d

“ Acquits the debt of hatred and revenge :

“ The offender lives secure. But in your heart

“ Remorseless, dire revenge and hatred reign 640

“ All uncontrol’d ; and that, so Fates decree,

“ For fair Briseis, and for her alone.

“ Seven fair as she, and gifts of costly price

“ We offer thee besides. Be courteous then,

“ We are thy guests, and claim the honour due

“ To all beneath thy roof; and make our boast,  
“ Amongst the numerous chiefs our host contains,  
“ To honour and respect thee most of all.”

Achilles thus replied: “ Illustrious chief,  
“ Ajax, you speak the dictates of your mind; 650  
“ But my heart boils with rage whene’er I think  
“ Of him who hath disgrac’d and rend’red vile  
“ My name, as some base knave of meaner sort.  
“ You then our answer bear: War, glorious war,  
“ Concerns not me, till Priam’s haughty son, 655  
“ Great Hector, at my tents and ships shall wage  
“ Disastrous war, and fire the Grecian fleet;  
“ Then will I check him in his bold career.”

He ended: when each chief libation pour’d,  
And to the ships Ulysses led the way. 660

Meantime the servants at Achilles’ tent  
For Phœnix’ rev’rend age prepar’d the couch,  
Warm and indulgent, as became his years,  
With linen spread and skins of softest wool.  
There he till morning in soft sleep repos’d. 665

Achilles now retir’d within his tent  
Of curious workmanship; but not alone,  
Fair Diomedes, partner of his bed,  
Daughter of Lesbian Phorbas, sooth’d his cares:  
Near him Patroclus slept, whom Iphis fair, 670

From Scyron captur'd, with attendance grac'd;  
Achilles won, Achilles gave the prize.

And now the embassy approach'd the tent  
Of Agamemnon : rising from their seats  
The Grecian chiefs, assembled, them receiv'd 675  
With friendly omen, and libations pour'd  
From golden cups ; when thus Atrides spake :  
“ Ulysses, great in wisdom as in arms,  
“ Pride of our host, say, doth Achilles save  
“ Our ships from hostile flames ; or doth fell rage  
“ To our request a stern denial give ?” 681

Ulysses thus replied : “ Illustrious king,  
“ His anger unabated still remains,  
“ Yea, rather doth increase : thy gifts he spurns  
“ With indignation,—bids thee counsel well  
“ With other chiefs how best thou mayst secure  
“ Thy ships and host from the victorious foe :  
“ And for himself, he threatens at the dawn  
“ Of day to launch his vessels in the deep,  
“ And others to persuade that they return 690  
“ Through the wide waters to their native home ;  
“ For that thou canst not humble lofty Troy,  
“ Which Jove himself with his protecting hand  
“ Secures, and animates their host in fight.  
“ Such were his words : Ajax, Eurybates, 695

“ And Hódios, bear me witness, for they heard :  
“ Phœnix remaineth at Achilles’ tent,  
“ That he to-morrow, if his pleasure be,  
“ To Phthia may return ; yet free to choose.”

He spake : deep silence held them mute awhile,  
In admiration of his firm reply. 701

At length Tydides thus the chiefs address’d :

“ I could have wish’d, indeed, O potent king !  
“ Thou hadst not been a suitor to his pride,  
“ Which thy great offers serve but to increase. 705  
“ No more of him ; let him or go or stay,  
“ As Jove, or his own wayward mind shall urge.  
“ Be this then my advice : retire we now,  
“ After refreshment meet, and take repose,  
“ For both our toils demand ; and when the morn  
“ With orient splendour rise, before our ships 711  
“ In dread array let horse and foot advance,  
“ Thyself the pride and leader of our host.”

He spake : the chiefs with one consent approv’d,  
Admiring much Tydides’ manly speech ; 715  
And due libations made, each to his tent  
Retiring, sought the gift of soothing sleep.

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B O O K X.

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ALL night before their ships the Grecian chiefs,  
With toils fordone, partook the gift of sleep.  
Not so Atrides; him nor grateful rest  
Nor soothing sleep possess'd, with anxious care  
Tost, and perplexing thoughts. As when great  
Jove 5

Thunders portentous, and prepares his storm,  
Or rain or pelting hail, or driving snow;  
Or bids dread War upraise his brazen throat:  
So heav'd Atrides' breast with frequent sighs  
Bursting, so terror all his soul possess'd. 10

And now the Trojan plains and numerous fires  
He view'd, and heard their loud tumultuous shouts,  
Whilst martial music victory proclaim'd:  
Now turning to his ships and vanquish'd host  
His aching thought, sorrows still deeper flow'd, 15  
Whilst anguish tore the honours of his head,  
A sacrifice to heav'n's offended King:  
At length, resolv'd to seek the Pylian sage,

Nestor, if haply he might well advise  
Some medicine to heal a nation's woes, 20  
Sudden he rose, and o'er his manly chest  
The tunic cast; the sandal grac'd his feet;  
And from his shoulder hung the tawny spoil  
Of the huge lion reaching to the ground;  
And in his hand a massy spear he bore. 25

Nor, Menelaus, did thy heart conceive  
Less terror and affright, dread foes to sleep,  
Lest Grecia perish in thy hapless cause:  
Thou for whose sake they cross'd the dang'rous  
main,

To wage disastrous war, and combat Troy. 30  
A leopard's hide with spots of varied hue  
The hero's shoulders grac'd, and o'er his brow  
The brazen helmet glitt'ring; in his hand  
A spear he brandish'd; and with hasty step  
His brother sought to waken, whom in pow'r 35  
The Greeks esteem'd and honour'd as a god.

Him at his vessel's stern the hero found  
Arming in haste, who seeing him rejoic'd;  
When Menelaus thus: " Brother rever'd,  
" Why early thus in arms? Is it to send 40  
" Some spy to yonder camp? But who shall dare  
" The perilous emprise? To venture forth



“ Singly, and through the silent night explore

“ The foe, superior courage doth demand.”

When thus Atrides : “ Brother much belov’d, 45

“ Our great distress calls for mature advice

“ And prudent counsel to protect our fleet

“ And save our host, since Jove doth adverse prove;

“ Since he to Trojan sacrifice inclines

“ Propitious : for such deeds eye hath not seen, 50

“ Nor hath ear heard, as singly and alone

“ Hector performs : though sprung from mortal

“ race,

“ Long shall Greece rue his desolating arm.

“ Haste then ; let Ajax and Idomeneus

“ Assemble at our ships : to Nestor’s tent 55

“ I now repair, that he inspect our posts,

“ And give due orders ; in his warlike son

“ That trust I have repos’d : Meriones

“ And Nestor’s son our ships and army guard.”

When Menelaus : “ Let me understand 60

“ Your order truly, brother : shall I here

“ Return to you again, or with them wait

“ Your coming ?” Agamemnon thus replied :

“ Expect me there ; for numberless the paths

“ That through our army lead, and we may miss

“ Each other : speak, exhort, in gentle terms 66

“ Conciliate favour, giving honour due ;  
“ Entreating all by country, parents, friends :  
“ Ourselves must labour first, so Jove decreed,  
“ Who gave us sorrow when he gave us birth.” 70

Thus saying he dismiss'd him ; then in haste  
To Nestor's tent Atrides bent his way.

Him still indulging rest, the monarch found  
On his soft bed reclin'd ; his armour near,  
The shield and spear, and glitt'ring helmet lay, 75  
And belt of various work, which went to grace  
The aged warrior through the ranks of war,  
Unclaim'd the privilege of age and years.

He rising quickly thus the king address'd :

“ Who thus alone, amidst the shades of night, 80  
“ Dares venture through our camp whilst others  
“ sleep ?  
“ Seek'st thou the nightly watch, or some lost  
“ friend ?  
“ Whence, and what art thou ? Speak, or come  
“ not near.”

When thus Atrides : “ Venerable chief,  
“ Pride and support of all the Grecian host, 85  
“ Nestor, thy king Atrides, worn with care,  
“ With grief oppress (so mighty Jove decrees  
“ Unceasing grief whilst strength and life remain),

“ Thou mayst acknowledge here : alone I stray,  
“ For no sweet sleep will weigh these eyelids down;  
“ But war’s alarms, and all my country’s cares 90  
“ And miseries, afflict my sinking heart,  
“ Bursting with woes unutterably great.  
“ If aught thou canst suggest (for thee sweet sleep  
“ Alike forsakes), attend me to the guard, 95  
“ The nightly watch, lest weary with fatigue,  
“ With sleep o’erpow’r’d, their duty they neglect :  
“ Close at our camp the daring foe remains,  
“ And aided by the darkness of the night,  
“ Perchance may dare to storm our weak defence.”

To whom the Pylian sage: “ O mighty king 100  
“ Atrides! Jove, I deem, will ne’er perform  
“ What Hector meditates ; what sanguine hope,  
“ Flush’d with success, may lead him to expect.  
“ Whate’er thy griefs, him sorer ills await, 105  
“ And more severe distress, when from his wrath  
“ Achilles ceaseth. Lead then, I attend  
“ Thy pleasure. Let Tydides mighty chief,  
“ And wise Ulysses lend their prudent aid ;  
“ And Ajax swift of foot, and Phyleus’ son, 110  
“ Though distant far their tents on either side ;  
“ And let some messenger great Ajax call,  
“ And brave Idomeneus. Yet must I blame,

“ Nor let my words displease thee, one much lov’d,  
“ Your brother, and much honour’d by us all; 115  
“ Who whilst you labour gives himself to rest,  
“ Whom most it doth concern; who should exert  
“ His utmost energy and earnest pray’r  
“ For aid in this our strong necessity.”

“ Your censure he deserves,” the king replied,  
“ As seeming negligent; yet it proceeds 121  
“ Nor from base sloth nor want of better sense:  
“ But from respect and deference to me,  
“ He my example waits. Yet spare it now;  
“ He call’d me first, and is already gone 125  
“ To those whom you have nam’d. Proceed we  
“ then;

“ The assembled chiefs expect us at the gate  
“ As I appointed: thither let us go.”

“ Then none,” the venerable chief return’d,  
“ May blame, or disobey his just request.” 130

He spake; and o’er his chest the tunic brac’d,  
Bound on his sandals, and around him cast  
His mantle large and long, with warmest wool  
Lin’d, as became his age; then seiz’d his spear  
And hast’ned to the ships, and at the tent 135  
Of great Ulysses, fam’d for wisdom’s lore,  
Summon’d the chief: nor was the summons vain;

Ulysses heard his voice, and from his tent  
Awak'ning issued, and thus answer made :

“ Why thus alone at such an hour as this ?      140

“ What urgent need conducts you through the  
“ camp ? ”

Nestor replied : “ Ulysses brave as wise,  
“ Be not displeas'd, we are in utmost need ;  
“ Aid with thy counsel the assembled chiefs,  
“ For thou excellest, and maturely weigh      145  
“ Whether we basely fly, or nobly fight.”

He spake : Ulysses o'er his shoulder cast  
His pond'rous shield, and follow'd with the chiefs,  
And to the tent of Diomed repair'd.

Without the tent reposing him they found,      150  
His armour near ; his friends around him slept,  
Their shields beneath their heads, their spears erect  
Fixt in the ground : the polisht brass sent forth  
A radiant light : Tydides self reclin'd,  
Slept on an ox's hide of larger size,      155  
His bed ; rich tapestry his head sustain'd.

Him Nestor touch'd, and waking, thus reprov'd :  
“ Rise, son of Tydeus, rise ; why through the night  
“ Thus sleep indulge ? or hear'st thou not the foe,  
“ Scarce from our ships remov'd, prepare the fight ? ”  
Tydides heard, and, quickly rous'd from sleep,

The sage address'd : " O thou, whom neither toils  
" Nor years subdue ! let others call the chiefs,  
" Who boast the strength of youth ; be that their  
" task,  
" Not thine, whose mind no respite will admit." 165  
" True are thy words," the Pylian sage return'd,  
" And just is thy remark ; for I have sons  
" Of fairest fame, and subjects numerous,  
" Who might this toil sustain : yet such our need,  
" So urgent our distress, that or to live 170  
" Or die, stands on the sharpest razor edge,  
" And trembles on the balance. Spare my age,  
" As well becomes thy youth, and call the chiefs  
" Ajax and Phyleus' son, who distant sleep."

He spake : Tydides o'er his shoulders threw 175  
A lion's tawny hide of wondrous size,  
And brandishing his spear, in haste fulfill'd  
Nestor's command, and to the trench repair'd.

Now at the guard arriv'd, in strictest watch,  
All arm'd, the leaders of the trusty band 180  
They found. As dogs with difficulty save  
The folded flock, what time the mountain pard  
Descending rushes through the forest, him  
The shouts of hunters and the cry of dogs  
Pursue amain, and sleep is far away : 185

So from their eyelids vanish'd gentle sleep,  
Watching through night's dank shade; still to the  
plain

Their every thought was bent, if heard perchance  
The noise of hostile tread. Nestor rejoic'd,  
And thus their care and vigilance approv'd: 190

“ Thus ever watch, dear sons, nor once permit  
“ The approach of treach'rous sleep, lest we become  
“ An easy prey to our insulting foe.”

This said, the trench he pass'd: the chiefs attend,  
By Agamemnon summon'd, and with them 195  
Meriones, and Nestor's warlike son  
Antilochus; for them the princes call'd.  
The trench they pass'd; and where unstain'd the  
ground

With human gore, and free from sights of death,  
(For Hector there had staid his murd'rous hand 200  
Thinning the Grecian host, night stopp'd his course,)  
There the assembled chiefs in consult sat;  
Whom Nestor thus address'd: “ Friends, country-  
“ men,

“ Is there who dares yon hostile camp approach,  
“ To seize, perchance, some wand'rer in the rear?  
“ If he their counsels and their schemes might  
“ learn, 206



“ Whether they meditate return to Troy,  
“ Or wait the morn their vantage to pursue,  
“ Attack our weak’ned host, and burn our ships :  
“ If he might this intelligence obtain, 210  
“ And safe return, great were indeed his fame,  
“ And ample his reward : a sable ewe  
“ Each princely leader of our num’rous host  
“ Shall grateful send, and at her side a lamb  
“ Shall sportive play ; and at our festive board 215  
“ His the first honours and the foremost seat.”

Thus Nestor spake : the chiefs in silence heard,  
Whom Diomed intrepid thus address’d :

“ I will this task of danger undertake,  
“ Explore their camp, and learn the foes’ intent :  
“ But if some friend, companion of my toils, 221  
“ Courage inspiring and firm confidence,  
“ Might aid the bold attempt, second each thought  
“ Approving, it were well : oft when alone  
“ Distrust unnerves, and doubts distract the soul.”

He spake : with generous ardour fir’d, uprose 226  
Contending heroes, eager all to share  
The danger. Either Ajax great in arms,  
Meriones, and Nestor’s warlike son,  
And Menelaus skill’d to hurl the lance, 230  
And wise Ulysses, earnest to explore

The Trojan camp, whose heart no fear appall'd ;  
When Agamemnon thus : " O Tydeus' son,  
" Illustrious Diomed ! whom much my soul  
" Esteems and honours, be this care thy own, 235  
" Him to select whom most thy choice approves,  
" For many in this noble contest strive ;  
" Nor let or favour or affection sway,  
" Or move thee to select from rank or place,  
" Or deference pay where courage should decide."

Thus spake the king, much fearing lest his  
choice 241

On Menelaus fall, whom most he lov'd.

Tydides thus replied : " If then to choose  
" Whom most my soul approves be thy com-  
" mand,  
" Can I forget Ulysses, or neglect 245  
" Wisdom unequal'd, courage undismay'd  
" In trials most severe ; whom Pallas loves ;  
" With whom we might through hostile fires re-  
" turn,  
" So fertile in resource his active mind ?"  
" Nor praise too much," Ulysses quick replied,  
" Nor censure, Diomed ; all present know 251  
" To whom you speak, and can the truth discern :  
" Haste, let us go : Night in her silent course

“ Is far advanc’d; scarce now a third remains:

“ And setting stars denote approaching morn.” 255

Thus having said, each chief his arms prepar’d.

To Diomed brave Thrasymedes gave

A two-edg’d sword and shield, for at his tent

His own the hero left; and on his head

A leathern helmet plac’d, yet unadorn’d 260

With crest or plume: such inexperience’d youth

Is wont to bear when early train’d to arms.

Meriones to wise Ulysses gave

His bow and quiver, and his glitt’ring sword,

And arm’d his temples with a leathern casque 265

Fast bound with thongs, the rim encircled round

With a boar’s dread-inspiring teeth thick set

On every side, and lin’d with softest wool.

From Eleon, son of Ormenos, by fraud

Autolycus this helmet whilom gain’d; 270

He to Amphidamas the prize consign’d;

To Molus next the friendly token came,

Thence to his son Meriones; from him

Receiv’d, it circled round Ulysses’ brow.

And now the heroes arm’d, with hasty step 275

The council quitting, sought the distant plain.

To them Minerva, token of her care,

The bittern sent; through night’s dark shade unseen,

Yet heard the omen of her sounding voice,  
The clangor of her wings : Ulysses quick 280  
Perceiv'd, and grateful pray'd : " Daughter of Jove,  
" Whose aid in trials most severe I boast,  
" O hear ! and favour this our bold attempt :  
" Grant safe return, O goddess ! and may Troy  
" Long mourn the deeds thy wisdom shall inspire !"  
To her Tydides next his pray'r address'd : 286  
" Hear also me, unconqu'ed goddess, hear !  
" And as at Thebes thou whilom didst protect  
" The father, aid the son. He at the banks  
" Of fam'd Asopus left the Grecian camp, 290  
" Ambassador of peace to lofty Thebes ;  
" Whose treach'rous policy mild answer gave.  
" Returning, mighty deeds great Tydeus wrought  
" Aided by thee ; so now thy succour grant,  
" So guard the son : then shall a heifer grace 295  
" Thy altar, yet unconscious of the yoke,  
" Untam'd ; whose horns are tipp'd with shining  
" gold."

Minerva heard, and granted their request.  
And now they hasten through the shades of night  
As two fierce lions, over heaps of slain, 300  
And clotted gore, and arms distain'd with blood,  
Nor did brave Hector and the chiefs of Troy

Repose indulge; whom at his tent conven'd  
Hector address'd: "Who for a splendid gift  
" This hazardous emprise will undertake, 305  
" Great his reward shall be; the glitt'ring car  
" And fleetest coursers of the Grecian host.  
" These will I give to him who dare approach  
" The Grecian ships, and learn what they design;  
" Whether as heretofore they guard their ships, 310  
" Or by our arms subdued base flight prepare."

He spake: deep silence through the council  
reign'd;

When Dolon, rich in gold and sculptur'd brass,  
(Son of Eumedes herald of the host, 315  
Whom five fair daughters grac'd, one only son  
Of form uncouth yet swift of foot,) uprose,  
And thus the chief bespoke: "Mine be that task,  
" Hector; my courage urges me to dare  
" The hazardous attempt. I will approach 320  
" Their ships, and learn what yet they may in-  
" tend.  
" But promise thou, and by thy sceptre swear,  
" The horses and the chariot shall be mine  
" Which bear Achilles thund'ring o'er the plain.  
" No useless spy inglorious; through their camp  
" E'en to Atrides' ship I will advance, 326

“ Where the assembled chiefs in council sit,  
“ And learn their purpose ; or to fight or fly.”

He spake : when Hector rais'd his sceptred hand,  
And thus confirm'd by oath : “ Great Jove in heav'n  
“ Attest my words ; no Trojan chief but thou  
“ Alone shalt glory in that noble prize.”

Thus Hector vainly swore. Dolon meantime  
Encourag'd arm'd him : first the bended bow  
His shoulders grac'd ; a white wolf's shaggy spoil  
Adorn'd his back ; a helmet lin'd with fur 336  
His brow protected ; in his hand a spear  
He grasp'd ; and hast'ned to the Grecian fleet ;  
But never to return ! so fate decreed.

Quitting the Trojan camp, with eager step 340  
He urg'd his rapid way, but not unheard ;  
When thus Ulysses Diomed bespoke :

“ This fellow from the Trojan army comes,  
“ A spy to learn our secret purposes,  
“ By Hector hither sent, or to despoil 345  
“ The dead : then let him pass ere we pursue ;  
“ So may we easily his flight arrest ;  
“ Or if too swift of foot, still to our ships  
“ Compel his course, and drive him far from Troy.”

Thus saying, from the road they turn'd aside 350  
Stooping ; he quickly pass'd : when now advanc'd



The distance which divides two labouring teams,  
When mules contending plough the fertile field;  
(Mules, which excel the slow and cumbrous ox,)  
Then eager they pursued. He heard their steps 355  
And stopp'd, lest Hector might perchance recall  
His embassy, or give some other charge:  
But when, now distant scarce a jav'lin's cast,  
The foe he knew, and with redoubled speed  
Urg'd his quick flight; so quickly they pursu'd. 360  
As when two hounds accustom'd to the chase,  
With unabating speed the trembling hind  
Or timid hare pursue; now through the wood  
They hold their course; her cries may nought avail:  
So these pursuing, to the Trojan camp 365  
And city intercept his eager flight.  
Approaching now the ships, and near the guard,  
By Pallas aided Diomed advanc'd,  
Fearful lest other hands the honour claim;  
Pois'd high his lance, and Dolon thus bespoke: 370  
“ Stop ere this weapon fix thee to the ground;  
“ Thou canst not now escape.” This said, the spear  
Pass'd o'er his shoulder,—so the chief design'd,—  
And in the ground deep fixt still quiv'ring stood.

He stopp'd, and trembled: terror shook his frame,  
Paleness his cheeks o'erspread; his shaking jaws



Resounded : breathless with pursuit the chiefs  
Seize him : his falt'ring voice this pray'r address'd :

“ Take me alive and I will ransom pay :

“ Gold, sculptur'd brass, and iron, be the price 380

“ Of me your captive, which my wealthy sire

“ Will gladly give (for ample are his stores),

“ When known I at your ships alive remain.”

Ulysses thus replied : “ Take courage then,

“ Nor think of death ; but speak, and truly say, 385

“ Why thus alone dost thou approach our ships

“ Through the thick shade of night, when others

“ sleep ?

“ Or com'st thou basely to despoil the dead ?

“ Did Hector send thee to explore our fleet ;

“ Or thine own courage prompt thee to the deed ?”

Dolon all trembling answ'rd : “ Much deceiv'd

“ By promises of great reward to come,

“ The fiery coursers and the glitt'ring car

“ Of great Pelides, which I vainly ask'd,

“ Hector to me alone consenting gave ; 395

“ For these through night's obscurity I roam,

“ Approach your camp your purpose to detect ;

“ Whether as heretofore you guard your ships,

“ Or by our arms subdued base flight prepare ;

“ Nor set the watch, with care and labour spent.”

- With scornful smile Ulysses thus replied :
- “ Great was thy aim indeed, a noble prize ;
- “ The coursers of Achilles ! He alone
- “ Of mortal men their spirit can restrain
- “ And curb their fury, though of race divine 405
- “ And from a goddess sprung. Yet tell me true,
- “ Where in his camp great Hector didst thou leave ?
- “ And where his armour, where his foaming steeds ?
- “ What guard is set ? what chiefs that guard at-
- “ tend ?
- “ What their intent ? or rest they on the plain, 410
- “ Or flush’d with vict’ry back to Troy return ?”
- Eumedes’ son replied : “ True are my words,
- “ Nor shall you find me false. The assembled
- “ chiefs
- “ With Hector council hold at Ilus’ tomb,
- “ Far from the tumult of the camp remov’d, 415
- “ And noise : no certain guard secures the camp :
- “ Yet do the Trojans wakeful by their fires
- “ Exhort each other, and the watch maintain.
- “ But their allies, from various regions brought,
- “ Sleep careless, and the guard to Trojans leave ;
- “ For distant are their wives and children far.” 420
- Ulysses answ’red : “ Do they sleep apart,
- “ Or mingled with the Trojans ? Truly name

- “ Their station and their place.” Dolon replied :  
“ What you demand I truly will relate : 425  
“ Near to the sea, the Carians, Leleges,  
“ The Pæons and Pelasgians are encamp’d,  
“ And Caucons ; next by Thymbraë’s wall are  
“ plac’d  
“ The Lycians, Mysians, and the Phrygiân horse,  
“ And fam’d Mæonian troops. But why inquire  
“ Minutely thus each sev’ral circumstance 431  
“ Of Trojans, or allies ? would you the camp  
“ Explore ? The Thracians on the utmost verge  
“ Newly arriv’d encamp ; Rhesus their king,  
“ Son of Eioneus : I saw his steeds, 435  
“ In size, in beauty matchless ; white as snow,  
“ Swift as the wind ; I saw his car, with gold  
“ Inlaid and silver, wondrous to my eyes ;  
“ His golden armour too, of work divine,  
“ Huge, massy, ponderous, for mortal man 440  
“ Unmeet, and suited to a god alone.  
“ Send me then quickly to your ships, or bound  
“ With chains here leave me your return to wait ;  
“ When you shall know and by experience prove  
“ The solemn truth of what I have reveal’d.” 445  
“ Talk not to me,” Tydides stern replied  
In angry mood ; “ thou mayst not so escape

“ Our vengeful hands, whatever be thy words,  
“ Or true or false : shall we release thee then  
“ Unransom’d, unredeem’d, to be again 450  
“ Employ’d as now, a spy upon our camp  
“ And ships ; or to engage in open war,  
“ Or work some mischief to the Grecian host ?”

He spake : the suppliant stood, and stretch’d his  
hand

To touch Tydides’ chin, and mercy claim : 455  
But the swift sword descending cut in twain  
The nerves whilst yet he spake ; his sever’d head  
And lifeless corpse lay mingled with the dust.

And now his helmet and his bended bow,  
The white wolf’s shaggy spoils, and missive spear,  
The heroes seize : Ulysses lifts in air, 460  
And thus to Pallas consecrates the prize :

“ Accept propitious these and hear our pray’r,  
“ Goddess! whom first and chief we supplicate ;  
“ Aid our attempt, and to this Thracian guide 465  
“ Thy servants ; be his steeds our just reward!”

He spake ; and on a lofty tamarisk  
The spoils of Dolon hung ; and mark’d the place  
With reeds and boughs conspicuous, lest the  
night

And darkness them returning should deceive. 470

And now the chiefs o'er arms through heaps of  
slain

Their course pursued, and sought the Thracian  
camp.

Them sleeping they surpris'd, with toil fordone ;  
Their arms, their chariot, and their horses near  
Attendant, by each chieftain ready stood. 475

Rhesus, encircled by his wearied friends,  
With heavy sleep opprest reclining lay ;  
Near him his matchless steeds in order rang'd  
Behind his splendid car : Ulysses saw  
The prize, and thus his friend in arms address'd: 480

“ This is the Thracian king, and these the steeds  
“ Which Dolon pointed out ; true were his words,  
“ Though he the forfeit of his life hath paid,  
“ Slain by our hands. Now be thy courage tried,  
“ Nor armed as thou art inactive stand, 485  
“ Tydides ; now exert thy utmost strength ;  
“ Seize thou the steeds: or deal destruction round,  
“ And let that task be mine.” Thus spake the  
chief.

When now with added strength Minerva arm'd  
Her hero's breast ; on every side they fall 490  
Beneath his sword ; deep groans of death are heard,  
And rivers flow in blood. The lion thus

The unguarded fold devours, or sheep or goats,  
Resistless. Thus with equal rage inspir'd  
Tydides fierce invades the Thracian host: 495  
Twelve heroes fell beneath his daring hand.  
Ulysses provident, with care remov'd  
Those whom the sword of Diomed had slain,  
And dragg'd them by the feet and clear'd the road;  
Lest the affrighted steeds unus'd to blood, 500  
And fearing to advance, should start aside.  
Tydides now Rhesus the king attack'd,  
With heavy sleep opprest, an easy prey.  
Just then a fatal vision Pallas sent,  
The dream of death, and Rhesus wak'd no more.

Meantime Ulysses seiz'd the wish'd-for prize, 506  
Harness'd the Thracian steeds, and led them forth  
Directing with his bow; for in the car  
The silver-studded whip unheeded lay;  
Then to Tydides gave the appointed sign. 510  
The hero paus'd: still greater deeds inspir'd  
His breast; or now to seize the polish'd car,  
And armour gold emboss'd, and drag them forth,  
Or lift them high in air; or with his sword  
Spread further desolation through the camp: 515  
Him doubting still, Minerva thus address'd:  
" Think of retreat, Tydides, to thy ships;

“ Some hostile deity may rouse the foe,  
“ And numbers joining force thee to retire.”

She spake: Tydides knew the voice divine, 520  
Mounted his horse (Ulysses led the way),  
And to the ships they urg'd their speedy flight.

Apollo now, the guardian god of Troy,  
Indignant, saw them to the ships return  
By Pallas aided: fierce his anger burn'd; 525  
And hast'ning to the Trojan camp he wak'd  
Hippocoön, the faithful friend in arms  
Of Rhesus. Starting from his sleep he gaz'd  
With terror on the slaught'ed chiefs around,  
And Rhesus in the midst, (his matchless steeds 530  
Remov'd and gone;) he saw, and deeply groan'd.  
Meantime great tumult through the Trojan camp  
And loud lament arose; when seen the deeds  
Perform'd that night, when known escap'd the  
foe.

And now the heroes at the place arriv'd 535  
Where Dolon welt'ring lay, where hid his arms;  
Ulysses stopp'd, and Diomed with haste  
Descending to Ulysses gave the spoils;  
And quick his seat resuming, to the ships  
Victorious drove the captur'd steeds along. 540

Nestor first heard their near approach, and said,



- “ Am I deceiv’d, or doth the hollow sound  
“ Of horses and of horsemen strike my ear?  
“ O may Ulysses and Tydides prove  
“ Successful! and these horses safe convey 545  
“ From Troy some noble prize! and yet I fear  
“ Lest they should fall, by numerous foes opprest.”  
Scarce had he finish’d when the chiefs arriv’d.  
Dismounting, them their friends with joy receiv’d  
And cheerful gratulation; Nestor first. 550  
“ Pride of the Grecian host, Ulysses, say  
“ From whence these horses; from the Trojan  
“ camp?  
“ A present rather from some deity,  
“ Bright and refulgent as the rays of light.  
“ Though ever with the Trojan host engag’d 555  
“ In constant fight, nor yielding to the claims  
“ Of age; yet never have these eyes beheld  
“ Such matchless steeds, the present of a god  
“ I deem; for both great Jove himself regards,  
“ And Pallas, dreadful in the ranks of war.” 560  
Ulysses thus replied: “ O chief rever’d,  
“ Our glory and our pride, superior far  
“ To these a god might give; such is their pow’r.  
“ Of Thracian breed are these, and newly come  
“ To Troy: the king of Thrace Tydides slew, 565

- “ Rhesus his name ; with him twelve heroes fell.  
“ These are the spoils from Dolon, whom we took,  
“ A secret spy from Troy by Hector sent  
“ Our motions to explore, and view our camp.”

Thus spake the chief; and now the trenches pass'd,  
The Grecians hail'd with joy their noble prize. 571  
Tydides at his tent the coursers plac'd,  
Where others ready stood : and at his ship  
Ulysses rang'd the arms from Dolon won,  
To Pallas consecrate : then in the sea 575  
Each chief descending bath'd his weary limbs,  
Ablution meet ; next from the costly bath  
With oil anointed, and refresh'd, they join'd  
The festive board, and to the blue-ey'd maid  
From golden goblets pour'd the gen'rous wine. 580



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B O O K   X I.

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Now from Tythonus' bed the morn arose,  
Bringing to gods and men the gift of light ;  
When Jove in anger to the Grecian ships  
Sent fierce Contention, bearing in her hand  
The signal of dread war.   Her station first                    5  
At the tall ship of Ithacus she took,  
That her dire voice on both sides might be heard ;  
Then at the tents of Ajax Telamon,  
And swift Achilles, who on the utmost bounds,  
Confiding in their strength, had rang'd their ships:  
The goddess there her brazen voice uprais'd,                    11  
Portentous, dreadful, and each breast inspir'd  
With added courage ; sweeter far the toils  
Of war became than wish'd return to Greece.

Atrides shouted, and his host to arms                    15  
Summon'd with speed ; himself meantime prepar'd  
His armour for the field. The well-wrought greaves  
With clasps of silver on his martial limbs  
He bound ; the corselet arm'd his manly chest,

The gift of Cinyras, (for Cyprus heard                    20  
The rumour of the war which Greece prepar'd  
To wage with Troy; and to her mighty king,  
Token of friendship, sent the costly gift,)  
Ten rays of polish'd steel and twelve of gold,  
Twenty of tin the texture firm compos'd;                    25  
Three azure serpents rose to guard the neck  
On either side, like to that bended bow  
Which Jove impresses on a radiant cloud  
With varied hue; signal to human-kind.  
Around his shoulders hung the pond'rous sword 30  
Studded with gold: a golden belt upheld  
The silver scabbard: next his arm embrac'd  
The pond'rous shield with glitt'ring tin emboss'd,  
Whose ample verge ten brazen orbs enclos'd,  
And shone irradiate: of a deeper hue                    35  
Black steel the centre crown'd; there Gorgon's  
head  
Of dire aspect, whose dread-inspiring eyes  
Like flames appear'd, there terror and dismay:  
The vast circumference a silver belt  
Sustain'd, whose top a serpent's form embrac'd, 40  
And triple head portentous rose to view.  
Then o'er his brow he plac'd the dazzling casque  
With fourfold plume terrific: in his hand

Two spears he bore, whose points shone forth to  
heav'n.

Whilst Juno and Minerva rais'd the shout 45

Of war, in honour of Mycenæ's king :

The chariots at the fosse in order rang'd

Their chiefs awaited ; they on foot rush'd forth :

The din of battle wakes the tardy morn.

First in firm ranks array'd the foot advanc'd 50

Supported by the horse, small space between :

Pernicious tumult sent by angry Jove,

Incessant rag'd ; whilst from high heav'n the dew

In drops of purple gore descended thick,

Devoting heroes to the shades below. 55

And now the Trojans duly rang'd mov'd on,

With Hector and Polydamas their chiefs,

And brave Æneas, honour'd as a god ;

And with Antenor's sons, with Polybus,

Agenor, and the warlike Acamas. 60

But Hector foremost in the ranks advanc'd,

Bearing his mighty shield. As when a star

Of omen dire now shines with vivid light,

Now sets obscur'd behind some low'ring cloud ;

So Hector foremost in the van appear'd, 65

Now issued in the rear his dread commands,

His brazen armour glitt'ring as he mov'd,  
Like lightning from the angry hand of Jove.

As reapers in the wide-extended field  
Of some rich landlord, each to each oppos'd,      70  
Level the crop luxuriant, or of wheat  
Or barley, thick with sheaves the land is strew'd;  
So Greeks and Trojans on each other rush'd  
With slaughterous intent; nor once indulg'd  
Thought of base flight; but steadfast and erect      75  
Maintain'd the combat, and as daring wolves  
Advanc'd intrepid. Discord at the sight  
Exulting joy'd; for she of all the gods  
Was present in the battle's wild uproar:  
Others retir'd each to his blest abode      80  
On high Olympus sat, nor ceas'd to blame  
Jove's partial favour to the Trojan host.  
All unconcern'd the Sire of gods and men  
Exulting sat, and from Olympus' height  
Survey'd the city, and the ships of Greece;      85  
Their glitt'ring arms, the slayer and the slain.

Whilst yet the morn and sacred day increas'd,  
Through either host, with equal force sustain'd,  
The battle rag'd: but at what time, when tir'd  
With constant labour, to his homely fare      90



The sturdy woodman under thickest shade  
 Betakes him, hungry and with toil fordone,  
 Then Grecian valour broke the Trojan ranks :  
 Atrides led the way, and shouts approv'd.  
 Bienor first, chief of renown, he slew : 95  
 Then brave Oileus fell ; the rapid spear  
 His forehead pierc'd as to Bienor's aid,  
 Quitting his chariot, dauntless he advanc'd,  
 (The brazen casque a feeble guard supplied,)  
 His brain transfix'd, and staid his bold career. 100  
 These leaving of their shining armour stript,  
 Forward Atrides rush'd where Antiphus  
 And Isus in one car sustain'd the fight ;  
 Of noble this, that of ignoble birth,  
 The sons of Priam : Isus held the reins, 105  
 His spear grasp'd Antiphus. On Ida's top  
 Achilles erst the youths with tender twigs  
 Fast bound tending their flocks, and from their sire  
 Ransom receiv'd. Atrides through the breast  
 Of Isus hurl'd his spear; then with his sword 110  
 Slew Antiphus, and quickly both despoil'd ;  
 Their arms his prize : for well Atrides knew  
 Their lineage ; when Achilles to the ships  
 From Ida led them bound, he saw the youths.  
 As the gaunt lion seizes unawares 115

The tender offspring of the nimble deer  
Surpris'd within her lair, sudden they fall  
An easy prey to his remorseless jaws;  
Whilst she full near, unable to resist,  
Opprest with fear stands trembling; then amain  
Through the thick forest wings her speedy flight:  
In drops the sweat bedews her limbs, such dread  
The monster fierce inspires: so none might save  
The Trojan youths, such terror then prevail'd.

Next fell Pisandrus and Hippolochus, 125  
Sons of Antimachus: (he whilom brib'd  
By Paris counsel gave not to restore  
Helen; advice now fatal to his sons:)  
Them in one chariot borne Atrides seiz'd  
As the fell lion: from their trembling hands 130  
The reins dropp'd useless: in their chariot prone  
On bended knees thus they preferr'd the pray'r:

“ Spare us, Atrides, and a ransom take  
“ Of value infinite; for great the wealth  
“ In sculptur'd brass, in gold, or iron wrought 135  
“ With skill superior in our father's house:  
“ These and still more Antimachus will send,  
“ If he but hear we at your ships still live.”

Thus they their pray'r with supplicating voice  
Preferr'd: Atrides sternly thus replied: 140

“ If ye be sons of wise Antimachus,  
 “ Who counsell’d death to our ambassadors,  
 “ To Menelaus and Ulysses, take  
 “ The just reward of all your father’s crimes.”

He spake ; and from his chariot to the ground 145  
 Pisandrus thrust ; the spear transfix’d his chest,  
 Supine he fell. Hippolochus dismay’d  
 Forth from the chariot leap’d : the vengeful sword  
 Sever’d his hands, then headless left the trunk,  
 Which like a mortar through the crowd he hurl’d.  
 And now Atrides, where the battle rag’d 151  
 With force increas’d, rush’d onward with his host.

Now infantry with infantry engag’d,  
 And horse with horse (whose numerous feet up-  
 rais’d

Thick clouds of dust) dealt slaughter all around ;  
 Atrides most, whose voice inspir’d the Greeks  
 With added courage. As devouring flames  
 In the thick forest rage, on every side  
 Borne by the varying winds, the crackling wood,  
 The lofty timber sinks beneath its force ; 160  
 So fell the Trojans by Atrides’ sword,  
 To flight impell’d : then through the routed host  
 Spreading dismay, the rapid coursers dragg’d  
 Their empty cars ; no chief to guide the reins ;

Fall'n on the plain beneath Atrides' spear  
They lay, to vultures and to beasts a prey.

Hector meantime from spear, from dust and  
blood,

From slaughter and the battle's wild uproar,  
Great Jove withdrew protecting: through the host  
Atrides shouts impetuous, and pursues 170

The routed foe, now flying to the tomb  
Of Ilus, eager to regain the walls.

Atrides stain'd with gore pursues amain:  
Now at the beech and Scaean gate arriv'd,  
The victor halts, and reinforcement waits; 175

Whilst o'er the plain the routed Trojans fly.  
As herds whose hearts the lion's roar appalls  
In the obscure night, beneath his potent jaws  
The hindmost on the plain extended dies;  
The insatiate monster swills, and riots in the  
blood: 180

Atrides thus pursued, thus fell the foe  
Beneath his potent arm; and from their cars  
Full many a chief extended in the dust  
Fell prone: so rag'd the hero's vengeful spear.

When now the city and the lofty wall 185  
The victor chief approach'd: on Ida's top  
The Sire of gods and men descending sat,

Grasping his forked lightning, and in haste

Iris his winged messenger address'd :

“ Go, swift-wing'd Iris, to the Trojan chief 190

“ This message bear : Whilst in the foremost ranks

“ Atrides rages, let him quit the field,

“ And leave to other chiefs the doubtful fight :

“ But when Atrides wounded or with sword

“ Or spear again shall mount his rapid car, 195

“ I will inspire him with redoubled force

“ To slay the routed Greeks e'en at their ships

“ Till the sun set, and sacred Night approach.”

He spake : nor did swift Iris disobey :

From Ida to the walls of sacred Troy 200

Descending, by his steeds and polish'd car

The warlike son of Priam she descried,

And near approaching thus her message gave :

“ Hear, son of Priam, fam'd for wisdom's lore,

“ From Jove these words I bear : Whilst in the van

“ Atrides foremost rages, quit the field ; 206

“ Let other Trojan chiefs the fight maintain :

“ But when or wounded by the sword or spear

“ Atrides shall remount his rapid car,

“ He will inspire thee with redoubled force 210

“ To slay the routed Greeks e'en at their ships

“ Till the sun set, and sacred Night approach.”

She spake, and disappear'd : when from his car  
The chief all-arm'd descended. In his hands  
Two spears he bore, and through the Trojan host  
Their courage kindled, and renew'd the fight ; 215  
They turn'd and dar'd the foe, who clos'd their  
ranks,

And each with menac'd front the dreadful shock  
Of arms sustain'd : Atrides mighty chief,  
Advancing, foremost to the battle rush'd. 220

Say, heav'nly Muse, what Trojan hero first,  
Or brave ally, dar'd the fierce onset prove.  
Antenor's warlike son Iphidamas,  
Nurtur'd in Thrace for pastur'd herds renown'd ;  
Him Cisseus nourish'd in his early youth ; 225  
Cisseus maternal uncle, the lov'd sire  
Of fair Theano, and to manhood's prime  
Detain'd the youth, when he in marriage gave  
His daughter : but with martial glory fir'd,  
Iphidamas (his nuptial vow forgot) 230  
With twelve tall ships sought glory from the  
Greeks.

These at Percope station'd, he on foot  
Pursued his journey to the Trojan walls,  
And with Atrides dar'd the shock of arms.  
Him first the spear of dread Atrides miss'd 235

Erring: with utmost strength the Trojan chief  
His spear directed; on the well-wrought belt  
It struck with vehemence, yet pierc'd it not;  
The faithless point turning as lead aside.

Atrides seiz'd, and with a lion's force 240

Wrested the weapon from his feeble grasp,  
And with his faulchion smote his neck in twain:  
He falls, a lifeless corpse, and sleeps in death!

Ill-fated youth! aiding his country's cause,  
Far from his virgin wife, by him enrich'd 245  
With presents numberless, (himself, alas!

Of every boon depriv'd;) a hundred beeves  
He promis'd, and a thousand sheep and goats,  
For great his store. Him thus Atrides slew,  
And through the host his shining arms convey'd.

Not unobserv'd by Coon, eldest born 251

Of fam'd Antenor, who his brother's fate  
Deeply lamenting, near the king approach'd  
Unseen, and aim'd the wound; the unerring spear  
Beneath the elbow pierc'd Atrides' arm. 255

The hero shudd'ered; nathless he maintain'd  
The combat, and on Coon rush'd amain  
With lifted spear. Just then the pious youth,  
Dragging the corpse of slain Iphidamas,  
Shouted for aid, and call'd the Trojan chiefs. 260



Beneath his shield Atrides fix'd the spear,  
Then stretch'd him headless on his brother's chest  
With his broad faulchion : to the shades below  
Atrides thus Antenor's sons consign'd.

Again the hero through the ranks of war 265  
Spread desolation, or with spear or sword,  
Or stones of wondrous size, whilst from the wound  
The blood yet warmly flow'd ; when now it ceas'd,  
And the wound drying, caus'd acutest pains,  
Then fail'd the spirit of great Atreus' son. 270

As when sharp pains and agonizing throes  
The matron vex, by the Ilithyæ sent  
Daughters of Juno, who at births preside:  
Thus pains severe subdued Atrides' mind :  
Then mounted he his car, and to the ships 275  
His course directing, thus the Greeks address'd :  
“ Friends, princes, leaders of the Grecian host,  
“ Far from our ships avert the flames of war ;  
“ For me, Jove bids me from the fight retire.”

He spake ; and to the ships pursued his way :  
The willing steeds urg'd on their rapid course 281  
With foaming chests ; thick clouds of dust arose  
As from the fight they bore the wounded chief.

Not unobserv'd retir'd the Grecian king ;  
When Hector thus with animating speech 285

His troops address'd : " Trojans, and brave allies,  
 " Now be your courage, now your valour tried ;  
 " The bravest of the Greeks retires, and Jove  
 " To me the glory gives : then onward drive  
 " Your foaming coursers, and pursue the foe ; 290  
 " And be immortal glory your reward."

Thus he their courage and their strength renew'd.  
 And as the hunter slips his eager dogs  
 Or on the lion or the bristled boar ;  
 So Hector on the Greeks the Trojans urg'd, 295  
 And led them on like desolating Mars  
 Advancing to the war, as sudden blasts  
 Impetuous rushing blacken all the deep.  
 Say then who first beneath great Hector's spear,  
 So Jove ordain'd, who last his life resign'd. 300  
 Assæus first, Dolops, Autonus,  
 Opites, and the brave Hipponous,  
 Æsymnus, Orus and Opheltius,  
 Chiefs of renown ; then others of less note.

As when with sudden gust a western storm 305  
 Encounters in mid air the gath'ring clouds  
 By southern winds condens'd, the affrighted deep  
 With surge tremendous rolls the swelling tide,  
 And adverse blasts the foaming spray disperse ;  
 So Hector's fury swept the Grecian host. 310

Then had destructive and pernicious deeds  
And flight disgraceful stain'd the Grecian name,  
But Ithacus oppos'd, and thus bespoke  
Tydides: "Why, alas! do we forget  
" Our courage and our strength? Here let us stand:  
" Great were the shame should Hector seize our  
" ships." 316

Tydides thus replied: "Here will I stand  
" And will endure; yet vantage small I fear,  
" Since partial Jove to Hector gives the day."

He spake; and from his chariot to the ground 320  
Thymbræus fell'd; the spear transfix'd his chest:  
His faithful charioteer Molion next  
Ulysses slew; then left him on the plain;  
And rushing where the thickest ranks oppos'd,  
Destruction spread and death. As when two boars  
Resistless fierce, the numerous pack assail; 326  
So these the Trojan ranks. The Greeks meantime  
Whom Hector's sword dispers'd recov'ed breath.

Then slew they Merops' sons; one chariot bore  
The warriors through the ranks, for courage fam'd;  
Sons of Percosian Merops, who excell'd 331  
In deep prophetic lore, nor would permit  
His sons to tempt the dangers of the war.  
They disobey'd, stern Fate impell'd them on:

Whom Diomed of light and life depriv'd,  
And of their armour spoil'd. Ulysses slew  
Hippodamus and brave Hyperochus.  
When now from Ida's top Saturnian Jove  
Survey'd the field, and pois'd the doubtful war ;  
And equal deaths prevail'd. Tydides' spear 340  
Sore wounded in the hip Agastrophus,  
From Pæon sprung ; no horse, no chariot near  
To aid his flight ; ill-fated as he was !  
On foot the attempt is vain : he falls and dies.  
Hector perceiv'd, and led his Trojans on 345  
Shouting : Tydides saw the gath'ring storm,  
And anxious thus sage Ithacus address'd :  
“ Hither impetuous Hector wheels his course ;  
“ Here stand we, and united dare the fight.”  
He spake, and hurl'd his spear ; nor miss'd his aim,  
But on the helmet of the chief of Troy 351  
Smote full, yet pierc'd not through ; the plaited  
casque,  
Gift of Apollo, stopp'd its mighty force.  
Hector in haste retir'd : his bended knee  
And arm his weight supported : o'er his eyes 355  
Darkness prevail'd. Tydides to regain  
His spear pursuit delay'd ; for glanc'd aside,  
Deep in the ground was hid the glitt'ring point.

Hector meanwhile reviv'd, and in his car  
Vaulting, regain'd the ranks, escap'd from death. 360  
Nathless Tydides with uplifted spear  
Thus menaced the foe : " Detested chief,  
" Thou hast again escap'd, and scarcely so :  
" Phœbus hath sav'd thee, to whose awful pow'r  
" Thou pray'st when ent'ring mid the shock of  
" arms. 365

" Surely thou diest if we but meet again,  
" And some propitious god Tydides aid :  
" Others meantime shall satiate my revenge."

He spake ; and to the spoil of Pæon's son  
Hast'ned ; when Paris, beauteous Helen's choice,  
Prepar'd his bow : conceal'd behind the tomb 371  
Of Ilus, ancient senator, he stood.

Just then Tydides from Agastrophus  
The varied helmet and the pond'rous shield  
And corselet loos'ned. From the well-drawn bow  
Th' unerring arrow pierc'd the hero's foot, 376  
And fix'd it to the ground : Paris leap'd forth  
From his retreat, and thus in taunting guise  
Exulting spake : " Not fruitless was my aim,  
" And thou art wounded ; would to heav'n the  
" point  
" Were buried in thy heart, and drank thy life !

“ Then might the Trojans breathe awhile from ills,  
 “ Who dread thee as the flocks the lion’s rage.”

To whom undaunted, Diomed replied :

“ Vain archer! base deceiver of the sex! 385

“ Soon shalt thou find, if we but meet in arms,

“ Thy bow and arrows but a weak defence :

“ My foot thus slightly wounded be thy boast :

“ Women and children might such wounds inflict :

“ A coward’s weapon in contempt I hold. 390

“ But whom this spear but lightly touch, he dies ;

“ His wife and orphans him with tears lament,

“ Whilst in the blood-stain’d field his carcase rots,

“ To birds of prey than women far more dear.”

Thus spake Tydides : Ithacus meantime 395

Approach’d to shield his friend ; and seated near,

Drew forth the bitter arrow from the wound :

Sharp pains ensued ; when to his car the chief

Hast’ned, and to the ships pursued his way.

Ulysses on the field alone remain’d, 400

No Grecian near, fear urg’d them to base flight ;

When thus indignant, with his mighty soul

The chieftain converse held : “ To fly the foe

“ Though sorely prest, that were indeed disgrace !

“ Yet danger imminent if singly here 405

“ With numbers I contend ; since all our host

“ Are fled, by Jove himself with fear inspir’d.

“ Yet why this doubtful reasoning, O my soul!

“ The coward flies the danger of the field :

“ But he who knows in battle to excel, 410

“ Firmly maintains his ground, to fight or die.”

Whilst thus within himself he reasoning stood,  
The foe advanc’d, and near encircled round ;  
But to their own destruction. As when dogs  
And youthful hunters from the thicket rouse 415  
The foaming boar, forth rushing from his lair  
He whets his shining tusks, and champs with ire  
Gnashing his teeth; all-furious as he is,  
They firmly stand, and dare the monster’s force :  
So round Ulysses press’d the Trojan youth. 420  
He favour’d of the gods with fatal blow  
Deiopites through the shoulder pierc’d ;  
Then Thoon felt his force, and Ennomos :  
And now Chersidamas, as from his horse  
Alighting, just beneath his shield receiv’d 425  
The fatal wound ; and in the dust expir’d.  
Thus slain he left them, and on Charops rush’d,  
Brother of Socus, sons of Hippasus.  
Quick to his brother’s aid brave Socus flew,  
And near approaching Ithacus address’d : 430  
“ Illustrious chief, insatiate of toils,



“ This day two sons of Hippiasus shall fall  
 “ Beneath thy force, and yield their shining arms  
 “ Thy meed ; or this my spear thy life arrest.”

Thus saying, on the well-wrought shield he  
 smote ; 435

Through shield, through corselet pass'd the rapid  
 spear,

And pierc'd his side ; but Pallas check'd its force,  
 Nor suff' red it to enter and destroy.

Ulysses knew the wound of slight import,  
 And back retiring Socus thus address'd : 440

“ Ill-fated youth ! whom death with hasty  
 “ stride

“ Approacheth, thou hast caus'd me cease awhile

“ From battle ; yet this self-same day shall bring

“ Destruction on thy head, by me subdued ;

“ This spear shall send thee to the shades below.”

He spake ; when Socus hasty flight prepar'd ; 446

But in his back between the shoulders pass'd

The fatal spear ; transfixt he fell to earth ;

His armour rang : the victor thus resum'd :

“ Socus, renowned son of Hippiasus, 450

“ Thus end thy days, thus Fate hath seal'd thy  
 “ doom :

“ Thou mayst not now escape. Unfortunate !

“ No weeping parents shall thy eyelids close  
“ With decent rites ; the rav’nous bird of prey  
“ Shall tear thy flesh, clanging his horrid wings :  
“ But me when dead all Grecia will entomb.” 456

Thus having said, he from his wounded side  
And shield the spear of valiant Socus drew :  
The warm blood issuing sudden fear inspir’d.

The sons of Troy at sight of hostile blood 460  
Shouted exulting, and with added force  
Advanc’d : Ulysses slowly back retir’d,  
And loudly call’d for aid. Thrice loud as man  
His voice might raise he call’d, nor call’d in vain ;  
Him Menelaus brave in battle heard, 465  
And thus the Telamonian chief address’d :  
“ Illustrious Ajax, bulwark of our host,  
“ I hear the voice of prudent Ithacus,  
“ As though surrounded by the numerous foe :  
“ Then haste we to his aid : however brave, 470  
“ I tremble for his life, by numbers prest :  
“ Ulysses slain all Grecia would lament.”

He spake ; and led the way where heard the  
voice :

Him Ajax follow’d like a god in arms.  
Ulysses by the Trojans circled round 475  
They found. As wolves upon the mountain top

The wounded stag beset ; fixt in his side  
 The barbed shaft remains, though for a time  
 Whilst warm the blood he nimbly bound along ;  
 Fainting at length he falls, in the thick wood 480  
 An easy prey to their devouring jaws ;  
 Till by the lion suddenly surpris'd  
 They fly ; the lordly beast alone devours :  
 So round Ulysses fertile in resource  
 The Trojans numerous and brave advanc'd ; 485  
 His threat'ning spear wards off impending death.

Now with his pond'rous shield like to some tow'r  
 Ajax advanc'd : through fear, on every side  
 The Trojans fled : then from the battle's rage  
 The wounded chieftain Menelaus led 490  
 In safety to his car, which near them stood.

But Ajax rushing on the foe, slew first  
 Doryclus son of Priam, basely born ;  
 Then Pandocus : and now beneath his sword  
 Lysander, Pyrasus, Pylartes, fell. 495

As when the torrent swoln by sudden rains  
 Rolls from the mountain height its foaming tide,  
 The oak uprooted and the lofty pine  
 Are hurried down the steep, while to the sea  
 The impetuous deluge pours its turbid flood ; 500  
 So Ajax o'er the plain destruction spread,

Unknown to Hector. On Scamander's banks  
He wag'd the war, and there the field was strew'd  
With heroes slain, and endless tumult rose ;  
Where Nestor fought and brave Idomeneus. 505  
There Hector in the midst, in chariot now,  
And now on foot, superior courage show'd,  
And deeds of valorous emprise maintain'd.  
Nor then had Greece retir'd and left the field,  
But Paris with his barbed arrow smote 510  
Machaon mighty chief: the rapid shaft  
His shoulder pierc'd, and check'd his bold career.  
The Grecians trembled for the wounded chief;  
When thus Idomeneus: " Pride of our host,  
" Sage Nestor, hither with thy chariot haste ; 515  
" With speed Machaon to the ships convey.  
" Skill'd in the healing art above mankind,  
" Or to apply soft medicine, or extract  
" The barbed shaft ; his loss were great indeed !"  
He spake : nor disobey'd the Pylian sage, 520  
But in his car the wounded chief convey'd,  
Machaon, to the distant ships of Greece.  
Eftsoons Cebriones from far discern'd  
The Trojans routed on the distant plain,  
And Hector thus bespoke: " We in the rear 525  
" Maintain the doubtful fight, whilst in the van

“ The routed Trojans fly before the foe  
 “ In dread confusion : Ajax mighty chief  
 “ (I know his sev’nfold orb) spreads death around :  
 “ There hasten we where horse and foot engag’d  
 “ Conflicting fall, and madd’ning tumult reigns.”

He spake ; and scourg’d the foaming steeds along :  
 Through Greeks and Trojans bounds the rapid car ;  
 O’er shields, o’er heroes, fetlock deep in gore  
 The impetuous coursers rush : distain’d with blood  
 The axle groans beneath ; with blood the wheels,  
 The trappings, and the car, are purpled o’er.

Hector all-eager through the thickest ranks  
 Burst sudden : tumult through the Grecian files  
 Prevail’d and dread ; so rag’d the Hectorian spear.  
 Whole ranks discomfiting with spear or sword, 541  
 Or pond’rous stones, he rang’d the plain along ;  
 Yet dar’d he not with Ajax singly fight.  
 But Jove supreme the Grecian chief with fear  
 Inspir’d ; astonish’d and dismay’d awhile 545  
 He stood, and cast his sev’nfold orb behind ;  
 And turning oft survey’d the unequal fight ;  
 Retiring, but with tardy steps and slow.

And as when dogs and herdsmen from the stall  
 Repulse the lion’s strength, and through the night  
 Keeping strict watch, his purpose disappoint 551

And maw voracious ; nathless he endures  
By famine prest ; yet fruitless all his strength :  
Thick show'rs of arrows, and the flaming torch  
Which most he dreads, repel his bold attempt ; 555  
With light he to his den growling retires:  
So Ajax from the battle slow withdrew  
Reluctant, trembling for the Grecian fleet.

As the slow ass the growing crop invades,  
By boys oppos'd in vain ; nor frequent blows 560  
Prevent ; though still pursued he eats his fill,  
So puny their attack ; then scarce retreats :  
Thus Trojans and allies pursue the chief  
Of Telamonian race : the frequent spear  
Rings on his orbid shield : now on the foe 565  
Turning he rushes, and maintains the war  
Dauntless ; now fear persuades disgraceful flight.  
Yet not unmindful to protect the fleet,  
Between contending hosts he stands oppos'd,  
And bars the road, lest they the ships invade. 570  
Thrown from the hand of many a valiant chief,  
The frequent spear stands fixt within the shield ;  
Whilst others, ere they reach the destin'd mark,  
Fall in midway and lost in empty air.  
Whom when Eurypylus, Euæmon's son, 575  
Encumb'red thus with weapons numberless



Perceiv'd, forthwith approaching, with his spear  
 He Apisaon smote, chief of renown,  
 The son of Phausius : the fatal point  
 His liver pierc'd, and instant death ensued. 580

Eurypylus, intent to spoil the slain,  
 Rush'd forward : him the godlike Paris saw  
 Despoiling Apisaon, and prepar'd  
 His bow. The winged shaft unerring flew,  
 Pierc'd through his thigh, and breaking, left its  
 point 585

Deeply infixt. The wounded chief retir'd  
 Within the ranks again, avoiding death,  
 And loudly thus exclaim'd : " Friends, princes,  
 " chiefs,

" Now firmly stand, and from united foes  
 " Save Ajax sorely prest by hostile darts ; 590  
 " Or lost our mighty chief : then firmly stand."

Thus spake Eurypylus : with spears uprais'd  
 And shields opposing, onward rush'd the Greeks  
 And rallied round their chief, who slow retir'd ;  
 Then turning to the foe, with dauntless front 595  
 Stood : like devouring fire the battle rag'd.

Meantime the coursers of the Pylia chief  
 Convey'd Machaon to the Grecian ships.

Him as he pass'd divine Achilles knew,



As from his lofty vessel's stern he view'd  
The labour of the field and mournful flight,  
And to his friend Patroclus quickly call'd  
With elevated voice. He from his tent  
Issu'd like Mars; in evil hour, first source  
Of all his woes, and thus in answer said: 605  
“ Why calls Achilles, and with anxious voice ?”

When thus replied Achilles swift of foot :  
“ O Menoitides ! friend whom my soul  
“ Most values, most esteems, soon now I deem  
“ The Greeks will at my knees pour forth the  
“ pray'r 610  
“ And supplicate my aid, for great their need.  
“ Haste then, Patroclus, lov'd of Jove, inquire  
“ Whom Nestor from the battle wounded brought:  
“ Like to Machaon, Æsculapius' son,  
“ Passing he seem'd ; yet saw I not his face, 615  
“ So quickly flew the rapid steeds along.”

He spake : Patroclus, to his friend's request  
Obedient, hast'ned to the tents and ships.

And now the chiefs at Nestor's tent arriv'd.  
Eurymedon unyok'd the panting steeds ; 620  
Whilst they with heat oppress first sought the  
breeze

Fresh coming from the sea, and quick unbound

Their corselets, turning to the balmy gale ;  
 Then seated in the tent their limbs repos'd.  
 The grateful bev'rage Hecamede prepar'd, 625  
 Whom Nestor brought from Tenedos, destroy'd  
 By Peleus' son (Arsinous was her sire);  
 Her on the Pylian sage the Greeks bestow'd,  
 Of counsel best and wisest, just reward.

First she the well-wrought polisht table set, 630  
 (Of ebony the feet); then on it plac'd  
 A brazen charger which within contain'd  
 An onion highly flavour'd, sacred wheat  
 In purest meal, and honey from the comb.  
 Near this the cup she plac'd with gold embost : 635  
 (Nestor from Pylos brought this treasure rare ;  
 Four handles grac'd it, and on each were seen  
 Two doves in posture stooping as to drink,  
 And other two supporting form'd the base ;  
 No aged hand the cup when full might lift 640  
 Save Nestor only ; light to him the task.)

The nymph divine thus mix'd the grateful cup :  
 First grated cheese from goat's milk, Pramnian  
 wine

She mingled, and of wheat the purest meal :  
 Then to the chiefs presented ; who their thirst 645  
 Allaying, with each other converse held :

When at the tent Manœtius' son appear'd.  
Him Nestor saw, and from his seat uprose;  
And taking by the hand his valued friend,  
Welcom'd his coming. He with mildness thus 650  
His courtesy declin'd: " Illustrious sage,  
" No seat for me; nor will he brook delay,  
" Impetuous hasty, who hath sent me here  
" To learn whom wounded to the ships you  
    " bring.  
" I see Machaon; then permit return, 655  
" That I a faithful messenger may prove:  
" For well thou know'st, O venerable man!  
" Achilles prone to blame where blame is none."  
Nestor thus answ'rd: " Does he then lament  
" The wounded sons of Greece? He cannot know  
" The measure of those griefs our host endures.  
" Our bravest warriors or with sword or spear  
" Lie wounded at the ships: great Tydeus' son,  
" Illustrious Diomed; Ulysses skill'd himself  
" To hurl the spear: Atrides too 665  
" Is wounded sore, and brave Eurpylus,  
" His thigh transfix'd with a barbed shaft.  
" This friend I from the battle have convey'd  
" Thus wounded as you see. But Peleus' son,  
" Brave though he be, nor pities nor regards. 670

" Or waits he till the flames consume our ships  
 " Here on the strond ; whilst we, resistance vain,  
 " Are slaught' red heaps on heaps ? No longer  
     " now  
 " As heretofore my limbs firm strength possess.  
 " O could my youth return, and former strength,  
 " As when with Elis I the battle mov'd,           676  
 " To guard my spoils by lawful conquest gain'd !  
 " Then did this arm slay brave Itymoneus,  
 " Son of Hyperochus ; (in Elis dwelt  
 " The chief.) I drove away the num'rous spoils :  
 " But he in their defence my shaft receiv'd,   681  
 " And fell. The fright'ned herdsmen fled the  
     " field :  
 " We the rich booty from their pastures took ;  
 " Of oxen fifty herds, as many flocks  
 " Of sheep ; as many swine, and goats the same :  
 " Of mares one hundred fifty grac'd our spoils, 686  
 " Each with her foal. To Pylos these we drove  
 " By night. Neleus my sire rejoic'd to find  
 " Such treasures crown'd my first essay in arms.  
 " When now return'd, heralds aloud proclaim'd, 690  
 " That all who had on Elis just demands  
 " Should duly meet and the rich spoil divide,  
 " For much the Epeians ow'd. There was a time

- “ When Pylos much endur’d; her armies thinn’d  
“ By the victorious hand of Hercules, 695  
“ And all her chiefs in battle overthrown:  
“ I of twelve sons alone remain’d alive  
“ To Neleus. Then the Epeians swoln with pride  
“ Heap’d insult upon insult, wrongs on wrongs.  
“ A herd of oxen Neleus to his share 700  
“ Selected, and three hundred sheep; with these  
“ Their shepherds: (for to him much Elis ow’d.)  
“ Four steeds unrival’d in the Olympic games  
“ (Their prize a golden tripod) Neleus sent.  
“ Augeas, king of Elis, them detain’d, 705  
“ And sent the charioteer with insult home.  
“ Mov’d by these causes Neleus of the spoil  
“ A large proportion seiz’d, reprisal just;  
“ The rest as their demand the people shar’d:  
“ These I administ’red; and to the gods 710  
“ Due sacrifice prepar’d. Scarce had three days  
“ Elaps’d when they with horse and foot advanc’d,  
“ Their whole united force: Molion’s sons,  
“ Young, inexperienc’d, led the numerous host.  
“ High on a lofty rock Thryoessa stands, 715  
“ Near Alpheus’ stream, at the extremest bounds  
“ Of sandy Pylos: thither all her force  
“ Epeia sent to plunder and destroy.

“ When pass’d the plain, Minerva in the night  
 “ Summon’d to arms ; nor Pylos disobey’d,      720  
 “ All eager for the war. Neleus meantime  
 “ My steeds conceal’d, and strict forbad the war  
 “ To my unequal youth : on foot I went,  
 “ Nor yielded to the horse in deeds of arms  
 “ And valorous acts, for Pallas led the way.      725  
 “ Where Minyus near Arene pours its flood  
 “ Into old Ocean’s bosom, there encamp’d  
 “ The Pylian force waited approaching morn :  
 “ From thence we march’d to Alpheus’ sacred  
     “ stream,  
 “ All arm’d : there we to Jove supreme prepar’d  
 “ Due sacrifice : to Alpheus’ stream a bull ;      731  
 “ A bull to Neptune ; to the blue-ey’d maid  
 “ An untam’d heifer : then refresh’d our host,  
 “ And on the river’s margin slept in arms.  
 “ Intent on spoil the Epeians press’d the siege ; 735  
 “ Yet great the contest ere success might crown  
 “ Their hopes ; for when the sun arose, to Jove  
 “ And to Minerva we address’d the pray’r,  
 “ And to the onset rush’d. Both armies thus  
 “ Conflicting, first this hand slew Mulius,      740  
 “ Son of Augeas, Agamede’s spouse,  
 “ Of Actor eldest born ; and seiz’d his steeds :



- “ (Fair Agamede, skill’d each herb to trace  
“ Of healing pow’r which bounteous earth bestows:)  
“ Slain by my spear prone in the dust he fell: 745  
“ I leap’d into his car, and led the van.  
“ Then trembled all the Epeian host, and fled  
“ Routed; their chieftain fall’n though brave in  
“ arms.  
“ Then like the desolating tempest’s force  
“ I rush’d upon the foe. Full fifty cars 750  
“ I took; from each two warriors bit the dust,  
“ Slain by my spear: nor had Molion’s sons  
“ My force escap’d, but Neptune from the fight  
“ In thickest clouds involv’d, preserv’d their youth:  
“ Then Jove with honour crown’d the Pylian arms.  
“ O’er the wide plain with shields and armour  
“ strew’d, 756  
“ We slew the routed foe, and took the spoil:  
“ Nor stay’d till at Buprasium’s fields arriv’d,  
“ Th’ Olenian rock, Alesium, and the town  
“ Of fair Colone; there we stopp’d pursuit, 760  
“ So Pallas gave command; and there I slew  
“ The last Epeian. From Buprasium  
“ To Pylos we return’d. Jove first receiv’d  
“ Of gods the public thanks, then Neleus’ son  
“ Of men. Such was my youth. Achilles hides



“ His valour in revenge, with sorer grief  
 “ Hereafter to lament, when slain our host.  
 “ O friend! Manœtius gave you this advice  
 “ When he from Phthia to Atrides sent  
 “ Thee his lov’d son; (Ulysses and myself      770  
 “ Were there, and heard his words:) where Peleus  
     “ dwelt  
 “ Thither we hast’ned, earnest to collect  
 “ Th’ Achaian forces for our destin’d war.  
 “ Manœtius there, Achilles and thyself,  
 “ We found.    Peleus just then to Jove supreme  
 “ Due off’rings made, and from the golden cup 776  
 “ Pour’d rich libations on the smoking rites:  
 “ You too prepar’d the flesh: we stood without.  
 “ Achilles from his seat astonish’d rose,  
 “ And led us by the hand, and seating, gave    780  
 “ Courteous reception, as to strangers due.  
 “ After refreshment I the speech address’d,  
 “ Persuading you to aid us in the war:  
 “ Both eagerly engag’d.    Your prudent sires  
 “ Much admonition gave: ‘ Be brave, my son, 785  
 “ (Thus counsell’d Peleus,) ‘ and excel in arms.’  
 “ To you Manœtius, son of Actor, said,  
 “ ‘ My son, Achilles is of nobler birth,  
 “ ‘ But you are oldest; he in strength excels:

“ ‘Be it your care sage counsel to suggest, 790

“ ‘And to instruct his youth; he will obey.’

“ Your father thus: but you, alas! forget.

“ Yet even now, perchance, he will attend

“ Your words, should heav’n assist: still might you  
“ rouse

“ His soul to arms; much pow’r hath friendship’s

“ voice. 795

“ But if forewarn’d by oracles divine,

“ If Thetis, sent by Jove, forbid his aid,

“ Let him send forth his Myrmidons with thee,

“ If haply thou mayst aid our failing host,

“ Clad in his glitt’ring arms: with terror seiz’d,

“ Mistaking thee for him, all Troy would flee, 801

“ And our afflicted host might breathe awhile:

“ Fresh troops with ease the wearied foe may drive

“ Back to their city, from our ships and tents.”

Thus Nestor spake: his words impressive sank  
Deep in Patroclus’ breast. He hast’ned back 806

To Peleus’ son: when at the ships arriv’d

Of Ithacus, (for there by custom held

The chiefs their council, and the seat maintain’d

Of justice; there the altar of their gods,) 810

Just there Euæmon’s son, Eurypylus,

He met, sore wounded in the thigh, escap’d

Though lame, from battle: (drops of sweat, meantime,

Bedew'd his limbs, and from the rankling wound  
Fast flow'd the blood, yet unsubdued his mind.) 815  
Compassion touch'd his breast; he stopp'd, and thus  
In mournful words his suff'ring friend address'd:

“ Unhappy Grecian chiefs and counsellors!

“ Far from your friends, and from your country far,

“ Must you thus satisfy the savage beasts 820

“ On Trojan plains? Yet say, Eurypylus,

“ Doth Greece sustain the force of Hector's spear,

“ Or sink beneath his desolating arm?”

Eurypylus replied: “ No help remains,

“ Godlike Patroclus; no protection left 825

“ To save our fleet from the victorious foe;

“ Our chiefs all wounded, but their strength in-

“ creas'd:

“ Yet help me, and conduct me to my ship;

“ Extract the arrow's point, and cleanse my wound

“ With warm ablution and soft medicine 830

“ Of healing virtue; such as Chiron taught

“ Achilles, and to you by him made known:

“ Of those with us most skill'd, one at his tent,

“ Machaon, wounded, needs like aid himself;

“ And Podalirius still maintains the fight.” 835

To whom Menœtius' warlike son replied:

“ How may this be, Eurypylus? what steps

“ May I unblam'd pursue? To Peleus' son

“ I hasten, with important business charg'd

“ From Nestor, chief rever'd, our great support:

“ Yet must I not forget my valued friend 841

“ In this his need.” Thus saying, in his arms

Supporting to his tent the chief he led.

The servant strew'd the floor, and on the ground

Extended at his length the hero plac'd: 845

Patroclus from his thigh the painful shaft

Cut out; then cleans'd with water pure the wound,

And juice of bitter root well bruis'd applied,

Of sov'reign pow'r to heal, and all his pains

Sudden remov'd: the blood no longer flow'd. 850

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B O O K    X I I .

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THUS at the tents Menœtius' warlike son  
Heal'd the sore wound of brave Eurypylus :  
Each host meantime renew'd the dreadful fight :  
Nor might the fosse protect, nor ample wall  
Rais'd to secure the fleet from hostile force ;                    5  
No sacrifices paid to heav'nly pow'rs,  
That they might guard the ships and the rich spoils  
Within contain'd : begun with adverse heav'n  
No works of mortal man may long endure !  
Whilst Hector liv'd and sacred Troy remain'd,    10  
And swift Achilles cherish'd dire revenge,  
So long the Grecian wall remain'd entire :  
But when the bravest of the Trojan host  
Were slain, and sacred Troy to flames consign'd ;  
When the victorious Grecians back return'd                    15  
To their lov'd country, after loss severe,  
Then Neptune and Apollo overthrew  
The wall, and pour'd from Ida's lofty top  
The numerous streams : Rhesus, Heptaporus,

Caresus, Rhodius, and Æsepus' flood,  
Granicus, and Scamander's sacred stream ;  
And Simois, whose deep and gulfy tide  
Shields, helmets, rolls along, and godlike heroes  
slain.

Nine days Apollo turn'd their heady course  
Against the wall ; and with incessant rains      25  
Jove swell'd their streams, and delug'd with the sea  
The unhallow'd work ; Neptune strode on before,  
Bearing his trident : piles and massy stones  
Shook from their deep foundations, and o'erwhelm'd  
Sank in the flood. The labour of the Greeks      30  
Thus levell'd with the rapid Hellespont,  
The wall destroy'd, a sandy desert rang'd  
The coast along : each river then restor'd,  
Roll'd the pure stream along its wonted course :  
Phœbus and Neptune this to later times      35  
Reserv'd, and future days. Then rag'd the war  
With clamorous uproar around the wall  
Struck by the frequent spear ; whilst at their ships,  
By adverse Jove subdued, the Greeks remain'd,  
Dreading the approach of Hector's vengeful spear, 40  
Which dealt destruction like the whirlwind's force.

As when on dogs and hunters or the boar  
Or lion turns, and from his eyeballs rolls

Indignant fires, united they oppose  
The monster's force, and ply the frequent dart ; 45  
Nor terror nor affright his heart assails  
Though death await him ; sudden oft he turns,  
The yielding ranks give way nor wait the attack :  
Thus Hector mov'd tumultuous, and his host  
Urg'd to o'erleap the fosse, whilst at the brink 50  
The snorting steeds started, nor dar'd the assault ;  
So deep the trench, so difficult the pass,  
Guarded by palisadoes strong and large,  
Fixt by the Grecians to repel the foe :  
Thus rend'red or to chariot or to horse 55  
Impregnable. When now the bold emprise  
To infantry alone, as suited best,  
Polydamas assign'd, and thus address'd  
Hector with counsel just : “ Illustrious chief  
“ Of Troy, and all ye leaders and allies, 60  
“ Unwisely with our horse do we attempt  
“ The fosse, of access dangerous, with stakes  
“ Sharp'ned thick set, and by the Grecian wall  
“ Defended, where no horse may well engage,  
“ Pent in, to missive weapons most expos'd : 65  
“ But if great Jove to Greece destruction send ;  
“ If he assist the Trojans, (and may Heav'n  
“ Propitious hear, and grant my earnest pray'r!)



“ O may they perish from their country far,  
“ And be this glorious day the last of Greece! 70  
“ But should they turn again; should they repulse  
“ Our troops hemm’d in between the fosse and wall,  
“ Scarce might a messenger escape to Troy  
“ With tidings of our sad discomfiture.  
“ Attend what I advise: here by the fosse 75  
“ Let horse and chariot stand in order rang’d,  
“ Whilst we all arm’d on foot rush on the foe,  
“ And Hector lead the way; they will not long  
“ Sustain the attack; o’er their devoted heads  
“ Stern fate impends, and dark destruction low’rs.”

Thus spake the chief; nor Hector disapprov’d, 81  
But leap’d all armed from his glitt’ring car;  
By his example led, each Trojan chief  
Dismounting gave in charge that at the fosse  
His chariot and his steeds should ready stand: 85  
On foot they form’d, and all in order rang’d  
Five columns deep, waited their chiefs’ commands.  
Led on by Hector and Polydamas,  
The bravest Trojans, eager to engage,  
Anticipate success even at the ships 90  
The feeble barrier pass’d. Cebriones  
With these march’d on; the chariot and the steeds  
Left with some warrior of inferior note,

So Hector gave command : and next to these  
Paris, Agenor, and Alcatous. 95

Deiphobus and Helenus led on  
The third division, Priam's noble sons,  
With Asius, valiant son of Hyrtacus,  
Whom the bright coursers of superior size  
From Selle's stream and fair Arisbe bore. 100

Æneas next, Anchises' warlike son,  
Led on his martial bands ; with whom advanc'd  
Archelochus and Acamas, the sons  
Of brave Antenor, skill'd in feats of arms :  
Sarpedon next led on the allies of Troy, 105  
With Glaucus and Asteropæus, chiefs  
Of high renown, and fam'd for martial deeds.

And now with shields compact in firm array  
Onward they mov'd, with ardent courage fir'd,  
To storm the camp and burn the Grecian fleet. 110

Thus Trojans and allies obey'd the voice  
And prudent counsel of Polydamas ;  
Asius, the valiant son of Hyrtacus,  
Alone refus'd to quit his glitt'ring car :  
Eager the foremost to pursue the foe 115

Routed, and pour destruction on the fleet,  
Improvident ! nor might he thus avert  
Impending fate ; nor might the steeds, his pride,

Convey him back to Ilium's lofty walls,  
Slain by the spear of great Idomeneus. 120  
First to the left he steer'd his rapid course,  
Where to the camp and ships a portal stood  
Of access easy, open to receive  
And save the wounded or retreating foe.  
Thither he furious drove: his troops pursued 125  
And shouted loud, with ardent hope elate  
To slay the routed Greeks, and burn their ships.  
Unwisely! at the gates two chiefs they found,  
Sons of the Lapithæ; Leonteus this,  
That Polypœtes nam'd, of matchless force; 130  
Before the gate they stood. As lofty oaks,  
Pride of the forest, on the mountain's brow  
Deep-rooted stand unmov'd amid the storm  
And tempest of the sky from age to age;  
So these, confiding in their hardy strength 135  
And prowess, stood unmov'd, and brav'd the attack  
Of Asius, whose confederate bands with shields  
Uplifted, to the wall shouting advanc'd;  
Asius, Orestes, and Iamenos,  
Ænomaus, Thoön, Athamas, their chiefs. 140  
The daring sons of Lapithæ within  
The walls exhort the Greeks to guard their ships;  
But, when advanc'd the foe, and tumult reign'd

And fear appall'd the Greeks, then forth they rush'd  
Undaunted, and alone sustain'd the war. 145

As two wild boars, who in the mountain brave  
The hunters' shouting and the cry of dogs,  
Obliquely rushing down the woody steep,  
Uproot the forest with their foaming tusks  
Champing, till, pierc'd by numerous strokes, they  
die ; 150

So on their breast sounded the shining brass  
Smote by the frequent spear ; so bravely dar'd  
The dauntless sons of Lapithæan race  
Encourag'd by their friends, who from the walls  
And battlements hurl'd show'rs of pond'rous stones,  
If haply they might guard their tents and ships 156  
From threat'ned ruin : thick as pelting hail  
Pour'd from the low'ring tempest on the ground,  
Borne by the force of winds ; so from each host  
The missive weapons pour, from frequent strokes  
Helmets and shields resound on every side. 161

Then deeply groaning with indignant rage  
Thus Asius rash exclaim'd : " And art thou false,  
" Great Jove? for such I deem thee, since the foe  
" Dare thus resist our arms. As wasps or bees 165  
" Which by some road have form'd their hollow  
" nest,

“ And pour in numbers to defend their young ;  
“ So from the gate, disdaining base retreat,  
“ Two chiefs alone our numerous forces brave,  
“ Nor yield till slain or captur’d in the field.” 170  
Thus Asius spake : but not by words like  
these

Was chang’d the mind of Jove, intent to give  
The honour of that day to Hector’s arm.  
Nor there alone, but at each several gate  
Conflicting arms engag’d, which to recount 175  
Were difficult, unless some pow’r divine  
The song inspire ; for through the whole extent  
Of wall the battle as consuming fire  
Rag’d, whilst by hard necessity impell’d  
The sorrowing Grecians guarded still their ships,  
And favouring deities their fate deplor’d. 181

Now the dread Lapithæ to battle mov’d.  
First Polypœtes pierc’d the brazen casque  
Of Damasus ; the spear transfix’d the bone,  
Ent’red the brain, and staid his bold career : 185  
Pylon and Ormenos then breathless fell  
Beneath his sword. Leonteus through the belt  
Wounded Hippomachus ; then rushing on  
The crowded ranks, first with his faulchion slew  
Antiphatus ; then Menon felt his force ; 190

Orestes next, and brave Iamenos,  
In quick succession dying, heap'd the plain.

Whilst these victorious reap'd the glitt'ring spoils,  
The braver Trojans crowded round their chiefs  
Polydamas and Hector, fully bent 195

To force the pass and burn the ships with fire.

Whilst yet debating at the fosse they stood

Impatient for the fight, the bird of Jove

Aloft in air between each host appear'd,

Whose talons grasp'd a serpent's scaly form 200

Of size enormous, bleeding yet alive,

And eager for revenge ; with sudden turn

Writhing its tortuous folds, beneath the breast

It fix'd the wound : pain'd by the sudden stroke

Before the Trojan chiefs he dropp'd his prey, 205

And loudly screaming wing'd his rapid flight.

Whilst each beholder terror-struck survey'd

The speckled monster, signal of high Jove,

Polydamas great Hector thus address'd :

“ Hector, my sentiments you often blame 210

“ Though just and right ; yet would it ill become

“ A citizen in council or in war

“ Other advice to give than what might aid

“ Thy pow'r, and vindicate his country's cause :

“ So will I now declare what seemeth best. 215

“ No further let us urge this vain attack :  
“ Mark but the event. If, as I deem, the bird  
“ Of Jove be sent a token to our host,  
“ Whose talons grasp’d a serpent’s scaly form  
“ Of size enormous, bleeding yet alive, 220  
“ But dropp’d his prey ere at his nest arriv’d,  
“ Nor gave it to his young ; so surely we,  
“ Though burst the solid gates and pass’d the wall  
“ By force superior, though repuls’d the Greeks ;  
“ Yet from the ships shall foul discomfiture 225  
“ By the same road drive back our routed host,  
“ And many heroes fall beneath the foe  
“ Contending at the ships : who reads the signs  
“ This truth must know, and what he knows de-  
“ clare.”

When Hector sternly thus : “ Polydamas, 230  
“ Thy counsel pleaseth not ; thou might’st advise  
“ Far better ; or if this thou deemest best,  
“ And spoken from the heart, some adverse god  
“ Hath of intelligence thy mind bereft.  
“ Wouldst thou that I reject Jove’s high behest,  
“ His nod propitious, his direct command, 236  
“ To follow what ? the devious flight of birds  
“ On airy pennons borne : I heed them not,  
“ Whether to hail the orient beam of light



“ Eastward they take their course; or to the west,  
“ To darkness and to night: we Him alone  
“ Obey who reigns o’er gods and men supreme:  
“ One omen to defend my country’s cause  
“ My soul acknowledgeth both first and best.  
“ What! dost thou dread the war? thou need’st  
“ not fear: 245

“ Though we all perish at the Grecian ships,  
“ Thy coward heart will never dare the fight.  
“ Yet note it well: shouldst thou or fly thyself,  
“ By fancied omens led, or others move  
“ To flight, this spear shall fix thee to the ground.”

He spake, and led them on: with clamorous  
shouts

They followed: when from Ida’s lofty top  
The mighty Thund’rer sent a chilling blast  
Full on the ships; the dust in whirlwind flew,  
And damp’d the spirit of the Grecian host: 255  
Whilst by the favourable omen led,  
The Trojan chiefs anticipate success  
And storm the wall. The lofty battlements,  
The massy piles displac’d on every side,  
In ruins fall. Nathless the Grecian host 260  
Maintain their ground, and by their orb’d shields  
Protected, from the wall repel the foe:

Each Ajax rallies, and from tow'r to tow'r  
Their courage rouses, and exhorts to arms  
Or by persuasive words or threats severe: 265

“ Brave Grecians, ye who most excel in arms ;  
“ And ye, since various are the gifts of heav'n,  
“ Who fill the humbler walks, most urgent need,  
“ As well ye know, demands the aid of all :  
“ Here then defend your ships, nor once look back ;  
“ Right onward press the foe, with one consent 270  
“ Uniting : yet again propitious Jove  
“ May crown our efforts with desir'd success,  
“ And drive our enemies again to Troy.”

Thus they the Greeks exhorted to the fight. 275  
As when great Jove prepares the winter's storm  
Of snow, thick flakes on every side descend,  
The weapons of the god ; and every wind  
Is hush'd asleep ; the lofty mountain top,  
Each craggy summit, each projecting rock, 280  
The fertile plain and cultivated fields  
Are cov'red o'er ; each port and winding shore,  
All but the wasteful ocean, when the storm  
Of angry Jove frequent and thick descends :  
So flew from either host thick show'rs of stones, 285  
From Trojan now, and now from Grecian hands  
Thrown vehement ; and noise and tumult reign'd.

Nor then had Hector burst the pond'rous gates  
And massy bars, but that all-pow'rful Jove  
Inspir'd with martial flame his godlike son      290  
Sarpedon to attack the Grecian wall :  
Forthwith his shield he high in air advanc'd,  
Of curious workmanship, whose brazen folds  
Thick hides inclos'd, whose orb with studded gold  
Encircled shone, high polish'd, beautiful,      295  
Wrought by no common hand ; then onward mov'd  
Grasping two spears. As from the mountain's brow  
The famish'd lion to the plain descends  
Dauntless, by hunger urg'd to boldest deeds ;  
Now tries the stall, though herdsmen arm'd appear,  
And dogs and weapons guard the shelt' red herd, 301  
Yet doth he scorn retreat, nor quits the stall,  
But or the fence o'erleaping, rends his prey,  
Or wounded in the dangerous conflict dies :  
Urg'd by the love of fame, by glory fir'd,      305  
Divine Sarpedon then the wall attack'd,  
Eager to storm the breach, and thus bespoke  
Glaucus, the son of brave Hippolochus :

“ Why, Glaucus, do we hold the foremost seats

“ And highest honours at the festive board ?      310

“ The choicest viands and the flowing cup

“ In Lycia ? why as gods admir'd by all ?

- “ And large possessions hold by Xanthus’ stream,  
“ Fertile in vinyards and the yellow crop  
“ Of golden Ceres? It behoves us then 315  
“ As chiefs in Lycia to excel in fight,  
“ And foremost dare the dangers of the field ;  
“ That all amongst the Lycian bands may say,  
“ ‘ Our chiefs deserve those honours they receive,  
“ ‘ Nor feast inglorious at their country’s cost, 320  
“ ‘ Quaffing rich wine, but dare the battle’s rage,  
“ ‘ In honour first, and first in deeds of arms.’  
“ Might we, my friend (escap’d this dang’rous war),  
“ Live privileg’d from age, and be as gods  
“ Immortal, I should not thus rashly fight, 325  
“ Nor urge thee to this hazardous emprise ;  
“ But now, since thousand deaths on every side  
“ Encompass us around, which or to fly  
“ Or to avoid is not for mortal man,  
“ Let us advance, and glory be the prize.” 330

Thus spake the chief; nor Glaucus disobey’d,  
But onward led the numerous Lycian bands :  
Whom when Menestheus, son of Peteus, saw,  
(For to his post direct they bent their march,)  
With fear assail’d he turn’d his eager looks 335  
If haply he might find some warrior chief  
To aid the doubtful war and check the foe.

The valiant son of Telamon he saw,  
And Teucer ; yet to call them was in vain ;  
So great the noise, such shouting rent the air, 340  
And shields and helmets from the frequent stroke  
Of spears resounded : so at every gate  
The conflict dire prevail'd ; so press'd the foe,  
Eager on every side to force their way,  
And entrance gain ; when to Thoötes thus 345  
Menestheus spake : “ Hasten with speed and call,  
“ O blameless herald, either Ajax here :  
“ Urgent the need, for this way tends the foe,  
“ And havoc is at hand ; the Lycian chiefs  
“ This way tumultuous march as heretofore 350  
“ With force impetuous, eager to engage :  
“ But, should the conflict there demand their stay,  
“ Let Telamonian Ajax lend his aid,  
“ And Teucer skill'd to aim the fatal shaft.” 355  
He spake : Thoötes hast'ned to obey,  
And thus the Telamonian chief address'd :  
“ Illustrious warrior, bulwark of our host,  
“ Brave Peteus' son Menestheus craves your aid  
“ At yonder tower to repel the assault :  
“ Urgent the need, for thither tends the foe, 360  
“ And havoc is at hand ; the Lycian chiefs  
“ Thither as heretofore tumultuous march

“ With force impetuous, eager to engage :

“ But, should the conflict here your stay demand,

“ Let Telamonian Ajax thither go, 565

“ And Teucer, skill'd to aim the fatal shaft.”

He spake : nor Ajax disobey'd his voice,  
But to Oïleus' son these words address'd :

“ Ajax, do you with Lycomedes here

“ The Greeks encourage, and maintain the fight ;

“ I yonder go to aid the doubtful war ; 371

“ The foe repuls'd I will again return.”

Thus saying he departed, and with him  
Teucer (whose well-wrought bow Pandion bore),  
A grateful succour to the wearied troops 375  
With Mnestheus, at whose post sore press'd they  
fought.

The Lycian chiefs, impetuous as the storm,  
Scal'd the high battlements, and urg'd the assault  
With furious onset and the shout of war.

First with a stone of more than common size 380  
Ajax Epicles slew, Sarpedon's friend ;  
A fragment of the wall ; scarce from the ground  
The strongest youth in these degenerate days  
Might raise the cumbrous mass : high pois'd in air  
He bore aloft, then hurl'd it on the foe, 385  
Whose casque receiv'd, nor might sustain the force,

In pieces crusht, it mash'd the bone within ;  
And, as a diver, from the tow'r he fell.  
Then Glaucus, son of brave Hippolochus,  
By Teucer wounded, from the fight withdrew ; 390  
When rushing to the wall the barbed shaft  
Pierc'd through his arm : back from the wall he  
    leap'd  
Unnotic'd, lest the foe should insult add  
And boasting words. Yet did Sarpedon grieve,  
His friend thus wounded : nathless he renew'd 395  
The conflict, and Alcmaon with his spear  
Transfix'd : headlong he fell, his armour rang.  
Nor staid Sarpedon, but with utmost strength  
Grasping the embattled wall, forthwith he dragg'd  
The cumbrous ruin smoking to the ground ; 400  
The wid'ned breach appear'd : there Ajax staid,  
And Teucer, his assault, withs pear and shaft ;  
This through the well-wrought belt, (but Jove his son  
Protecting sav'd, nor suff'ered at the ships  
To fall,) that on his orbed shield with force 405  
Great Ajax smote, and staid his fierce attack :  
He ceas'd awhile, yet did he scorn retreat,  
For glory led him on, but thus his troops  
Exhorted : " Do ye then remit the fight,  
" O Lycians! and to me alone consign 410



“ The perilous emprise to force a way

“ E’en to the ships? then follow where I lead :

“ Where numbers aid, the work succeedeth best.”

He spake : the Lycians shouting press’d around  
Their chief ; nor less the Greeks within the wall  
Their force collected : arduous was the fight ; 416  
For neither might the Lycians to the ships  
A passage gain, nor might the Greeks repulse  
The Lycian phalanx to the wall advanc’d.

As when two men, tenacious of their right 420  
(Their measure and their tallies in their hands),  
In common field dispute the unsettled claim,  
And for small portion earnestly contend :  
So at the wall conflicting hosts engag’d,  
The battlements dividing each from each. 425  
Corselets and shields and helmets from the strokes  
Resounded ; blood on every side appear’d,—  
Or where retreat stain’d with disgraceful wound,  
Or through the opposing shield the weapon flew  
Resistless in its course : with blood the tow’rs, 430  
With blood the battlements are cov’red o’er,  
And Greeks and Trojans equal loss sustain.  
As when some poor but honest hand suspends  
The levell’d scales and weighs the fleecy yarn,  
The daily task, the careful matron’s work, 435

Whose labour thus her children's wants supplies ;—  
So doubtfully the fight suspended stood,  
Nor either host prevail'd : when mighty Jove  
To Hector gave the glory of the day,  
To force the barrier and to burst the gates, 440  
Who thus his troops encourag'd to the assault :

“ Now warlike Trojans, to the breach once more!

“ Now break we through, and burn their ships with  
“ fire

“ Unquenchable!” He spake, and led them on :  
Encourag'd by his words, in close array 445  
Right on they march'd, and with uplifted spears  
The battlements assail'd, and scal'd the wall.

Then Hector seiz'd a stone of wondrous size,  
Rough, pointed, craggy, near the gate it lay ;  
Not two the strongest swains might from the ground  
With ease uplift and place it on the wain 451  
As men are now ; he rais'd it high in air,  
For Jove had made it light ; the shepherd thus  
Bears the rich fleece with ease, nor feels its weight :  
So Hector to the well-constructed gates, 455  
Whose massy bars with double bolt secur'd  
The lofty portal, bore the enormous mass  
Advancing near, then with collected force  
Straining each nerve discharg'd the cumbrous load.

Riv'n by its weight the solid planks gave way,  
The brazen hinges burst; within the gates 461  
Borne by its force the craggy ruin fell.

Then Hector, dreadful as the shades of night,  
Rush'd through the breach, from his resplendent  
arms

Of polisht brass blaz'd terror and dismay; 465  
Two spears aloft he bore; nor less than gods  
Had check'd his course, so fierce his eye-balls glar'd;  
Then bade advance his host and scale the walls;  
They o'er the battlements or through the gate  
Obedient to his voice rush'd on amain. 470

The routed Greeks retreated to their ships;  
Tumult and noise, and shouting rent the sky.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.





THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED

INTO

*ENGLISH BLANK VERSE*

By THE REV. JAMES MORRICE, A. M.

LATE STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
RECTOR OF BETSHANGER, IN THE COUNTY OF KENT,  
AND VICAR OF FLOWER, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

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# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

GEORGE THE THIRD

BY

JOHN GAY, ESQ.  
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.  
OF THE BARR

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BOOK XIII.

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WHEN Jove the Trojans and their mighty chief  
Had to the ships impell'd, there to endure  
The dang'rous conflict and the toils of war;  
To Thracia's fertile land he bent his view,  
Where the Hippemolgi and the Mysians 5  
Securely dwell, for temperance far fam'd  
And justice, and unusual length of days:  
Nor turn'd his eyes to Troy; nor could he deem  
The gods, unmindful of his high behest,  
Would or the Trojans or the Grecians aid. 10

But Neptune on a lofty mountain's brow  
In Samothracia sat, where o'er the deep  
The lofty forest nods; Ida from thence,  
The Trojan city and the Grecian ships  
Appear'd in view: emerging from the sea 15  
There staid the potent god, with grief oppress

And anger ; at the sad discomfiture  
Of Greece indignant, and the partial aid  
Of Jove supreme : he saw, nor view'd in vain  
The battle's rage, and Jove's averted eyes. 20

Then from the steep descending, on he mov'd ;  
The forest trembled and the mountain shook  
Beneath his feet : right onward thrice he strode,  
The fourth at Ægæ rests : in the deep bay  
His glitt'ring palace stands, incorruptible, 25  
With gems and gold inlaid : thither arriv'd,  
He to the chariot yok'd his foaming steeds  
With brazen hoofs, and manes waving with gold.  
Now clad in arms of gold he mounts his car,  
And speeds his course o'er ocean's swelling flood ; 31  
Around their monarch, from the deep abyss,  
Huge whales rejoicing sport in mazy rounds ;  
As o'er the gladd'ning surface of the deep  
The chariot glides the parting waves among,  
Unting'd the axle : such the rapid flight 35  
Of steeds immortal to the Grecian ships.

Near Tenedos and Imbrus' rocky shore,  
Deep in the bosom of the wat'ry main  
A spacious cavern lies ; there Neptune staid  
His coursers, from the rapid car unloos'd ; 40  
They with ambrosia fed, and tied with chains

Of gold indissoluble, wait their king,  
Who to the Grecian army bent his way.

Like fire the Trojans, or the gath'ring storm,  
Round Hector pour'd, shouting; to burn the ships  
Impatient, and the routed Greeks destroy. 46

When Neptune rising forth from Ocean's bed,  
In shape and voice like Calchas, thus the chiefs  
Of Greece address'd: " Brave sons of Telamon,  
" Now be your courage rous'd, nor think of flight:  
" Time was when I despis'd the force of Troy, 51  
" Though storm'd our wall; for Grecia soon had  
" check'd

" Their onset fierce: but now my fears forebode  
" Some great disaster; like devouring flames  
" Hector leads on, boasting descent from Jove. 55  
" Oh! might some deity your minds inspire  
" Firmly to stand, and bravely dare the foe,  
" Then might you drive him, furious though he be,  
" Back from your ships, though urg'd by Jove him-  
" self."

Thus Neptune; and each breast with courage  
fir'd, 60

And with his potent sceptre's magic touch  
Imparted strength and vigour to their limbs:  
As when the falcon from some lofty crag



With rapid flight pursues his timid prey;  
So Neptune rushing left the wond'ring chiefs. 65

When Oileus, not unconscious of the god,  
Ajax address'd: "Some heav'nly pow'r benign,  
" In form like Calchas, bids us guard our ships;  
" No mortal this, I knew his parting step  
" A god confess'd: his energy divine 70  
" With more than mortal courage fires my soul."

To whom the mighty Telamonian chief:  
" I too with renovated force thus grasp  
" My spear exulting; vigour steels my arm,  
" And courage fills my breast: O might I meet  
" And combat now the boasted chief of Troy!" 76

Thus spake they; eager for the dreadful fight,  
For Neptune them inspir'd. 'Then to the rear  
To rouse their drooping spirits mov'd the god.  
They at their ships, with heavy toil fordone, 80  
Rested their weary limbs, opprest with grief  
To see within the wall the Trojan host  
Victorious: at the sight tears fill'd their eyes,  
Despairing of escape: them Neptune saw,  
Their spirits rous'd, and arm'd them to the fight. 85  
Teucer he thus address'd, and Leïtus,  
Peneleus, Thoas, and Deïpyrus,  
Meriones and brave Antilochus,

And thus encourag'd : " Shame, O Grecians! shame;  
" You on whose valour to defend our ships 90  
" I trusted most ; should you the contest shun,  
" Then are we lost indeed ! and Troy exults  
" In our disgrace. This day, this fatal day,  
" The Trojan conquers ; with astonishment  
" I see, what otherwise all belief had pass'd, 95  
" Those at our ships, who whilom like the deer  
" Trembling the woods among, or to the lynx  
" Or spotted pard, or the voracious wolf,  
" An easy prey resistless yield their lives,  
" Nor dare the contest. Thus the Trojan host 100  
" Erewhile the battle shunn'd, nor with the Greeks  
" Confronted dar'd the hazard of the war,  
" Nor the dread onset for a moment stood.  
" But now, far distant from the walls of Troy,  
" E'en at our ships they brave the shock of arms.  
" For this Atrides may be justly blam'd : 106  
" Yet do the Grecians merit deep reproach,  
" Who will not, such their anger to their king,  
" Or guard the ships or save themselves from death.  
" What though Atrides be indeed to blame, 110  
" And greatly too, in that he hath disgrac'd  
" Achilles mighty chief, shall we be said  
" Like cowards to desert our country's cause ?

“ Let us forgive ; to noble minds alone  
“ Forgiveness doth belong : be then no more 115  
“ Remiss : it is not well that you, the best  
“ And bravest of our host, the conflict shun.  
“ I can forgive the coward when he flies,  
“ As one beneath my notice ; but for you !  
“ I feel unusual anger swell my breast, 120  
“ Nor call you men : soon will such conduct base  
“ On your devoted heads destruction bring.  
“ Be then alive to shame and to revenge ;  
“ For great the contest : Hector at the ships  
“ Now deals destruction ; levell’d to the ground 125  
“ Our gates and massy bars in ruin lie.”

Thus Neptune rous’d the Grecians to the fight,  
Who, rallying round their chiefs, in dread array  
Stood firm ; nor had Minerva or the god  
Of war himself their martial order blam’d : 130  
For there the bravest of the Grecian host  
Waited the Trojan arms, and fierce attack  
Of Hector, valiant chief : so close their ranks,  
Spears, shields, and helmets clash’d, and man with  
man ;  
And nodding plumes the glitt’ring casques upon 135  
Wav’d numberless, and shed a fearful light :  
Each warrior grasp’d his spear, and burnt for war.

The Trojans onward rush'd, for Hector led  
To battle. From the craggy mountain's side  
A fragment, loos'ned by the winter's storm, 140  
Thus rolls precipitous, and thunders down  
The woods among, resistless in its fall ;  
The levell'd forest marks its wasting path,  
Till on the plain it stops, to roll no more :  
So Hector rush'd along, and to the sea 145

And ships pursued his way, with fell intent  
And threat of slaughter : him the phalanx firm  
Check'd sudden, and with sword and lifted spear  
Opposing, staid his desolating course ;  
When to the Trojans thus he loudly call'd: 150

“ Trojan and Lycian and Dardanian chiefs,  
“ Stand firm ; they may not long resist my force  
“ Though form'd their phalanx like a tow'r in  
“ strength ;  
“ This sword shall cause retreat, if, as I deem,  
“ Great Jove himself hath arm'd me to the fight.”

Thus he their courage and their strength renew'd.  
Foremost of these, of Priam's royal race,  
Protected by his shield, in martial guise  
With hasty step Deïphobus advanc'd.  
Him with his spear Meriones assail'd, 160  
Nor miss'd his aim, but smote his orb'd shield ;

The shiv'ed lance fell useless to the ground :  
Deïphobus with shield projected shunn'd  
The well-aim'd lance of brave Meriones,  
Not without fear. Meantime the Grecian chief 165  
Retir'd indignant ; broken short his lance,  
And lost his hope of vict'ry and success :  
Then to the ships and tents he hast'ned on  
For other arms, and a more certain spear.

Eftsoons the battle and the din of war 170  
Increas'd. First Teucer slew the warlike son  
Of Mentor, fam'd for breed of gen'rous steeds ;  
In fair Pedæum dwelt the ill-fated youth  
Imbrius, ere yet the Grecian ships arriv'd ;  
Medesicaste grac'd the warrior's bed ; 175  
Of Priam's line, yet of ignoble birth.

But when the fleet of Greece possess'd the coast,  
To Troy he hast'ned and with Priam dwelt,  
In honour great, and first in deeds of arms.  
Him Teucer overthrew ; beneath his ear 180  
The jav'lin ent'red ; as some lofty beech  
He fell, which on the craggy mountain's side  
The sturdy woodman levels to the ground :  
Thus Imbrius fell ; his glitt'ring armour rang.

The victor hast'ned to despoil the slain, 185  
But Hector's spear forbade : this Teucer saw,

And, quick retiring, shunn'd the fatal stroke ;  
Amphimachus receiv'd the pointed steel ;  
Pierc'd through the chest he fell : the Trojan chief  
To spoil the son of Cteatus advanc'd ; 190  
When Ajax interpos'd, and hurl'd his spear  
With more than usual force ; but clad in arms  
Of panoply complete, Hector receiv'd  
On his broad shield the Telamonian spear,  
Which ent'red not, yet check'd the hero's force ;  
Who, quick retiring, to the victor foe 196  
The bodies and the spoil indignant left.  
The Athenian chiefs Mnestheus and Stichius  
Bore off Amphimachus, and Imbrius  
To Telamon's brave sons a prize remain'd. 200

As two fell lions from the hunter's dogs  
Through the thick wood aloft in air convey  
The slaught' red goat ; so these the lifeless corpse  
Of Imbrius, whose head the avenging steel  
Of Oileus sev' red, angry for the loss 205  
Of brave Amphimachus, and hurl'd it down,  
Till at great Hector's feet in dust it lay.

Then anger seiz'd the monarch of the main,  
His grandson slain in battle : to the tents  
And ships he hast'ned to inspire the Greeks 210  
With courage, and to heap disgrace on Troy.



Him met Idomeneus as from his friend  
He came, whom wounded his associates bore  
From the dread conflict. To the skilful aid  
Of hand medicinal he first consign'd 215  
His suff'ring friend, then hast'ned to the war.  
Him Neptune thus address'd, in voice and mien  
Like Thoas most, Andraemon's warlike son  
Who reign'd o'er Pleuron and the rocky site  
Of Calydon, in honour and renown 220  
Preeminent: "O brave Idomeneus,  
" Chief of the Cretan bands, where now the threats  
" Which erst we pour'd forth on the sons of Troy?"  
To whom Idomeneus: "No blame I deem,  
" O Thoas, to our valiant chiefs belongs, 225  
" Whom neither fear nor cowardice detains  
" From this unequal contest; but the will  
" Of Jove prevails, who here hath seal'd our doom.  
" Yet, Thoas, since in war thou dost excel,  
" And know'st firm courage to impart, and arm 230  
" Whom most remiss you find, lead on to war."  
When Neptune thus replied: "Brave Cretan  
" chief,  
" O never may that man from Troy return,  
" But fall to vultures and to dogs a prey,  
" Who on this signal day the battle shuns! 235



“ Then haste we on : arm, arm we to the fight :

“ United strength might nerve a coward’s arm ;

“ But we are us’d to deeds of high renown.”

Thus Neptune spake, and mingled in the war.

Then to his tent advanc’d the Cretan chief, 240

And cloth’d in shining arms his warlike limbs ;

Two spears his hand adorn’d ; thus to the ranks

Forth rush’d the chieftain : like the lightning’s  
blaze

He shone, hurl’d by the angry hand of Jove,

Signal to mortal man, with vivid ray 245

Of woe portentous : thus resplendent shone

The radiant armour of Idomeneus.

Him met Meriones, his faithful friend ;

To the same tent he came, and sought a spear ;

When thus Idomeneus : “ O Molus’ son, 250

“ Companion of my youth, why hast thou left

“ The battle’s rage ? some wound severe receiv’d,

“ Or embassy to me, hath brought thee here,

“ Impatient as I am to join the war.”

Meriones replied : “ Brave Cretan chief, 255

“ I come if thou perchance canst lend a spear ;

“ For mine hath fail’d, the point short broken off

“ Against the shield of proud Deïphobus.”

To whom Idomeneus : “ Within my tent

- “ Twenty or more there stand against the wall,  
“ The spoil of Trojans slain : I am not one  
“ Whom distant fight delighteth, but close war ;  
“ Thence spears unnum’bred in my tent, and  
    “ shields,  
“ Helmets and corselets, glitt’ring to the sun.”  
    To whom Meriones : “ I at my tent                      265  
“ And ships have many spoils from Trojans slain,  
“ Too distant now ; for not remiss in arms,  
“ Foremost I brave the dangers of the field :  
“ Though not to all the Grecian chieftains known,  
“ To thee approv’d I boldly may appeal.”              270  
    “ I know thy courage well,” the chief replied ;  
“ Name it no more. Should now the Grecian chiefs  
“ Appoint some dread and dang’rous ambuscade,  
“ (For there man’s courage may be chiefly tried,  
“ And or the brave or coward must appear ;              275  
“ This trembles ev’ry limb, oft shifts his place,  
“ Of mind unsteady, whilst his cheeks now pale  
“ Now red bespeak the terror of that heart  
“ Which palpitates within, and quiv’ring jaws  
“ Betray the fears which shake his inmost soul :  
“ Not so the brave, unmov’d amid the storm              281  
“ Of war he sits, and for the combat burns :)  
“ Not even there might you incur reproof.

“ And shouldst thou fighting bear some wound se-  
“ vere ,

“ Not in thy back, not in thy neck behind 285

“ Enters the hostile spear: thy manly chest

“ Still pressing on the foe, the point receives.

“ But why thus waste our time in idle talk,

“ Lest we, and justly too, much censure meet ?

“ Go then, and take that spear which best may  
“ suit.” 290

He spake : Meriones like Mars advanc'd,  
And, taking from the tent a well-wrought spear,  
Follow'd his friend and hast'ned to the fight.

And as destructive Mars to battle moves  
With Terror by his side, his dauntless son, 295  
Of force the bravest hero to appall ;  
From Thrace they come all arm'd, or to assist  
The Phlegyan forces, or the Ephyri ;  
Deaf to entreaties, neither side they hear,  
But leave to chance success, or foul defeat ; 300  
So mov'd the Cretan chiefs to join the war.

When thus Meriones : “ Or on the right,  
“ Or in the centre wilt thou we contend ;  
“ Or on the left, where most they need our aid,  
“ If aid indeed they want to check the foe ?” 305  
Idomeneus the Cretan chief replied :

“ Others there are who may the centre guard;  
“ The son of Telamon, and Teucer’s might,  
“ Skill’d above all the Greeks to aim the shaft;  
“ Nor less approv’d in the close ranks of war, 310  
“ And stationary fight: these well may check  
“ The daring son of Priam, though endued  
“ With strength superior; arduous were the task  
“ For Hector’s self to vanquish men like these,  
“ And burn our ships, unless Saturnian Jove 315  
“ Hurl down from heav’n his own vindictive fire:  
“ For not to man whom earth with food sustains,  
“ Whom steel may pierce, or rocky fragment crush,  
“ Will Ajax yield; not e’en to Peleus’ son  
“ Contending in the ranks, but far less swift. 320  
“ Then on the left let us resume the fight,  
“ And death or glory be our just reward.”

He spake: like Mars impetuous to the ranks  
Meriones led on, and join’d the war:  
Whom when the Trojans thus advancing saw, 325  
In burnisht armour like a flame of fire,  
Encouraging each other on they came.

Severe the conflict at the ships, each side  
For victory contending. As when blasts  
From adverse quarters strive for mastery, 330  
Sweeping the plain when dust encumbers most

The ways, thick clouds aloft in air ascend :  
So rag'd the fight contending hosts between,  
On mutual slaughter bent ; the sharp'ned spears  
In dread array spread terror all around ; 335  
The sudden blaze, from helmet and from shield  
And polisht corselet, dazzled every eye  
As on they mov'd : he must be bold indeed,  
Who could, unshaken, view the dreadful fight.

Thus the discordant sons of Saturn rais'd 340  
Contention fierce, and heavy griefs prepar'd  
For bravest chiefs on either side array'd :  
To Hector and to Troy great Jove inclin'd,  
In honour of Achilles ; yet he meant  
Not to destroy the Grecian host, but check 345  
Their arms, and glory give to Thetis' son.

Neptune meantime, from forth the wat'ry main  
Emerging, urg'd the Grecians to the fight,  
Indignant that the partial will of Jove  
Gave Troy success : from the same parent sprung,  
Priority of birth, and wisdom's lore, 351  
To Jove in heav'n supremest pow'r assign'd ;  
Therefore in form disguis'd, with secret aid,  
Neptune the Greeks inspir'd : thus heav'nly pow'rs  
Stretch'd o'er each host the indissoluble chain 355  
Of discord fell and agonizing war.

Now far advanc'd a veteran in arms,  
Idomeneus rush'd on the Trojan host,  
And terror spread around. Othryoneus  
He first o'erthrew, who from Cables came 360  
With thirst of martial glory, and by love  
Impell'd of fair Cassandra: wondrous things  
He promised; to drive again from Troy,  
By force of arms, the warlike host of Greece.  
Priam consented, and his choice approv'd. 365  
Othryoneus, with splendid hopes elate,  
To battle mov'd: him with his well-aim'd spear  
Idomeneus assail'd, and through his mail  
Infix'd the dreadful wound; prostrate he fell,  
His armour rang. When thus in taunting mood  
Idomeneus: "Well hast thou then perform'd 371  
" Thy boasted promise to the Trojan king;  
" Cassandra thy reward! Hear then from us  
" Such terms, Othryoneus, as well might claim  
" Attention, which we surely will perform; 375  
" Great Agamemnon's daughter we will give  
" To thee in marriage, if thou wilt o'erthrow  
" And raze the walls of yon proud city Troy:  
" Come then, and at the ships let us arrange  
" The terms; no trifling dow'r we ask, or give." 380  
Thus spake Idomeneus; and through the ranks

Dragg'd by the feet Othryoneus. Forthwith  
Asius advanc'd, (near him his far-fam'd steeds  
The faithful charioteer attendant rein'd,)  
With eager haste to wound Idomeneus; 385  
Who him preventing with his rapid spear,  
Beneath the chin infix'd the fatal wound,  
And pierc'd his throat; as some tall oak he fell,  
Or pine or poplar, which the woodman's axe  
Falls on the mountain top, to be the mast 390  
Of some proud vessel: thus fell Asius,  
Close by his chariot and affright'ned steeds,  
Groaning, extended on the gory plain.  
His charioteer, with terror and dismay  
Astonished, stood motionless, nor dar'd 395  
Or to resist or fly: him with his spear  
Antilochus transfix'd; the brazen mail  
Staid not the vengeful blow, headlong he fell;  
The chariot and the steeds the victor's prize.  
Griev'd for his friend Deiphobus advanc'd, 400  
And at Idomeneus his javelin hurl'd:  
The Cretan hero saw, and shunn'd the blow,  
Protected by his shield of larger size,  
Fold within fold encircled, and with brass  
Emboss'd; two braces on his arm upheld 405  
The cumbrous orb, which by the glancing spear



Struck lightly shrill-resounded ; nor in vain  
Flew the strong weapon from the warrior's hand,  
But pierc'd Hypsenor, son of Hippasus,  
And stretch'd the bleeding chieftain on the plain.  
Deiphobus exulting, thus exclaim'd : 411

“ Not unreveng'd to Pluto's gloomy realm  
“ Shall Asius descend ; to cheer his way  
“ To the dread portal, lo ! a guide I send.”

He spake : his boasting words the Grecians heard,  
Chiefly Antilochus ; yet might he not 416  
His wounded friend neglect, but with his shield  
Protected : deeply groaning, to the ships  
Mecisteus and Alastor bore the chief.

Nathless Idomeneus indignant burn'd 420  
With rage some Trojan chieftain to o'erthrow,  
Or fall himself in his lov'd country's cause ;  
Then on Alcathous, Æsyetes' son,

He rush'd ; Alcathous, to whose nuptial bed  
Anchises gave, the fairest of her sex, 425  
Hippodamia, skill'd in every art,

In beauty and in sense superior still,  
By her fond parents to distraction lov'd.

Him by the spear of stern Idomeneus  
Neptune subdued ; dimm'd were his radiant eyes,  
And petrified with fear his limbs, such dread 431

The potent god inspir'd : unapt to fight,  
Of flight incapable, like some tall tree,  
Some lofty pillar, motionless he stood :  
The Cretan chief transfix'd his manly chest : 435  
The riven corselet yielded; in his heart  
The insatiable spear still quiv'ring stood,  
Still rankled in the wound ; there spent its force,  
So Mars impetuous will'd; there check'd its speed.

Exulting thus Idomeneus exclaim'd : 440  
“ Behold three slain for one ; where now thy boast,  
“ Deiphobus ? come now and try thy strength  
“ With me, who boast my high descent from Jove :  
“ Minos from Jove, from him Deucalion came ;  
“ I from Deucalion, o'er the isle of Crete, 445  
“ Its cities and its warlike chieftains, king :  
“ From thence my vessels o'er the sounding main  
“ Hither convey'd us ; to the Trojan host,  
“ To thee and to thy country fraught with death.”

Thus spake Idomeneus ; but doubtful thoughts  
Perplex'd Deiphobus, or to retire  
And seek the aid of other Trojan chiefs,  
Or singly dare the dangers of the field.  
Thus he resolv'd to seek Æneas' aid,  
Him in the rear he found ; for jealousy 455  
Had plac'd him there, deserving higher rank,

By Priam treated with neglect and scorn:  
Him near approaching thus the chief address'd:

“ Æneas, great in council and in war,  
“ Now lend thy aid, if sorrow touch thy heart, 460  
“ And save Alcathous' remains; for oft  
“ He hath attended thee in early youth,  
“ And cherish'd as his son with fondest care;  
“ Him hath Idomeneus of life bereft.”

He spake; and rous'd the fury of his mind: 465  
Æneas onward mov'd and sought the foe:  
Yet no unmanly fears the breast assail'd  
Of brave Idomeneus, but firm he stood.  
As the wild boar within the deep'n'd glen  
Waits in his lone retreat the fierce attack 470  
Of hunters, undismay'd; high on his back  
The bristles stand erect, and from his eyes  
Fire flashes thick, whilst on the pointed rock  
His tusks he sharpens, and prepares the war.

Thus stood Idomeneus, and brav'd the attack 475  
Of great Æneas; yet in prudence call'd  
Ascalaphus and brave Deipyrus  
To aid the fight; with these Antilochus,  
Meriones, and Aphareus, advanc'd;  
Whom thus the chief address'd: “ Most valiant  
“ friends, 480

“ Alone your aid I need ; Æneas, chief  
“ Of high renown, hither impetuous moves,  
“ In manhood’s prime elate : O were our years  
“ The same, this day the contest should decide !”

Thus spake Idomeneus : with one consent 485

His friends advanc’d, and clos’d their orb’d shields  
In phalanx firm : then to the Trojan chiefs,  
Agenor, Paris, and Deiphobus,  
Æneas call’d ; for these a numerous host  
Obedient follow’d. As the bleating flock, 490  
Led by the lordly ram, the fountain seeks  
From pastures fair, a secret joy pervades  
The shepherd’s breast ; Æneas thus rejoic’d  
By numerous forces join’d, who quick advanc’d  
With their long spears Alcathous around : 495  
The brazen armour rang on every side  
With dreadful din as the conflicting hosts  
In onset fierce engag’d : above the rest  
Two chiefs, Æneas and Idomeneus,  
Like Mars himself, to battle rush’d amain. 500

But first Æneas hurl’d his pond’rous lance ;  
The Cretan saw, and shunn’d the fatal stroke ;  
Fixt in the ground the quiv’ring weapon stood,  
Thrown fruitless by no mean or feeble arm.  
Not so Idomeneus, whose vengeful spear 505

Ænomaus pierc'd ; the point his corselet pass'd  
Incontinent, and through the ghastly wound  
His bowels gush'd ; he fell, and grasp'd the dust.

The victor from the slain his spear regain'd,  
The spoils forgoing, prest by numerous foes: 510  
No longer vigour brac'd the hero's limbs,  
With years encumb'red ; nor for quick retreat  
Nor sudden onset meet, in the firm ranks  
And stationary fight he sought renown.

At him Deiphobus his jav'lin hurl'd, 515  
Slowly retiring (for with bitter hate  
He still pursued him), yet again he miss'd ;  
But smote Ascalaphus, the son of Mars :  
Th' impetuous weapon pass'd his shoulder through :  
He fell, and dying grasp'd the gory dust. 520

Nor yet had clamorous destructive Mars  
Heard that his son was in the conflict slain ;  
High on Olympus, canopied with clouds  
Of golden hue, he sat amid the gods,  
Detain'd from war by mighty Jove's decree: 525  
Still round Ascalaphus each host engag'd ;  
Deiphobus had seiz'd his glitt'ring casque,  
When like the god of war Meriones  
Leap'd on the foe and pierc'd the warrior's arm ;  
Forth from his grasp, and sounding in its fall, 530

The helmet dropp'd; when as a ravenous bird  
Meriones rush'd on and gain'd his spear,  
Then to the ranks retir'd: Polites' care  
Led from the danger of the field the chief  
Disabled in his arm, and safely plac'd, 535  
Lifting with tenderness within his car:  
His swift steeds bore him to the walls of Troy  
Deep groaning; from his hand fast flow'd the blood.  
Still rag'd the battle and the din of arms.

Now rush'd Æneas on Caletor's son, 540  
Brave Aphareus, and in his throat infix'd  
The deadly spear: with head reclin'd he fell,  
Bow'd by his pond'rous shield and helmet's weight;  
And bitter death in darkness clos'd his eyes.

Antilochus on Thoon rush'd amain, 545  
Preparing flight; fixt in his back the spear  
The leading vein arterial, which extends  
Thence to the neck, dividing cut in twain:  
Invoking aid in vain, headlong he fell.  
The victor hast'ned to despoil his arms; 550  
Yet cautious, for the Trojans circling round  
Hurl'd on his massy shield the frequent spear,  
But pierc'd it not, for Neptune check'd their force,  
And midst a thousand darts sav'd Nestor's son;  
For never did he shun the num'rous foe; 555

Now in close combat, now in distant war  
Engag'd he fought, nor idly slept his lance.

Him Adamas, the son of Asius, near  
Observing, fierce attack'd, and on his shield  
Smote vehement; but Neptune turn'd the point,  
Anxious to save; half in the shield infix'd 561  
Like the sear'd stake remain'd, half on the ground  
Fell useless: Adamas in fear retir'd;  
When stern Meriones with well-aim'd spear  
Deep in his groin infix'd the dang'rous wound; 565  
Fatal the place to miserable man:  
In bending posture to the spear he lean'd,  
Panting like some large beeve the hills among,  
Whom bound with cords the peasants drag with  
force

Unwilling: thus he panted; yet not long: 570  
The spear withdrawn life issued from the wound,  
And sudden darkness clos'd his eyes in death.  
Now on the temples of Deipyrus,  
With Thracian faulchion of superior size,  
Helenus smote; the riven helmet fell, 575  
And roll'd amid the throng, such force impell'd;  
Some warrior found and seiz'd the valued prize;  
The owner's eyes, meanwhile, are clos'd in death.  
Then Menelaus felt unusual grief,



Brandish'd his spear aloft and threat'ned death 580  
To Helenus, who now had drawn his bow :  
Thus both encount'ed ; this with pond'rous lance ;  
With arrow that. Atrides first receiv'd  
The barbed shaft, which from his corselet glanc'd :  
As beans or vetches from the winnower's fan 585  
Bound o'er the extensive floor, by wind impell'd,  
Or peasant's force the spacious barn within ;  
So from Atrides' corselet, far away  
Bounding, the bitter arrow wing'd its course.  
Not so the spear by Menelaus thrown : 590  
But through the hand it pass'd ; and in the bow  
Of Helenus infixt the weapon stood :  
Quick he retir'd, writhing his hand with pain,  
Dragging the spear along : Agenor's skill  
Remov'd the weapon, and his hand releas'd, 595  
And bound with softest wool : a sling supplied  
Fit bandage, by his faithful servant borne.

Pisander, by resistless fate impell'd  
To meet his death from Menelaus' arm,  
To battle mov'd : when near advanc'd the chiefs,  
Atrides' spear flew distant from the mark ; 601  
Forthwith Pisander on the brazen shield  
Of Menelaus smote, but pierc'd it not,  
The shiv'ring lance fell useless ; yet he hop'd

Success, and in that hope short time rejoic'd:  
Then Menelaus drew his glitt'ring sword,  
And leap'd upon his foe, who from beneath  
His shield the battle-axe with polish'd edge  
Sudden uprais'd (of olive wood the haft);  
Each aim'd no second blow: Pisander's axe      610  
Descending rapid, sev'red from the casque  
The cone and nodding plume; Atrides' sword  
Beneath Pisander's forehead mash'd the bone;  
And from their sockets starting, on the ground  
His eye-balls roll'd: backward he dying fell:      615  
The victor's heel insults the expiring chief,  
Soon of his armour spoil'd, and bitter words  
The anger of Atrides' soul express'd:

“ Thus shall ye quit at length the Grecian fleet,  
“ Proud and insatiate as ye are of war:      620  
“ Perfidious race! still adding crime to crime,  
“ And heaping injuries on injuries;  
“ Nor fear the avenging hand of angry Jove  
“ For breach of hospitality, who soon  
“ Will to her deep foundation shake proud Troy.  
“ My treasures ye have stol'n, and robb'd my soul  
“ Of what it held most dear, my virgin wife:  
“ And now ye menace flames to burn our ships,  
“ And slaughter all our host; yet shall ye cease

“ All eager as ye are, and quit the field.  
“ Great Jove! in wisdom above men and gods  
“ Pre-eminent, can such ills flow from thee,  
“ That thou shouldst gratify the pride of Troy,  
“ Of insolence insatiate as of war?  
“ The festive dance, and harmony and song, 635  
“ Love, and sweet sleep, all bring satiety,  
“ However cherished; yet strange to say,  
“ Troy is alone of war insatiate.”

He spake; and from Pisander took the spoil,  
With blood distain'd: these to his friends consign'd,  
He in the foremost ranks resum'd the war. 641

Harpaleon now, son of Pylæmones,  
(Who with his father to the Trojan aid  
In fond affection came, but to return  
The Fates denied,) on Menelaus' shield 645  
With sudden onset smote, yet pierc'd it not;  
Then quick retir'd; but yet with cautious view  
The field surveying, fearful of attack:  
At him Meriones an arrow sent,  
Nor miss'd, but through his flank beneath the bone  
The bladder pierc'd: extended on the ground 651  
Amidst his friends he lay a helpless worm;  
His issuing blood bedew'd the dusty plain:  
Him in his car the Paphlagonian bands

Uplifting plac'd, and back to sacred Troy  
With grief convey'd; with bitter woe oppress  
His parent follow'd; no avenging hand,  
The son thus slain, might sooth a father's breast!

Paris enrag'd, his friend and former guest  
Thus slain, eftsoons his fatal shafts prepar'd. 660

There was amongst the Greeks a valiant youth  
By name Euchenor, Polyides' son,  
Seer of renown; in Corinth fam'd he dwelt  
For riches and for worth. He well aware  
That death awaited him, yet sail'd for Troy; 665  
For many times and oft his prudent sire  
Disease at home foretold, or at the ships  
Death from some Trojan hand: cautious he fought,  
But dreaded most the pains of sore disease;  
When him the shaft beneath the jaw and ear 670  
Ent'ring, at once of light and life depriv'd.

Still like devouring fire the battle rag'd:  
Hector meantime, belov'd of mighty Jove,  
Nor heard nor knew the slaughter of his host  
On the left wing engag'd; (for there had Greece 675  
Successful prov'd, such succour Neptune gave,)  
But staid where first he burst the brazen gates,  
Routing the Grecian host: there his tall ships  
Ajax, there his Protesilaus rang'd:

Where the low wall admitted least defence,  
There most of horse and foot the battle rag'd;  
For the Bœotians, and Iaones  
Long-rob'd; the Locrians and Pthians there,  
And fam'd Epeians, scarce restrain'd his course;  
Or caus'd retreat great Hector's matchless strength.

First in the van select Athenian bands, 686  
By Mnestheus valiant son of Peteus led,  
By Stychius, Phidas, and the enormous size  
Of Bias mighty chief: the Epeians next,  
Amphion, Drachius, and Meges led. 690

Medon the Pthians, with Podarces brave,  
Commanded: Medon of ignoble birth,  
Son of Oileus; distant far he dwelt  
In Phylace (his friends and country left  
Through fear of Eriopis, having slain 695

Her brother, exil'd by her vengeful rage);  
But brave Podarces from Iphitus sprang:  
These led the Pthians on, and at the ships,  
By the Bœotians join'd, sustain'd the fight.  
But Ajax Oileus, ever at the side 700

Of the vast Telamonian chief, maintain'd  
The bloody contest. As two sturdy beeves  
Form the deep furrow, through the stubborn glebe

Dragging the well-fram'd plough and pond'rous  
share,

Large drops of sweat bedew their labouring brows ;  
The beam alone divides their equal toil, 706

Whilst they adown the furrow'd land upturn  
The deep'ned soil, and labour through the field :  
Thus side by side the chiefs to battle mov'd ; 710

This by his friends attended, numerous  
And brave, who when fatigue his limbs assail'd  
The weight supported of his sevenfold orb.

Not so Oileus' son, whose warlike bands  
The Locrians, all unfurnish'd as they were  
With brazen helmets or with spear and shield, 715  
In distant fight engag'd, and in their bows  
And twisted slings confiding, with thick show'rs  
Of arrows or of stones assail'd the foe,  
And broke their ranks : those with their valiant  
chief

Contending in the van, well arm'd for war, 720  
Staid Hector's force ; these in the rear conceal'd,  
The distant foe with missive weapons plied.

Now from the ships with foul discomfiture  
The Trojan host had fled and sought their walls ;  
But thus Polydamas with counsel wise 725

Hector address'd: "Thou dost not, mighty chief,  
" Oft listen to advice; glorious in war,  
" The gift of Jove, wouldst thou in knowledge  
" too  
" All other men excel? That may not be  
" That thou in all things bear pre-eminence: 730  
" To one, superior courage in the field,  
" So Jove ordains; to other, dance and song  
" And music's pow'r is giv'n; to a third,  
" Reason and sense, the fairest boon of heav'n;  
" Which sheds extensive blessings on mankind, 735  
" And nations saves: who feels it only knows.  
" Hear then what I advise: The flames of war  
" On every side encircle thee around:  
" Since pass'd the wall the Trojans stand aloof;  
" Though arm'd, inactive; others at the ships, 740  
" O'erpow'r'd by numbers, scarce the fight main-  
" tain.  
" Sound then retreat, and summon all the chiefs  
" To council, and th' important point discuss,  
" Whether to rush impetuous on the fleet,  
" Might Jove but grant success! or to retreat 745  
" Whilst yet retreat is safe: I greatly fear  
" Lest Greece with interest again repay  
" Our yesterday's success: still at the ships



“ That man insatiate of fight remains ;

“ Nor long, if right I deem, will cease from war.”

He said : his counsel Hector’s self approv’d,  
And, leaping from his car all-arm’d, thus spake :

“ Polydamas, our chieftains here collect ;

“ I yonder go to issue due commands ;

“ That done I straightway will return again.” 755

He ended, and with hasty strides mov’d on,  
Conspicuous as the snow-clad mountain’s height,  
And rous’d the Trojan bands and brave allies,  
Who at his bidding, round Polydamas

Concentrating their force, collected stood. 760

Hector meantime pass’d on, and sought the chiefs  
Deiphobus and brave Hyrtacides,  
And Adamas, and princely Helenus.

Some slain, some wounded fighting near the ships  
He found, or by the spear or distant shaft. 765

Far on the left of the disastrous fight  
Paris he met, and with reproaches keen  
Vented his anger : “ Vain, effeminate

“ Deceiver, Paris! where are now the chiefs

“ Deiphobus and princely Helenus, 770

“ And Adamas and brave Hyrtacides ?

“ Or where Othryoneus ? now Ilium falls,

“ And o’er thy head destruction low’ring waits ?”

Paris replied : " Since, Hector, without cause  
" You blame, I may hereafter prove remiss ; 775  
" Yet I dare boast a soul with courage fir'd ;  
" For since you wag'd fierce battle at the ships  
" I have unceasing brav'd the Grecian arms.  
" The chiefs you seek are slain, Deiphobus  
" And Helenus excepted ; these still live, 780  
" But wounded and severely in their hands  
" Have left the field : them Jove in pity sav'd.  
" Lead then, I follow far as strength permits,  
" And where you bid advance, the combat dare ;  
" 'Tis not for mortal man to promise more." 785

Thus saying, he appeas'd his brother's mind.  
Then where the hottest battle rag'd they went  
With hasty steps ; there where Cebriones,  
Phalces, Orthæus, and Polydamas,  
And Polypœtes, and Ascanius 790  
With Morys, sons of brave Hippotion ;  
Who in return for aid by Priam sent  
Erewhile, from rich Ascania came to Troy  
But yesterday ; to-day the battle join'd.

Onward they mov'd. As when impending storms  
Of mighty winds descending from above 796  
Sweep o'er the earth, when Jove with angry arm  
Sends forth his thunder, and his lightning pours ;

The furious blasts upturn the foaming deep ;  
With fearful clamour waves o'er waves arise,      800  
Billows on billows roll, and burst upon the shore :  
So mov'd the Trojan host file after file  
Around their chief all-arm'd : Hector led on  
Like Mars destructive, and his shield advanc'd  
Before him, thick with hides and plated brass ; 805  
Whilst from his glitt'ring casque the nodding  
plume

Shook dreadful as he strode. Yet not for this,  
Nor all the terrors of the Hectorian spear,  
Did Grecia tremble : with intrepid mien  
Ajax advanc'd, and thus provok'd the war :      810

“ Come on then, thou who wouldst our host  
“ affright :

“ Skill'd in the battle, Jove alone we fear,  
“ Not thee, Hector, who now wouldst fain destroy  
“ Our ships with fire : vain idle hope indeed !  
“ Know then, we will defend them to the last. 815  
“ Ere that, yon city levell'd to the ground  
“ Shall perish by our hands : not distant far  
“ The day when thou, invoking heav'nly pow'rs  
“ To wing thy coursers with an eagle's speed,  
“ 'To Troy o'er yonder dusty plain shalt fly.” 820

He spake : when high in air the bird of Jove

Propitious wing'd his flight ; with loud acclaim  
The Grecians hail'd the sight : Hector replied :

“ Why, Ajax, these vain words ? or to what end

“ This idle boast ? O might I but become 825

“ The son of Juno and of Jove supreme,

“ As Phœbus and as Pallas be ador'd,

“ Sure as this day to Greece destruction brings !

“ Then shalt thou perish by this hand of mine,

“ If thou but dare abide my spear, which soon 830

“ To the wild beasts and rav'nous birds of Troy

“ Thy carcase prostrate at the ships shall give.”

He spake, and led the way : the numerous host  
With shouts applaud ; the Greeks those shouts re-  
turn

Exulting, and the onset fierce await : 835

The din of war re-echoes to the skies.



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B O O K    X I V .

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BUT Nestor feasting in his tent perceiv'd  
A more than usual shout and din of war,  
And thus in haste: " Divine Machaon, say  
" What may this mean; why this increasing noise,  
" And at our ships? Do thou meantime with wine 5  
" Thy soul refresh, whilst Hecamede the bath  
" Prepares, to cleanse thy wearied limbs distain'd  
" With blood; I go to learn what this may be."

Then arming with his son's resplendent shield,  
(For with the father's shield the son engag'd,) 10  
Grasping his spear, from forth the tent he rush'd:  
Soon to his view the dreadful scene appear'd,  
The routed Grecians here: there the proud foe  
Tumultuous press'd and shouted in the rear,  
The rampart past, and levell'd to the ground. 15

As o'er the black'ning surface of the deep  
A fearful silence reigns, of gath'ring storm  
Sure presage, when as yet to neither side  
The swelling surge inclines, till from above

Sudden the blast descends, and sweeps along the  
main : 20

Thus doubtful counsel Nestor's mind engag'd  
In deep suspense, whether to join the host  
Of Greece without delay, or to the king  
Atrides bend his steps : to this inclin'd,  
Onward he mov'd : meantime the battle rag'd 25  
With mutual slaughter ; dire the clang of arms  
Conflicting, swords and spears and glitt'ring shields.  
Nestor just then the wounded chieftains met  
Returning from their ships : Atrides first,  
Ulysses and Tydides mighty chiefs ; 30  
For distant from the fight their ships were rang'd  
The strond along, and claim'd the foremost place ;  
And at whose stern the Grecian wall was built.  
For the deep bay, capacious as it was,  
Yet could it not the Grecian ships contain : 35  
Tier above tier arrang'd they fill'd the shore's  
Extensive mouth within the encircling capes.

They, eager to survey the distant fight,  
Supported by their spears, with anxious steps  
And slow mov'd on, with bitter grief oppress : 40  
Them Nestor met ; a sudden terror seiz'd  
Each chief ; when thus Atrides silence broke :

“ Pride of our host, O venerable chief,



“ Why hast thou left the field? full much I fear  
“ Lest Hēctor now perform his daring threats 45  
“ (For such his public boast), not to return  
“ Again to Troy till he with fire should burn  
“ Our ships, and all our routed host destroy.  
“ Thus he; and much I dread the accomplishment.  
“ O heav’ns! sure other Grecian chiefs combine  
“ With Thetis’ son in anger to their king, 51  
“ Nor will the fight maintain, nor guard their  
“ ships.”

When Nestor thus replied: “ That things are so  
“ We must acknowledge, nor can mighty Jove  
“ Other intend: behold our chief defence, 55  
“ The wall, is levell’d; at our very ships  
“ They wage successful and unceasing war;  
“ Nor may one well discern, such general rout,  
“ Such slaughter through our vanquish’d host pre-  
“ vails,  
“ Where most the sad disastrous tumult reigns. 60  
“ Consult we then, if counsel may assist,  
“ What may be done; all-wounded as we are,  
“ It were not well that we engag’d in fight.”

Atrides thus return’d: “ Since at our ships  
“ They fight, nor has the fosse or wall avail’d, 65  
“ Built with much labour as our chief defence;

“ Since Jove, it seems, in anger hath ordain’d  
“ That we must perish all-inglorious here,  
“ Far from our native land ; (for well I knew  
“ When erst he seconded the host of Greece ; 70  
“ But now this sad reverse I know, that these  
“ He honoureth as gods, but binds our hands,  
“ And fetters all our strength;) what then remains  
“ But this which I advise ? Let us forthwith  
“ Those vessels which are nearest to the sea 75  
“ Launch in the deep and moor in safety there,  
“ Till sable night, unmeet for mortal works,  
“ Shall come, if then perchance the Trojans cease ;  
“ So may we save the rest : can we be blam’d  
“ Who fly from ills by night ? better to fly 80  
“ And to escape, than stay to perish here.”

For prudence fam’d, Ulysses thus replied  
Indignant : “ Whence disgraceful words like these ?  
“ O lost to shame ! would heav’n some baser host,  
“ Not ours, thy will obey’d ! for we are us’d 85  
“ From infancy to age, so Jove decrees,  
“ Or to endure or perish in the war.  
“ Why anxious thus to leave yon hated walls,  
“ For which we have sustain’d such mighty ills !  
“ O name it not, lest Greece affrighted hear ! 90  
“ Such words become not him who bears command,

“ And that command which Greece united owns.

“ The advice you give I strongly disapprove :

“ For this thy words import ; that we forthwith,

“ Maugre the battle’s rage and din of arms, 95

“ Our vessels launch into the sea ; that Troy,

“ Already too successful, may obtain

“ The utmost of her wish : our host meantime

“ Must perish to a man : our ships once launch’d,

“ Would they, or could they dare the fight main-

“ tain, 100

“ Abandon’d thus ? No, they would surely cease.

“ Thy counsel, mighty monarch, is not good.”

To whom Atrides : “ Thy severe rebuke

“ Affects me much ; yet not against their wills

“ Did I command the Grecians to prepare 105

“ Their ships : who better counsel may suggest,

“ Or young or old, that counsel I approve.”

To whom illustrious Diomed replied :

“ That man is nigh, we need not long inquire,

“ If you will hear ; nor take offence that one 110

“ So young presume to tender his advice.

“ I boast a father virtuous and brave,

“ Tydeus (in Thebes his sacred ashes rest):

“ Three sons of noble minds from Porthæus sprang,

“ Who dwelt in Pleuron and in Calydon ; 115

- “ Melas and Agrius, and my father's sire,  
“ Æneus, of high renown : my father thence  
“ A wanderer remov'd, for so the pow'rs  
“ Of heav'n ordain'd, and long in Argos dwelt.  
“ There he espous'd the daughter of a king, 120  
“ Adrastus nam'd ; his house with plenty crown'd :  
“ Rich in possessions ; fruitful fields, and flocks  
“ Of sheep ; extensive gardens largely stor'd  
“ With various plants : himself supremely skill'd  
“ Beyond all other Greeks to hurl the spear : 125  
“ But this I trust you know. Sprung then from  
“ him,  
“ Think not the words I speak of mean import ;  
“ Imperious necessity demands  
“ That we, severely wounded as we are,  
“ Yet to the field advance, not to engage 130  
“ In fight, lest we receive still sorer wounds ;  
“ Our presence may reanimate the rest,  
“ Who careless and remiss now stand aloof.”

Thus Diomed : the chiefs his words approv'd :  
Onward they mov'd, Atrides led the way : 135  
Not unobserv'd by ocean's pow'rful god,  
Who near approaching in the borrow'd form  
Of wrinkled age, pressing the monarch's hand,  
To king Atrides thus address'd his speech :

“ Now doth the vengeful soul of Peleus’ son  
“ Joy in our flight and sad discomfiture ;  
“ Such is the pleasure of a mind unsound !  
“ Let him then perish with disgrace and shame.  
“ Yet not with thee, Atrides, are the gods  
“ So much incens’d, but that thyself shalt see 145  
“ The Trojans scatt’red o’er yon dusty plain,  
“ Far from our ships, and flying back to Troy.”

He spake ; and rush’d impetuous to the field  
Shouting, loud as when host to host oppos’d  
Thousands with thousands fight, and shout to war.  
Such was the voice of Neptune potent god 151  
Whose trident shakes the earth : each Grecian heart  
Fresh vigour felt, and panted for the fight.

But Juno from Olympus high enthron’d  
Look’d down, and thence survey’d the Trojan plain ;  
There she beheld, and in the sight rejoic’d, 156  
Neptune exulting in the toils of war :  
But when apart, on Ida’s lofty top  
Cloud-capt, the pow’r of Jove reclin’d she saw,  
Grief with displeasure mixt her mind assail’d ; 160  
When sudden thought how she might best deceive  
The mind of Jove rose in her anxious breast.  
Thus she resolv’d, on Ida to descend  
With every grace with every charm adorn’d,

If love perchance might touch his sov'reign mind,  
And o'er his eyelids pour the balm of sleep. 166

Then to her chamber, fram'd with wondrous art  
By Vulcan, who with bolts mysterious clos'd  
The secret doors impervious to the gods,  
She hast'ned, and the splendid portal shut. 170

First in the lucid bath's ambrosial flood  
Her radiant limbs she lav'd; then purest oil  
Gave polish to those limbs: anointed thus,  
And with choice gums perfum'd, whose balmy scent,  
When mov'd, pervaded earth and highest heav'n,  
She comb'd the flowing tresses of her head, 176

And, braided in a mystic knot, confin'd  
With skilful hand: then o'er her shoulders threw  
Her mantle, workmanship divine with art  
Elaborate and rare; Minerva's hands 180

The wondrous texture wrought, whose flowing folds  
By clasps of gold collected on her breast,  
A zone with fringe of many-colour'd hue  
Embrac'd; the triple pendent drop adorn'd  
Her ears, and shed its brilliant lustre round; 185

A veil her face conceal'd, resplendent white,  
Of newest form, and dazzling as the sun;  
And last she on her feet the sandals bound.

The goddess thus with every grace adorn'd

Forth issu'd from her chamber full attir'd,  
And thus with Venus secret converse held :

“ Canst thou, dear child, perform a parent's  
“ wish,

“ Though bound that parent to the Grecian cause,  
“ Whilst thou dost aid the arms of lofty Troy?”

Venus replied : “ Goddess most venerable, 195  
“ Daughter of Saturn, if thy wish doth stand  
“ Within the compass of my pow'r, say on.”

Fraught with deceitful wiles and feign'd concern,

Thus Juno : “ Give me then, I pray, that love,  
“ That irresistible attraction give 200  
“ Which mortal and immortal minds subdues.  
“ I go to genial earth's extremest bounds  
“ To visit Tethys and Oceanus,  
“ Parent of gods: from Rhea they receiv'd  
“ And kindly treated me in times of old, 205  
“ When Jove in anger hurl'd Saturnus down  
“ From heav'n, and overwhelm'd him under earth and  
“ seas.

“ To them I hasten, to compose those feuds  
“ Which have between them and their softer ties  
“ Long interpos'd, if haply I succeed ! 210  
“ Thus aided, it may chance persuasive words



“ May all their fondness, all their love renew,

“ And I retain their kindness and esteem.”

When Venus smiling: “ Ill would it become,

“ Nor may I well refuse the wife of Jove, 215

“ The partner of his bed who rules in heav’n.”

She spake; and from her bosom loos’d the zone

With needle-work of curious art inwrought:

There every thing which might the mind ensnare

Was seen; there gentle Love and young Desire, 220

And Converse sweet, and mild Persuasion there,

Which might the most intelligent deceive.

“ Take this,” she said, presenting with her  
hand

Her various zone, “ and in thy bosom place;

“ So shall thy utmost wishes meet success.” 225

She spake: Juno with smiles the gift receiv’d,

And in her bosom plac’d the wondrous charm.

Then Venus to the courts of heav’n return’d;

But Juno from Olympus’ lofty top

Descending, o’er Pieria and the plains 230

Of lov’d Emathia wing’d her rapid way:

Now o’er the snow-clad mountains’ utmost height

Of Thracia flew, nor touch’d them with her feet:

From Athos next descending, o’er the sea

To Lemnos’ isle she sped, where Thoas dwelt; 235

There Sleep the goddess met, brother of Death ;  
She stopp'd and seiz'd his hand, and thus began :

“ Sweet Sleep, whose power both gods and men

“ subdues,

“ If ever thou hast lent a patient ear,

“ Hear now, and grant my suit; nor shall I prove

“ Ungrateful : shed thy poppies o'er the eyes 241

“ Of Jove when he shall lie by love ensnar'd.

“ A throne of gold, of workmanship divine,

“ By Vulcan made, shall be thy just reward ;

“ A splendid footstool shall that throne adorn, 245

“ When at the festive board, to rest thy feet.”

The god of gentle slumbers thus replied :

“ Daughter of Saturn, goddess much rever'd,

“ All other deities I might with ease

“ Compose to rest, e'en Ocean's swelling flood, 250

“ Father of all ; Jove I approach not near

“ Unbidden, nor o'er him sweet slumbers pour.

“ Once hath thy order wrought me woe severe,

“ That day when the proud son of mighty Jove

“ From Ilium sail'd (the Trojan city raz'd): 255

“ Then circumfus'd I sooth'd his sov'reign mind

“ In balmy sleep ; whilst evils you prepar'd,

“ And with tempestuous winds uprais'd the deep,

“ And drove on Coos' isle his yielding barque,

“ Far from his friends. Then Jove awoke enrag’d,

“ And spread confusion through the courts of

“ heav’n ; 261

“ But chiefly me he sought, and would have hurl’d

“ Down headlong to the deep : all-conqu’ring

“ Night,

“ To whom I fled for succour, sav’d me then,

“ And sooth’d the Thunderer’s rage ; for much he

“ fear’d 265

“ To give her just offence. Can you again

“ Urge me his high displeasure to incur ?”

When Juno thus : “ I pray you, gentle Sleep,

“ Let not such thoughts your tranquil mind engage,

“ Or think you Troy in equal favour stands 270

“ With Hercules, his son, just cause of rage ?

“ But come, I’ll give thee whom thy soul doth

“ hold

“ Most dear to be thy wife, Pasithea,

“ One of the Graces : thou hast lov’d her long.”

Well pleas’d such words to hear, Sleep answer’d

thus : 275

“ Swear then by Styx, th’ inviolable oath ;

“ Let thy right hand the teeming Earth embrace,

“ Thy left old Ocean’s flood, and all the gods

“ Beneath high heav’n where Saturn holds his reign

“ Bear witness, that in marriage thou wilt give

“ Pasithea, whom long my soul hath lov’d.”

He spake ; nor disobey’d the Queen of heav’n,  
By name invoking all the infernal pow’rs,  
Titanian call’d, in witness of her oath.

This done, together they pursu’d their way 285  
O’er Lemnos’ isle and Imbrus’ lofty walls  
Involv’d in clouds and air : when now arriv’d  
On Ida’s mount, fruitful in numerous springs,  
Parent of beasts, they quitted Ocean’s flood .  
At Lectos, winging over land their way ; 290  
The lofty forest wav’d beneath their feet :  
There Sleep retir’d, and shunn’d the sight of Jove,  
Perch’d on a lofty pine of tallest growth  
Aspiring to the clouds ; there close conceal’d  
By thickest boughs he sat, in form a bird 295  
Chalcis by gods, by men Cymindis call’d.

But Juno to the top of Gargarus  
Pursued her way. Jove saw her near approach,  
Nor saw unmov’d : the sudden flame pervades  
His soul, as when united first in love 300  
By their fond parents unperceiv’d they met :  
Near her he stood, and thus by name address’d :  
“ Where hastens Juno from Olympus’ height ?  
“ Where stand her horses and her glitt’ring car ?”

When Juno thus, with well-dissembled speech :

- “ I go to genial earth’s extremest bounds  
“ To visit Tethys and Oceanus,  
“ Who kindly treated me in times of old :  
“ Thither I hasten to compose those feuds  
“ Which have between them and their softer ties  
“ Long interpos’d ; if haply I succeed. 311  
“ My horses at the foot of Ida stand,  
“ Prepar’d to bear me over earth and seas :  
“ On your account I hither bent my way,  
“ Lest should I visit Ocean’s deep abode 315  
“ In secret, you might justly take offence.”

Jove thus replied : “ Some other time, perhaps,

- “ May better suit ; now rest we here awhile,  
“ And give this day to love and soft repose,  
“ Whose pow’r I now beyond example feel : 320  
“ For not Ixion’s wife so pleas’d my mind,  
“ Who bare Pirithoüs for wisdom fam’d ;  
“ Nor Danaë Acrisius’ daughter fair,  
“ Mother of Perseus most renown’d of men ;  
“ Nor Phœnix’ daughter fam’d, who Minos bare  
“ And Rhadamanthus : no, nor Semele 325  
“ Mother of Bacchus, joy of human kind ;  
“ Nor yet Alcmene, though from her in Thebes  
“ Alcides sprang renown’d : not thus I lov’d

“ Ceres, conspicuous for her golden hair ;  
“ Not fam’d Latona ; not thy dearer self  
“ E’er warm’d my breast with such resistless flame.”  
Juno dissembling answ’red : “ Mighty Jove !  
“ What hast thou said ? Here in the face of heav’n  
“ On Ida’s mount love liketh not to dwell, 335  
“ Nor may abide the view of heav’nly pow’rs ;  
“ Who with reproachful looks might censure us  
“ And work me shame ; that were indeed a fault.  
“ But and if such thy will and pleasure be,  
“ Thou hast a chamber fram’d by Vulcan’s art 340  
“ Secure and secret ; let us there repose.”

When thus the potent deity replied :  
“ Juno, fear not the view of gods or men ;  
“ Veil’d in impenetrable clouds of gold  
“ Bright circumfus’d, not the sun’s piercing light  
“ May enter and disturb our sacred rest.”

Thus spake Saturnian Jove, and in his arms  
Juno embrac’d. Forthwith the genial earth  
Glow’d with fresh verdure ; lotus dew-besprent,  
The yellow crocus, and the hyacinth. 350  
Soft clust’ring, spread their foliage underneath.  
There rested they in golden clouds involv’d,  
Fair to behold, and shedding lucid dew.  
Thus slept they on the top of Gargarus,



Secure and undisturb'd. Then to the ships 355

The god of sleep his silent way pursued,

And Neptune thus in accents mild address'd :

“ Now aid the Greeks, and crown them with  
“ success,

“ Though short perchance it be ; whilst sleeps the  
“ pow'r

“ Of mighty Jove, whom I have lull'd to rest, 360

“ And Juno hath with cunning wiles deceiv'd.”

Thus spake the god of sleep ; then o'er mankind

His wonted task resum'd. Neptune meantime,

Still more intent to aid the Grecian arms,

Leap'd forth and thus exclaim'd : “ O Grecian

“ chiefs! 365

“ And shall we thus the palm of vict'ry yield

“ To Hector, that he burn our ships with fire ?

“ For thus he makes his boast, since Thetis' son

“ In anger at our ships disdains the war :

“ Nor shall we want his aid if we unite 370

“ In arms, and bravely dare the foe resist.

“ Hear then what I advise : let us advance

“ Grasping our shields of more than common size ;

“ Our helmets on resplendent, o'er our brows

“ Nodding terrific, with our longer spears 375

“ Each arm'd come on, and I will lead the way.



“ Not Hector’s self, all-furious though he be,  
“ Will wait the attack. Change then, ye brave,  
“ your arms  
“ If light; such only to the weak belong.”

He spake: they heard him, and his voice obey’d.  
The wounded chieftains each the host array’d: 381  
Atrides, Diomed, and Ithacus  
Inspecting, chang’d those arms they deem’d unmeet  
For braver hands, best suited to the weak.  
Onward they march’d all-arm’d; stern Neptune led,  
His potent hand the mighty falchion bore 386  
Which like the lightning gleam’d: none dar’d con-  
tend

With him; and terror check’d each valiant chief.

Hector meantime array’d the Trojan host.  
Here Neptune, Hector there, to battle mov’d 390  
With fierce contention, host opposing host.  
High swell’d the sea the ships and tents among,  
What time each army shouted to the war.

Not so the billows thunder on the shore  
Upheav’d on all sides by the northern blast; 395  
Not such the noise of all-consuming fire,  
When the thick forest of the mountain burns;  
Not so, amidst the trees of largest growth,  
Roars the loud tempest in its utmost rage:

As the dread clamour of conflicting hosts,  
The din of arms, and tumult of the field.

Hector at Ajax first his jav'lin hurl'd,  
His near opposed foe ; nor miss'd his aim,  
But on the belts which his vast orb sustain'd  
And glitt'ring faulchion smote ; yet ent'red not, 405  
Nor pierc'd the chief. Hector forthwith retir'd,  
Indignant that his spear was thrown in vain.  
Him Ajax with a stone of wondrous size  
(For on the strond, and us'd to moor the ships,  
Frequent they lay) ; one high in air he rais'd 410  
And threw with vehemence : the cumbrous mass  
Descended on his breast, nor rested there ;  
But, twisted in its course, still roll'd along.  
As when the thunder-bolt of angry Jove  
Uproots the blasted oak, thick vapours spread 415  
Sulphureous round ; the traveller aghast  
Starts, trembling at the fearful lightning's blaze :  
Thus sank great Hector on the dusty plain ;  
His spear fell useless from his hand benumb'd,  
Whilst by the weight of shield and helmet prest  
The hero fell to earth : his armour rang. 421

The Grecians shout, and rushing on the foe  
The frequent jav'lin hurl, intent to seize  
The wounded chief : yet might they not prevail,

Or further wounds inflict ; the gath'ring chiefs  
Collected shield him. There Polydamas,  
Æneas, and Agenor, brave in arms ;  
Sarpedon, Glaucus, and a numerous host  
With zeal protect him, and their shields advance.

His friends meantime remov'd him from the field,  
Uplifting high, and in his chariot plac'd, 431  
Which in the rear stood ready with his steeds  
Swift-footed, and his faithful charioteer,  
Who him deep groaning back to Troy convey'd.

And now arriv'd at Xanthus' gulfy stream 435  
(Xanthus who boasts his high descent from Jove),  
There on the margin plac'd, with water pure  
His fainting spirit they recall'd to life :  
He breath'd and look'd around, and on his knees  
Uprais'd discharg'd the blood coagulate ; 440  
Again he fainting fell, his eyes again  
In darkness swam, so vehement the blow.

But when the Grecians saw the chief of Troy  
Borne from the field, they rush'd with added force  
To battle. First the son of Oileus slew 445  
Satnius from Enops sprung : him Nais bore  
To Enops as on Satnios' banks his herds  
He tended : him the hero with his spear  
Pierc'd through the flank ; backward he fell to earth.

Round him the battle rag'd : Polydamas 450  
First to revenge his death advanc'd, and hurl'd  
His spear : through Prothoenor's shoulder pass'd  
The fatal point ; lifeless he grasp'd the dust.  
Polydamas exulting thus exclaim'd :

“ Not from the son of Panthous flies the spear  
“ With unavailing force ; some Greek receives 455  
“ The vengeful stroke, and sinks to Pluto's realm.”

He spake : deep sorrow touch'd each Grecian  
breast.

But Ajax mighty Telamonian chief,  
Whom near he fell, indignant sought revenge, 460  
And aim'd at the retiring chief his spear.  
Polydamas foresaw and shunn'd the stroke,  
Which brave Archilochus, Antenor's son,  
Receiv'd ; for thus the Fates had seal'd his doom.  
Him in the spine the head and neck between 465  
The jav'lin smote, and cut the nerve in twain :  
Prone on his head and face to earth he fell  
Breathless ; when Ajax thus exulting spake :

“ Say then, Polydamas, is not this chief  
“ Full recompense for Prothoenor slain ? 470  
“ Not base he seems, nor of ignoble blood ;  
“ Agenor's brother, or his son, I deem,  
“ To him such near resemblance doth he bear.”

He spake well knowing : grief each Trojan seiz'd :  
But Acamas, Bœotian Promachus 475  
Around his brother stalking, with his spear  
Transfix'd, as by the feet he dragg'd the slain :  
When Acamas in boasting words exclaim'd :

“ Vain boasting race ! of threats insatiate,  
“ Not to us only doth the grief belong 480  
“ And labour of the field ; you too perchance  
“ Shall perish ; mark how Promachus doth sleep,  
“ Slain by my spear : thus dearly doth revenge  
“ A brother's loss repay : who would not wish  
“ A friend surviving to avenge his cause ? ” 485

His words the Greeks with indignation heard :  
Peneleus most : on Acamas he rush'd,  
Who waited not the attack, but quick retir'd :  
Ilioneus receiv'd the fatal point ;  
Ilioneus sole son of Phorbas, rich 490  
In flocks and numerous herds ; him Hermes lov'd,  
And taught the arts of gain : his eye receiv'd  
The agonizing wound, and to his neck  
The stormy weapon pass'd : with lifted hands  
Imploring aid he fell ; when with his sword 495  
Peneleus from the trunk the head cut sheer,  
The jav'lin still infixt and helmet on ;  
Then high in air the bleeding trophy rais'd,

And thus with exultation : “ Trojan chiefs,  
“ Bid the lov’d parents of Ilioneus 500  
“ With loud lament their slaught’red son bewail.  
“ Nor may the wife of Promachus rejoice,  
“ Her husband safe return’d, or at her house  
“ Greet his arrival, when from Troy our ships  
“ Shall homeward our victorious host convey.” 505

He spake : pale fear each Trojan heart assail’d,  
And all sought refuge from impending fate  
By sudden flight : such dread confusion reign’d.

Say, Muses, who on high Olympus dwell,  
What Grecian first the bloody spoils achiev’d 510  
When Neptune chang’d the fortune of the war.

First Ajax Telamon Hyrtius o’erthrew,  
Chief of the Mysian bands ; Antilochus  
Phalces o’ercame, and valiant Mermerus :  
Meriones slew Morys, and his sire 515  
Hippotion : Teucer Periphætēs kill’d,  
And Prothoön : next Hyperenor fell,  
By Agamemnon ; the impetuous spear  
His bowels tore ; life issued from the wound  
Incontinent, and darkness clos’d his eyes. 520

But chiefly Ajax Oileus numbers slew,  
Swift beyond others to pursue the foe,  
Whom Jove in anger scatters o’er the plain.



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WHEN now the Trojans had the trench repass'd,  
And many fell, subdued by Grecian hands,  
And scarcely at the chariots staid their flight,  
With terror pale; then Jove from sleep awoke,  
And Juno, on sublimest Ida's top: 5

Whence looking down he view'd the Trojan host  
On all sides flying, whilst the Greeks pursued  
Victorious, Neptune shouting in the midst:  
Hector he saw extended on the plain  
Surrounded by his friends, yet scarce alive, 10  
Panting for breath; for not the feeblest arm  
Of Greece the wound had given: Jove pitying saw,  
And thus the anger of his mind express'd:

“ Certain I know thy cunning, thy deceit,  
“ Juno, hath wrought such foul defeat to Troy, 15  
“ And caus'd to cease great Hector from the field:  
“ I know not but you first may reap the fruit  
“ Of these your wiles, unseemly scourg'd from  
“ hence.



“ Hast thou forgotten when suspended high,  
“ Two anvils at thy feet, and on thy hands 20  
“ A golden chain indissolubly tied,  
“ Thou in midway perforce ’twixt earth and heav’n  
“ Didst hang? The gods with pity view’d thy pains,  
“ Yet might not loose the chain; for whom I  
“ caught,

“ Headlong from heav’n to earth I hurl’d him down  
“ Breathless: yet not for that my anger ceas’d. 26  
“ When Hercules such mighty ills endur’d,  
“ Thy artful cunning did the storm produce  
“ Which o’er the wasteful ocean drove his bark,  
“ And wreck’d on Coos’ isle. I safely thence 30  
“ To Argos brought him after various ills.  
“ Remember this, and cease thy artful wiles;  
“ And know, they never can advantage thee,  
“ Nor may but for a time successful prove.”

He spake indignant: Juno trembling, thus 35  
In accents mild return’d: “ Heav’n knows, and  
“ Earth,

“ And Styx beneath! oath fearful e’en to gods;  
“ Nay, by thyself I swear, and by our bed  
“ Connubial! oath I ne’er can violate;  
“ Not by my arts induc’d doth Neptune aid 40  
“ The Grecian host, and work the Trojans woe

“ And Hector: his alone the fault : he saw,  
“ And seeing, pitied much afflicted Greece.  
“ I will myself persuade him to retire ;  
“ And go where’er thy pleasure shall direct.” 45

Thus Juno spake. The Sire of gods and men  
Smiling replied: “ If, Juno, you henceforth  
“ Sitting among the gods unite with me  
“ In sentiment ; however differing now,  
“ Neptune would quickly bend to ours his will. 50  
“ If what you offer be sincere and true,  
“ To heav’n repair and hither Iris send ;  
“ And bright Apollo with his silver bow :  
“ That she may to the Grecian host repair,  
“ And bear to Neptune these my strict commands,  
“ That home he do retire, and cease from war: 56  
“ And that Apollo may to battle rouse  
“ Hector, and all his soul with strength inspire ;  
“ And cause those pains to cease which now he  
“ feels.

“ Then shall the Greeks by him to flight impell’d,  
“ Back the same way, routed, confus’d, return, 61  
“ E’en to Achilles’ ship ; who shall forthwith  
“ Send his lov’d friend Patroclus to their aid.  
“ Him Hector at the walls of Troy shall slay,  
“ After much people lost ; and these among 65

“ Divine Sarpedon my much-valued son :  
“ And then shall Hector by Achilles fall.  
“ I from that time will through the Trojan host  
“ Confusion send, and drive them from the ships  
“ With foul defeat, till Troy shall be no more, 70  
“ By Grecian arms and Pallas’ aid o’erthrown.  
“ Then, nor before, my mighty rage shall cease ;  
“ Nor will I suffer one amongst the gods  
“ To aid the Grecians, or assist the war,  
“ Till all Pelides’ wish be satisfied, 75  
“ Which I have promis’d, and by nod confirm’d ;  
“ What time the goddess Thetis at my knees  
“ Requested honour for her warlike son.”

He spake; nor disobey’d the Queen of heav’n,  
From Ida hast’ning to Olympus’ height. 80  
As when the traveller immerst in thought  
After much weary way, whether to bend  
This way or that his steps, debateth much ;  
So Juno : then to heav’n her rapid flight  
Wing’d sudden. There the assembled gods she  
found, 85

Who rose at her approach; and with full cups  
Hail’d her return; when she from Themis’ hand  
The cup receiv’d, for Themis first advanc’d,  
And Juno thus address’d: “ Why art thou come

“ Like one with fear oppress’d? hath angry Jove,  
“ Thy husband, sent thee here thus terrified?” 91

Juno replied: “ Why dost thou question me,  
“ Themis? thou know’st the angry mind of Jove:  
“ Do thou preside at this our festive board;  
“ Then shalt thou learn, with all the assembled  
“ pow’rs, 95

“ What ills he meditates; nor shall we all  
“ With pleasure hear, or gods or mortal men,  
“ However now the genial feast delight.”

She spake; and on her throne majestic sat:  
The gods indignant heard. Juno meantime 100  
Felt secret joy; yet did her countenance  
No joy betray; when angry thus she spake:

“ Why do we madly thus contend with Jove  
“ In words or force? He recks not, nor regards;  
“ Conscious that he alone amongst the gods 105  
“ In power, in might, in wisdom doth excel.  
“ Then patient bear what evils he may send.  
“ E’en Mars, or I mistake, to ills must yield,  
“ His much-lov’d son this day in battle slain,  
“ Ascalaphus, whom Mars doth call his own.” 110

With sudden grief o’erwhelm’d, smiting his thigh,  
Thus Mars the anguish of his soul express’d:  
“ Let me not give offence, ye heav’nly pow’rs;

“ But to revenge my son to earth I go,  
“ Though fated by the avenging fire of Jove 115  
“ To stain amidst the dead yon bloody plain.”

He spake ; and ord’red forth his flaming steeds  
By Terror yok’d and Fear : himself meantime  
His radiant armour took. Then rage tenfold,  
And anger, had assail’d the pow’rs of heav’n 120  
From Jove ; but Pallas dreading such event,  
Rose sudden from her seat, and hast’ning forth  
Remov’d the glitt’ring helmet from his brow,  
And eas’d his shoulders of the pond’rous shield ;  
Snatch’d the dread spear from his destroying hand,  
And thus his inconsiderate rage repress’d : 126

“ O blind with passion, wouldst thou perish thus ?  
“ Or heard’st thou not ? or hast thou lost all sense  
“ Of shame ? Didst thou not hear Jove’s high com-  
“ mand,  
“ By Juno now exprest ? or wouldst thou rather,  
“ After much pain endur’d, much grief of mind,  
“ Be driven back by hard necessity ?  
“ Cause of much evil to the host of heav’n.  
“ Then would Jove quit the Trojans and the Greeks,  
“ And pour the tempest of his ire on us, 135  
“ Though not by all deserv’d. Cease then thy  
“ rage ;

“ A braver than thy son full soon must fall ;

“ We may not save man’s perishable race.”

She spake ; and led him to his lofty throne.

But Juno Iris to her call’d, of heav’n 140

Swift messenger, and Phœbus ; and to them,

But secretly, the will of Jove declar’d :

“ To Ida hasten you with utmost speed,

“ And, when in presence of dread Jove arriv’d,

“ Receive and execute what he commands.” 145

She spake ; and to her golden throne return’d :

But they to Ida wing’d their rapid flight.

There, seated on the highest pinnacle

Of Gargarus, in majesty retir’d,

Encircled with a radiant cloud, they found 150

The mighty Thunderer. Silent they stood

Before his presence. He, well-pleas’d to meet

Their prompt obedience to his will, convey’d

By Juno, thus to Iris gave command :

“ Haste, Iris swift of foot, to Neptune haste, 155

“ And faithful this my strict command enjoin,

“ That he forthwith, from battle and the war

“ Ceasing, to heav’n or to his seas retire :

“ Should he refuse, or with contempt receive

“ This my command, bid him consider well, 160

“ Strong though he be, how best he may endure



“ My presence, or contend with me in arms,  
“ Who boast superior pow’r and older birth:  
“ Shall he not dread to measure strength with me,  
“ Whom all in heav’n and earth with fear obey?”

He spake: nor swift-wing’d Iris disobey’d;  
But hast’ned down from Ida’s lofty top  
To sacred Troy. As when or snow or hail,  
Congeal’d by northern blasts, quick from the clouds  
Descends; so Iris wing’d her rapid way, 170  
And near approaching Neptune thus address’d:

“ To thee, great ruler of the sea, I bring  
“ From ægis-bearing Jove this strict command:  
“ He bids thee cease from battle and the war,  
“ And to the gods or to thy sea repair: 175  
“ Shouldst thou refuse, or with contempt receive  
“ This his command, he threatens to descend  
“ Himself, and to contend with thee in arms.  
“ He doth enjoin thee cautiously to shun  
“ The encounter, nor defy superior force 180  
“ By birth conferr’d, and fear to measure strength  
“ With him whom all in heav’n and earth obey.”

Neptune indignant answ’red: “ Is it thus  
“ That he, all-potent as he is, doth use  
“ Contemptuous words, and threaten me with force  
“ Who boast the same descent? for Rhea bore 186



“ Three sons to Saturn ; Jupiter, and me,  
“ And Pluto of the infernal regions king :  
“ Honour to all he gave, and each his share  
“ Of sov’reignty receiv’d. I had by lot 190  
“ The spacious realm of ocean’s briny flood ;  
“ To Pluto were assign’d the shades of night ;  
“ But heav’n and air and clouds to Jove belong’d.  
“ Olympus’ height and earth were free to all.  
“ I bend not to his nod. Let him remain 195  
“ In his own realm secure, and govern there,  
“ Nor boast his power to frighten me withal ;  
“ Yea rather let him with high-swelling words  
“ His children terrify, who must obey.”

Iris replied : “ Do I then, Neptune, bear 200  
“ This harsh and bitter answer back to Jove ?  
“ O change ! the prudent listen to advice :  
“ The Furies will revenge an elder’s wrongs.”

Neptune return’d : “ Thy words, indeed, are just  
“ And true, Iris : when prudence doth adorn 205  
“ A messenger ’tis well. Yet am I vex’d  
“ When he doth treat me with contempt and scorn,  
“ Not his inferior or by birth or fate :  
“ Yet angry as I am I will submit.  
“ But this I say, and with a threat declare, 210  
“ Should he hereafter, without my consent,

“ Without Minerva’s, Juno’s, Mercury’s,  
“ Or Vulcan’s, spare the lofty city Troy,  
“ Nor to the Grecians give the victory,  
“ Our anger never shall be satisfied.” 215

He spake: and quitting then the Grecian host  
Reluctant, in the depths of ocean plung’d.  
The Grecians felt their loss. To Phœbus next  
The Ruler of the sky thus gave command:

“ My son, to Hector speed thy rapid way; 220  
“ Neptune is gone to ocean’s depths below  
“ Fearing my wrath, or all the immortal pow’rs  
“ Circling the realm of Saturn had full soon  
“ The contest heard, and trembled at the war.  
“ Thus best for him and me, that he submit, 225  
“ Nor tempt my force; the contest had been dire.  
“ But go, my son, and bearing on thy arm  
“ My ægis, put to flight the host of Greece.  
“ But above all let Hector be thy care;  
“ Rouse all his courage, till the routed foe 230  
“ Fly to their ships and seek the Hellespont.  
“ When there, how they may breathe awhile, and rest  
“ From labour of the field, shall be my care.”

He spake: nor did Apollo disobey;  
But stoop’d from Ida, like the falcon hawk, 235  
Swiftest of birds, when he the dove pursues

His prey. Hector he sitting found, in sense  
Collected, and acknowledging his friends :  
Shortness of breath and weariness of limb  
Had fled, disperst by Jove's pervading mind. 240

Him Phœbus thus address'd : " Ah ! why apart,

" Illustrious son of Priam, dost thou sit

" Inactive ? whence doth grief thy soul afflict ?"

Hector still weak, dispirited, replied :

" And who art thou, best of the immortal gods, 245

" Who thus dost question me ? hast thou not heard

" That at his very ships slaying his friends,

" Great Ajax with a stone of wondrous size

" Smote on my breast, and check'd my daring

" strength ?

" This day I thought to see the dark abode 250

" Of Pluto and the dead ; so heav'd my soul."

" Take courage then," the potent god return'd ;

" I come from Jove, to aid thee in the war ;

" Him thou beholdest who hath often sav'd

" Thy city and thyself ; the god of day. 255

" Issue thy orders that the horse advance

" And press upon the foe, e'en to their ships ;

" I will lead on before and smooth the way,

" And turn the bravest of the Greeks to flight."

He spake ; and all his mighty soul renew'd. 260

The high-fed courser thus, long time confin'd,  
Sudden breaks forth and scours the distant plain,  
Eager to bathe him in the copious stream,  
Exulting; high in air his head he bears,  
His flowing mane o'er neck and shoulders waves; 265  
With speed impetuous to the well-known fields  
And pastur'd steeds he wings his rapid way;  
So Hector, by the voice divine inspir'd,  
Impetuous mov'd, and led his horsemen on.

As dogs and hunters in the chase pursue 270  
The stag with branching horns, or mountain goat,  
Whom or the forest thick or lofty crag  
Of access difficult secure from harm;  
When by their shouting rous'd, across their way  
Stalks the grim lion, sudden they retreat; 275  
Tumultuous thus the Grecian host pursued,  
Slaying with sword or spear the routed foe:  
But when great Hector in the ranks they saw,  
Fear seiz'd them, and their wonted courage fail'd.

Then Thöas, leader of the Ætolian bands, 280  
Son of Andræmon, skill'd in distant fight  
And stationary war, nor less renown'd  
For eloquence amongst contending youth,  
With prudent counsel thus the chiefs address'd:

“ O heav'ns! what wonder do my eyes behold,

“ When thus from death escap’d again appears 286  
“ Hector! for him we hop’d, and thought indeed,  
“ By Ajax slain. Some deity hath sav’d  
“ The chief of Troy. Already he hath slain  
“ Numbers, and yet will slay; for not without 290  
“ The aid of Jove doth he lead on the war.  
“ Attend what I advise: first to the ships  
“ Let the main body of our troops retreat;  
“ Whilst we, who boast superior skill in arms,  
“ Stand firm, if haply we may check his course 295  
“ With spears opposing; for, however brave,  
“ He dare not with our chiefs select engage.”

He spake: they heard, and willingly obey’d;  
And led by Ajax and Idomeneus,  
By Meges, Teucer, and Meriones, 300  
And numerous chiefs, against the Trojan host  
And Hector set the battle in array,  
Whilst the main body to the ships retir’d.

The Trojans first attack’d; for Hector led  
The onset, and with lofty strides advanc’d. 305  
Apollo mov’d before, involv’d in clouds,  
Bearing the dreadful ægis, massy, large,  
Of workmanship divine, by Vulcan made  
For Jove to strike with terror humankind;  
This bearing, he led on the force of Troy.

Firm stood the Grecian host : on either side  
Loud clamours rise ; in volleys arrows fly,  
And spears are hurl'd by chiefs of high renown ;  
Some with unerring aim the warriors pierce ;  
Some useless fall midway, and in the ground 315  
Infix'd stand, and thirsting still for blood.

Whilst Phœbus all-unmov'd the ægis held,  
Each host with equal loss the fight maintain'd ;  
But when he shook the ægis, and with looks  
Terrific shouted loud, then fear oppress'd 320  
The Grecians, and their wonted courage fled.  
As when two lions in the thickest night  
Disperse the herd of beeves, or numerous flock,  
With sudden onset, whom no shepherd guards ;  
So fled the Grecians ; fear the god on them 325  
Impress'd, and to the Trojans gave success.

Then man slew man, when o'er the routed plain  
Confusion reign'd. First Hector Stychius slew,  
And brave Archesilaus ; this the friend  
Of Mnestheus, that the fam'd Bœotian chief. 330

Æneas Methon slew, and Iasus ;  
Methon to Oileus, but ignobly, born ;  
In Phylace he dwelt, far from his friends,  
Through fear of Eriopis, having slain  
Her brother, exil'd by his step-dame's wrath :

But Iasus the Athenians led to war,  
From Sphelus sprung, the son of Bucolis.  
Then by Polydamas Mecistes fell:  
Polites Echius slew, who in the van  
Engag'd; and by Agenor Clonius died;        340  
And Paris, as before him basely fled  
Deiochus, his shoulder piercing slew.

Whilst these the Trojans spoil'd, the routed  
Greeks  
Fled in confusion to the deep'ned trench,  
On every side disperst, and sought retreat        345  
Within their walls by hard necessity.

But Hector to the Trojans loudly call'd  
To rush upon the ships, and quit the spoil:  
“ And whom I find at distance from the ships  
“ This arm shall slay; of funeral rites bereft,        350  
“ No mournful parent shall attend his bier,  
“ Before our walls to rav'nous dogs a prey.”

He spake; and urg'd along his rapid steeds,  
Encouraging his troops, who, with loud shouts  
Advancing furious, drove their coursers on:        355  
Dire was the clamour. Phœbus march'd before,  
Whose power the rampart levell'd, and with ease  
A passage made, as with a bridge, of length  
And breadth capacious, far as flies the spear



From some strong arm to try the strength withal.  
There file on file they pour'd: Apollo first,  
Arm'd with Jove's ægis, raz'd the Grecian wall  
With the same ease as when some youthful hand  
The playful structure builds, and on the shore  
Uprears the sandy pile, then quick destroys 365  
With hands and feet what childish sport had  
rais'd:

So did thy pow'r, Apollo, overthrow  
The labour of the Greeks, and fear impress.  
But at their ships arriv'd they staid their flight,  
Encouraging each other, and with hands 370  
Uplifted to the gods preferr'd their vows;  
But chiefly Nestor, who with hands to heav'n  
Uprais'd, thus urg'd his pray'r: "O mighty Jove!  
" If e'er in fertile Argos we have paid  
" Libation due, if one of all the Greeks 375  
" Hath with due sacrifice thy altar crown'd,  
" Imploring safe return, and thou hast heard  
" Gracious his pray'r, O save us! nor permit  
" The Trojans thus to desolate our host."

Thus Nestor: Jove propitious heard the chief,  
And awful thunder mark'd his sov'reign will. 381  
The Trojans heard, and fierce renew'd the fight.  
As o'er the vessel's side the swelling surge

Tempestuous breaks, by furious winds uprais'd ;  
So o'er the wall the Trojan forces pour'd 385  
Shouting, and at the ships the fight maintain'd,  
Horsemen and foot promiscuous, with spears  
Well arm'd: these from their chariots fierce  
Contending; from their lofty vessels those  
With boat-poles arm'd, long, weighty, and with steel  
Pointed, for grappling meet and naval use. 391

Whilst at the wall and distant from the ships  
Each host engag'd, Patroclus at the tent  
Of brave Eurypylus beguil'd the time  
With converse sweet, applying to his wounds 395  
Soft medicine of pow'r to sooth his pain ;  
But when he saw the Trojans pass the wall,  
And heard the clamours of the routed Greeks,  
He smote his hands in agony of grief,  
And, deeply sighing, thus his fears express'd: 400

“ Though great thy need, I may no longer stay,  
“ Eurypylus, such contest hath arisen ;  
“ But to thy servant I commend thee now :  
“ I hasten to Achilles, if perchance  
“ I may prevail, and by the favouring aid 405  
“ Of heav'n may rouse again his soul to arms,  
“ For great the pow'r of friendship's sacred voice.”  
He spake; and hast'ned to Achilles' tent.

Meantime the Grecians waited firm the attack ;  
Yet might they not repulse the force of Troy 410  
Though far less numerous ; nor the Trojan host  
Break the firm phalanx and invade the ships.

As in the skilful workman's hand the line  
Marks the due size and the proportion just  
Of some tall mast, where Pallas lends her aid ; 415  
So 'twixt contending hosts the line was stretch'd  
Of contest fierce, nor either side prevail'd.

At different ships the various battle rag'd ;  
But to great Ajax Hector stood oppos'd  
At the same ship contending ; nor might this 420  
The Grecian chief repel and fire the ship,  
Nor that force Hector back when urg'd by heav'n.

First Ajax slew the son of Clytius,  
Caletor nam'd ; the spear his breast transfix'd  
As to the ships he bore the lighted torch : 425  
He fell, and with him fell the flaming brand :  
Whom when great Hector levell'd to the ground  
Before the ship perceiv'd, griev'd for the loss  
Of one so near allied, he thus exclaim'd :  
“ Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanian chiefs, 430  
“ Stand firm and guard this pass ; save Clytius' son,  
“ Nor suffer thus the Greeks to reap the spoil.”

He spake ; and hurl'd his spear, at Ajax aim'd,

But miss'd the chief; his servant, Mastor's son,  
(Who in Cithere dwelt, till having slain 435  
A man he fled from thence,) receiv'd the wound:  
Just at his ear the fatal jav'lin pierc'd  
His head, as he by Ajax fighting stood:  
Lifeless he fell from off the lofty stern,  
Expiring in the dust. With terror seiz'd, 440  
Ajax exclaim'd: " Thus, Teucer, we have lost  
" Our valued friend, and Lycophron is slain,  
" Whom we receiv'd and honour'd as a son  
" When from Cithere fled: him Hector's spear  
" Hath slain. Where now thy arrows and thy bow,  
" The gift of Phœbus, to revenge his death?" 446  
Him Teucer heard, and from his certain bow  
The bitter shaft against the Trojan sent:  
Clytus, Pisenor's son, the wound receiv'd,  
Friend and companion of Polydamas, 450  
Whose fiery steeds he rein'd; and where the war  
Rag'd most the chariot staid; for so he thought  
The Trojan chiefs to please: fatal that hope!  
For none the sudden mischief might avert:  
Fixt in his neck the unerring weapon stands: 455  
He falls and dies: the affrighted steeds retreat  
With sudden start; the empty car resounds.  
Polydamas perceiv'd, and quick restrain'd

Their devious course, and to Astyoneus  
Gave them in charge, then mingled in the van. 460

But Teucer still another arrow aim'd  
Direct at Hector: then had ceas'd the war,  
And contest at the ships, the chieftain slain:  
But Jove perceiv'd, and guarded safe from harm  
The chief of Troy, and Teucer's hopes destroy'd;  
For as with utmost might he drew the bow,  
The string snapp'd short, the devious arrow fell  
To earth; the bow dropp'd useless from his hand:  
With terror seiz'd thus Ajax he address'd:

“ Some adverse deity prevents the war, 470  
“ And frustrates my intent; who to these hands  
“ Hath useless made my bow, and broke the string  
“ Though new, and well prepar'd for frequent  
“ use.”

Ajax replied: “ Quit then thy bow, my friend,  
“ And arrows, fruitless rend'ed by some pow'r 475  
“ Who envies our success; with shield and spear  
“ Renew the war, and animate our host:  
“ Not without toil shall they our vessels seize;  
“ Howe'er subdued, we'll combat to the last.”

Thus Ajax. Teucer in his tent replac'd 480  
The bow, and arm'd him with his orb'd shield,  
And plac'd the crested helmet on his brow,

Nodding terrific: in his hand a spear

He grasp'd, and hast'ned to his brother's side.

Hector observ'd, and thus exulting spake: 485

“ Trojan, and Lycian, and Dardanian chiefs!

“ Be men, my friends, exert your utmost strength

“ Now at the ships: these eyes beheld when Jove

“ Blasted the weapons of a Grecian chief

“ Of high renown: men may with ease discern 490

“ To whom superior glory he assigns,

“ Whom he depresseth, nor will grant his aid:

“ Us he assists, but minisheth their strength:

“ Then at their ships united let us fight:

“ Should wounds or death ensue, he nobly dies 495

“ Who falls when fighting in his country's cause;

“ His wife, his children safe, his house secure,

“ His heritage unsullied, unimpaired,

“ When driv'n the Grecians to their native land.”

He spake; and all their wonted courage rous'd.

Ajax meantime thus animates the Greeks: 501

“ O dire disgrace! better at once to die

“ Fighting, or live and save our ships from fire.

“ What! can ye believe, if Hector should suc-

“ ceed,

“ That ye might hence to Greece on foot return?

“ Or hear ye not his exhortation loud, 506

“ His menaces, with fire to burn our fleet ?  
“ He calls them on to battle, not to dance.  
“ Then be this mind, this settled purpose ours,  
“ To fight, to combat with our utmost strength: 510  
“ Better to die at once, at once to live,  
“ Than thus in ling’ring conflict to contend  
“ With foes inferior at our very ships.”

Thus saying, he their drooping spirits rais’d.

First Hector Schedius slew, the valiant son 515

Of Perimedes: then by Ajax fell

Laodamas, Agenor’s noble son.

Polydamas Cyllenian Otus slew,

Friend of Phylides, of the Epeians chief.

Meges indignant, to revenge his fate 520

Rush’d on: the victor saw, and turn’d aside;

The weapon pass’d: Apollo interpos’d,

Nor suff’red Panthus’ son to be subdued;

Through Cræsmus’ chest the stormy weapon flew;

Sounding he fell, and Meges seiz’d the spoil. 525

Whilst thus engag’d, Dolops well skill’d in fight,

Offspring of Lampus for high courage fam’d

Son of Laomedon, on Meges’ shield

Smote, near approaching; but the brazen mail

Thick-plaited check’d its force, which Phyleus

brought

530



From Ephyræ, by Selle's fertile stream,  
Token of friendship, by Euphetes giv'n  
To guard him in the dreadful shock of arms,  
Whose texture firm now sav'd the son from death.

But Meges' spear full on the brazen casque 535  
Of Dolops smote; and, cutting sheer the cone,  
Mingled its purple honours in the dust.

Whilst thus he fought, still hoping for success,  
In aid of Meges Menelaus came,  
By Dolops unobserv'd, and with his spear 540  
His shoulder pierc'd: the fatal point, impell'd  
With force superior, through his chest appear'd,  
Scarce stopping there: headlong to earth he fell.

The victors flew to seize the brazen spoils,  
When Hector to his kindred thus exclaim'd 545  
In words of blame: to Menalippus first  
He spake, brave Hycetaon's noble son,  
Who in Percote fed his numerous herds  
Of cattle, ere the Grecian host arriv'd.

But when their fleet appear'd, forthwith to Troy 550  
The chief return'd, conspicuous in the war,  
With Priam dwelt, and equal honours shar'd  
With Priam's sons; him Hector as he pass'd  
By name address'd, and thus indignant spoke:

“ And do we, Menalippus, thus decline 555

“ The combat ? seest thou not our friend is slain ?  
“ Or seeing dost thou disregard his fate,  
“ Of life and arms despoil'd ? Then follow me ;  
“ We must or slay the foe, or Ilium stoops  
“ From her high top to her foundation low.” 560  
Thus Hector spake ; and him the chief obey'd.  
But Ajax thus the chiefs of Greece address'd :  
“ Courage, my friends ; let shame your ardour rouse  
“ Each other to excel in martial deeds :  
“ The brave meet safety in the shock of arms ; 565  
“ Cowards in flight both life and honour lose.”

He spake ; nor spake in vain : they of themselves,  
Eager to guard the ships, form'd at his word  
A brazen bulwark with opposing spears  
To check the foe, though urg'd by Jove himself ;  
When Menelaus thus to Nestor's son : 571

“ Antilochus, in arms the Grecian youth,  
“ In strength excelling, or to slay the foe  
“ Or reap the spoils, now be thy courage tried.”

He spake : the chief rush'd foremost to the fight,  
And hurl'd his spear ; the Trojan ranks retir'd 576  
With caution : nor in vain the jav'lin flew,  
Sent with superior force ; but through the breast  
Of Menalippus, Hycetaon's son,  
Pierc'd, as to fight he led the Trojans on : 580

He fell: his armour rang. The victor then,  
As the fierce dog upon a wounded fawn  
Leaps eager, which forth starting from its lair  
The hunter's spear hath pierc'd; so rush'd on thee,  
O Menalippus! Nestor's warlike son, 585  
Eager to reap the spoil: Hector perceiv'd,  
And through the ranks of war with hasty strides  
Advanc'd: Antilochus, though brave, retir'd  
Not without fear. And as the prowling wolf  
Conscious of ill steals off when he hath slain 590  
The watchful dog, or shepherd, ere alarm'd  
The village peasantry are rous'd to arms;  
So Nestor's son: all Troy shouting pursued  
With Hector, and their spears in tempest pour'd;  
The ranks now gain'd, he turn'd, and dar'd the foe.  
Nathless, as rav'nous lions onward rush'd 596  
The Trojans to the ships; so Jove ordain'd:  
Who rais'd their courage, but depress'd the Greeks,  
Subdued their mind, and all success denied.  
Thus he to Priam's son the glory gave 600  
To spread devouring flames the ships among;  
Still earnest to perform all Thetis' pray'r  
Pernicious, and to view from Ida's top  
The bickering flames involve the fleet of Greece.  
From that eventful period he decreed 605

Disgraceful flight to Troy, and foul defeat  
At the same ships, but to the Greeks success :  
With this intent, he on the hollow ships  
Hector, all eager of himself, impell'd.

As desolating Mars, or raging fire 610  
In the thick forest of the mountain burns ;  
So rag'd he furious : from his angry eye  
Flash'd fire as foaming still with ire he mov'd :  
His glitt'ring casque, meantime, terrific shone  
Around his temples as he strode along : 615  
For Jove himself, descending to his aid  
Amidst the numerous host, to him alone  
Honour and glory gave ; for short his term ;  
Pallas already had ordain'd his fall,  
Destin'd to perish by Achilles' arm. 620

Oft he essay'd to force a passage through  
The thickest ranks, where shone the brightest spoils ;  
Yet might he not, though vehement, prevail,  
Nor break the solid phalanx. As a rock  
Vast, inaccessible, withstands the force 625  
Of winds tempestuous and o'erwhelming seas,  
Which rage and foam around its fixed base ;  
So firm the Greeks sustain'd the shock of arms.

Hector, meantime, on every side invades,  
Beaming like fire. As when the swelling surge, 630

By furious winds increas'd, with sudden force  
The vessel strikes ; high foaming on the sails  
The tempest breaks tremendous ; with affright  
Appall'd, the seaman scarce escapes from death ;  
So trembled, terror-struck, the Grecian host. 635

But he, as the gaunt lion fierce invades  
The numerous herd of beeves in pastures large  
Feeding, while as the unskilful herdsman flees  
Now here, now there, unknowing to resist ;  
Forth rushing in the midst the lion slays 640  
Some noble beast, the rest stand trembling near :  
The Grecians thus, with sudden fear assail'd,  
From Hector fled. He Periphætès slew,  
Capreus' offspring, from Eurystheus sent,  
With evil tidings fraught, to Hercules ; 645  
The worthy son of a degenerate sire,  
Whom ev'ry virtue, every sense adorn'd,  
Doom'd to add trophies to great Hector's name.  
Turning to flight, his foot against the rim  
Of his large shield he struck, and fell supine ; 650  
The brazen helmet on his temples rang.  
Hector perceiv'd ; and, planting in his breast  
The fatal spear, slew him amidst his friends ;  
Who, panic-struck, might no assistance give.

And now within the foremost ships retir'd, 655

They still engag'd. The Trojans like a flood  
Rush'd on and drove them in ; yet unsubdued  
They rallied at the tents, and firm maintain'd  
Their ground ; fear of disgrace restrain'd their flight,  
And mutual exhortation. Nestor first 660  
With strong entreaty thus their aid implor'd :

“ Courage, my friends ; and let the dread of shame  
“ Have its full force : let each remember well  
“ His children, wife, and valued property ;  
“ His parents, whether living or deceas'd ; 665  
“ For whom, though absent, I entreat you all  
“ That you now bravely stand, nor think of flight.”

Thus saying, he their courage rous'd to war.

And now Minerva from their eyes remov'd  
The cloud which dimm'd their view, and light re-  
stor'd ; 670

And all the ships, and all the war appear'd.

There Hector fierce engag'd, there his allies ;  
And they who in the rear or in the van,  
The combat shunn'd, or they who bravely fought.

No longer Ajax midst the host of Greece 675  
Where other chieftains fought, the war maintain'd ;  
Urg'd by his daring mind, from deck to deck  
He strode ; his hands a boat-pole's wondrous length  
Brandish'd aloft, with iron spikes all-arm'd.



As when in horsemanship a man well skill'd,  
Drives on the public road four harness'd steeds  
To some great city through the gazing crowd ;  
From horse to horse secure he lightly vaults  
Changing from side to side ; they rapid fly :  
From deck to deck thus Ajax strode along, 685  
Shouting aloud, and calling on his host  
With voice tremendous to defend their ships.

Nor longer Hector in the ranks remain'd.  
But as the tawny eagle fierce invades  
The feather'd race as by the river's side 690  
They feed, or geese or cranes, or lithe-neck'd swans ;  
Thus Hector on the lofty vessel rush'd  
Impetuous, for Jove impell'd him on  
With potent hand ; and all his host pursued.

Dire was the conflict then the ships among ; 695  
Unwearied, unfatigued, as privileg'd  
Beyond the lot of man, so fierce they fought,  
Bearing in mind this fixt intent ; the Greeks,  
That on no other terms they might escape  
From death, but perish there ; whilst hope inspir'd  
Each Trojan breast, nor vain that hope appear'd, 701  
To burn forthwith the Grecian ships with fire,  
And utterly destroy their vanquish'd host ;  
With this intent they furiously engag'd.



But Hector rushing forward, grasp'd the stern  
Of that swift vessel which to Troy convey'd  
Protesilaus, never to return.

At this both Greeks and Trojans eager fought,  
And many fell: no distant war they wag'd,  
With arrow or with jav'lin; man to man, 710  
With battle-axe or swords, or two-edg'd spears,  
Closely engag'd, the bloody fight maintain'd.

Then fell from many a warrior's hand the sword  
Of mighty grasp, or from his shoulder hewn  
Dropp'd useless to the ground: on every side 715  
O'er the dark soil the blood in rivers pour'd.

Hector meantime his hold maintain'd, still grasp'd  
The lofty stern, and loudly thus exclaim'd:

“ Now, now bring fire, and raise the shout of war;  
“ This is the glorious day by Jove decreed 720  
“ To seize their ships, here brought with adverse  
“ heav'n

“ To our great loss: chiefly our counsellors  
“ 'This blame incur, who check'd my ardent wish  
“ And staid our host, nor suff'ered us to fight  
“ As now: such then the will of Jove, now chang'd;  
“ Himself encourages, commands the war.” 726

He spake: the Trojans rush'd obedient on.  
O'erwhelm'd by hostile spears, not Ajax self

Longer endur'd, but for awhile retir'd,  
Expecting death should he the deck maintain. 730  
Still from the ship his spear the attack repell'd,  
And staid each hand that would have fir'd the fleet:  
Loud to the Greeks he call'd: " Friends, country-

" men,

" Illustrious warlike chiefs! O now, my friends,  
" Be all your virtue, all your courage tried. 735  
" Or think you succours still await us here,  
" Some stronger bulwark to defend our host?  
" We have no fenced city, no strong tow'r  
" Which may protect us, and relieve our troops:  
" On Trojan plains we stand, by numerous foes 740  
" Encompass'd, and shut in by Ocean's flood;  
" Our hands alone, not flight, can save us now."

He spake; and with his spear rush'd on amain  
Furious: whatever Trojan dar'd approach  
At Hector's call with flames to burn the ships, 745  
Him Ajax slew; and from his single arm  
Twelve Trojans at the ships breathless expir'd.



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B O O K XVI.

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**T**HUS at the ships contending hosts engag'd.  
Meantime Patroclus near Achilles stood  
Weeping: so bursting from the lofty rock  
The bubbling fountain pours its lucid stream.  
Not unconcern'd Achilles saw his grief, 5  
And, kindly pitying, thus his friend address'd:  
    " Why weeps Patroclus like an infant child,  
    " Which running seeks its mother's kind embrace,  
    " Hangs on her garment and her steps detains,  
    " With tearful eye entreating fond caress? 10  
    " Like her, Patroclus, thou dost shed the tear;  
    " Hast thou aught grievous to communicate  
    " Of me or mine? or hast thou heard perchance  
    " From Phthia? Still they say Menœtius lives,  
    " And Peleus governs yet his Myrmidons; 15  
    " Should either die, we then indeed must weep.  
    " Or griev'st thou that the Grecians at their ships  
    " Thus perish, just reward of all their crimes?  
    " Conceal it not; speak, that we both may know."

Patroclus deeply sighing, thus replied :

- “ O son of Peleus, bravest of the Greeks,  
“ Be not displeas'd, for mighty ill's oppress  
“ The Grecian host : all who excel in arms  
“ Are wounded and disabled at the ships :  
“ There Tydeus' son the valiant Diomed, 25  
“ There Agamemnon, and Eurypylus,  
“ And wise Ulysses, seek to heal their wounds  
“ By medicine's aid, with skilful hand applied.  
“ But thou, Achilles, art relentless still :  
“ O never may such rage my heart inflame ! 30  
“ O brave in vain ! whom wilt thou e'er assist  
“ If not thy country in her deep distress ?  
“ Relentless man ! nor Peleus was thy sire,  
“ Nor Thetis gave thee birth ; but rugged rocks  
“ And seas thy parents were : therefore thy mind  
“ No pity knows. Should some dread oracle, 36  
“ Some strict command from Jove, by Thetis  
“ brought,  
“ Thy soul alarm, let me thy forces lead,  
“ If haply I a dawn of hope may raise  
“ To prostrate Greece : lend me thy glitt'ring arms,  
“ That Troy, mistaking me for thee, may fly, 41  
“ And our afflicted forces breathe awhile  
“ From war ; such breathing-time as war admits.

“ Fresh troops with ease the weary may repulse  
“ With shouts alone, and drive them from our  
“ ships.” 45

Thus he with great imprudence, for he sought  
Destruction to himself in this request ;

When thus Achilles with displeasure spake :

“ Alas ! my noble friend, what hast thou said ?  
“ I know no oracle I have to fear ; 50

“ Nor has my mother brought command from Jove.

“ This cause of grief doth wring my very soul,

“ That, from his equal, one advanc'd to power,

“ Should dare thus rob him of his just reward :

“ This, this the cause ; hence bitter griefs arise : 55

“ The captive whom united Greece had given,

“ My just reward for cities overthrown,

“ Her hath Atrides taken back by force,

“ As from some outcast of the meaner sort.

“ But—that is past and gone ; nor is it right 60

“ To feed eternal rage. I thought indeed

“ Never to cease from wrath, till at my ship

“ The clamour and the shout of war arriv'd.

“ You then, array'd in all my splendid arms,

“ Lead on the valiant Myrmidons to war ; 65

“ Since the black cloud of overwhelming Troy

“ Threatens our fleet : hemm'd in by Ocean's flood,

- “ The Grecians occupy small space of land;  
“ Whilst Troy her numerous forces pours around  
“ Fearless, nor dreads the splendour of my casque  
“ Advancing. Then their numerous dead had fill'd  
“ Each hollow of the plain, had Atreus' son  
“ Due honour paid; now they besiege our host.  
“ No longer in the hands of Diomed  
“ Rages the spear, and wards destruction off; 75  
“ I hear no more Atrides' hateful voice;  
“ Hector's alone still bursts upon my ear  
“ Encouraging his troops, who shouting loud  
“ Fill the whole plain, and slay our routed host.  
“ But yet, Patroclus, hasten to repel 80  
“ The danger which impends, lest they destroy  
“ And burn our ships, and cut off all return.  
“ Then my advice attend, and note it well;  
“ So shall I from the Grecian host receive  
“ Honour and praise, and they will safe restore 85  
“ The beauteous maid with numerous splendid gifts.  
“ Return when thou hast driven them from the  
“ ships,  
“ If Jove shall grant success; but without me  
“ Press not the contest with the Trojan force,  
“ For thus shalt thou on me dishonour bring: 90  
“ Nor in the war exulting, with success



“ Flusht, lead thy troops victorious on to Troy ;  
“ Lest from Olympus’ height some adverse pow’r  
“ Descend : Apollo much the Trojans loves.  
“ The ships once sav’d, lead back the Myrmidons,  
“ And on the plain let each maintain the fight. 95  
“ O pow’rs supreme ! Jove, Pallas, Phœbus, hear !  
“ Might every Trojan, every Grecian chief  
“ Perish, and we alone survive to tear  
“ The sacred fillet from the brow of Troy !” 100

Thus they held converse. Ajax prest meantime  
By numerous weapons, from the fight retir’d :  
Him Jove by many Trojan arms subdued.  
Struck by the frequent spear, his glitt’ring casque  
Rang on his temples, and his plaited mail 105  
Receiv’d incessant strokes, whilst with the weight  
Of his enormous shield his wearied arm  
Fail’d him. Yet might they not with all their spears  
Drive Ajax back, or from his station move ;  
Panting for breath he stood, and from his limbs 110  
The copious sweat distill’d ; no time to breathe,  
Such complicated evils hemm’d him round.

Say, heav’nly Muse, enthron’d the stars among,  
How first devouring flames the ships assail’d.

Hector advanc’d, and with his pond’rous sword  
Smote Ajax’ spear, and sever’d from the haft 116

The brazen point: aloft in air in vain  
The hero brandish'd his now useless spear ;  
The point lopt off fell tinkling to the ground.

Then Ajax knew, and shudd'ed at the thought  
That Jove himself had turn'd the tide of war 120  
Adverse, and to the Trojans gave success.

His station he forsook : victorious Troy  
With fire invades; thick smoke and bick'ring flames  
Involve the lofty ship. Achilles saw 125

The whelming mischief, and with anxious words  
Exclaim'd : " To battle, my Patroclus, haste ;

" I see the flames arise : arm, quickly arm,

" Whilst I prepare the Myrmidons ; or we,

" Our ships, and our return, all, all is lost." 130

He spake. Patroclus arm'd him to the war.

First round his legs the silver-studded greaves

He bound ; then cloth'd him with the plated mail

Spangled with stars, whilom in battle worn

By great Æacides : the mighty sword 135

He o'er his shoulders hung, with silver studs

Emboss'd ; his arm the pond'rous shield sustain'd

Of huge circumference ; the glitt'ring casque,

Whose nodding plume struck terror and dismay,

Adorn'd his brow ; and in his hands he bore 140

Two spears, well suited to the hero's grasp :

Untouch'd alone the Pelian spear remain'd,  
Huge, weighty, strong; among the Grecian chiefs  
This none might wield but great Achilles' self:  
Chiron the wondrous gift to Peleus gave, 145  
From Pelion hewn, and fraught with numerous  
deaths.

Then to Automedon he gave command  
To yoke the rapid steeds: Automedon,  
Whom after Peleus' son he honour'd most,  
Oft faithful prov'd in war; who yok'd the steeds 150  
Xanthus and Balius, swift as mighty winds,  
Whom erst to Zephyrus Podarge bore,  
Feeding in pastures large by Ocean's flood:  
The hero join'd swift Pedasus to these,  
Which from Eetion Achilles won, 155  
In swiftness equal to immortal steeds.

Meantime Achilles arm'd his Myrmidons  
Throughout their sev'ral tents: but they, as wolves  
Voracious, and with daring courage arm'd,  
Some larger stag slain in the mountain top 160  
Devour; their jaws still cov'red o'er with blood,  
In troops they from the pure and cooling stream,  
Where dipp'd their slender tongues, full gorg'd re-  
turn;  
With sides distended fierce they move along.

The chiefs and leaders of the Myrmidons  
Round the brave friend of swift *Æacides*  
Thus mov'd: *Achilles* urg'd them to the fight,  
Spearmen and horse, as in the midst he stood.

Full fifty ships to *Troy* *Achilles* led,  
Each bearing fifty men at arms; to these 170  
Five leaders were assign'd of valour tried,  
Who under swift *Achilles* bore command,  
He chief. Of these *Menestheus*, by his mail  
Of various colour known, led the first band;  
Sprung from *Sperchius'* sacred stream, to whom 175  
Fair *Polydora*, *Peleus'* daughter, bare  
The warlike youth: yet he by some was call'd  
*Borus*, whom *Polydora* deign'd to wed.

*Eudorus* led the second, from his birth  
*Parthenius* nam'd, whom *Polymela* bore, 180  
Skill'd in the graceful dance; her *Mercury*  
Beheld and lov'd, as she among the nymphs  
Of *Dian* led the sprightly dance along:  
Nor sued the god in vain; a son she bare,  
*Eudorus*, swift of foot, and brave in fight. 185  
No sooner had *Lucina* giv'n him birth,  
And he beheld the splendour of the sun,  
When *Actor's* son, *Echecleus*, to his house  
Conducted, and with ample dow'r enrich'd

And married Polymela; but her sire  
Phylas the child receiv'd, and fondly lov'd.

The third Pisander led, well skill'd to throw  
The quiv'ring lance; of all the Myrmidons,  
Patroclus might alone with him contend.

Time-honour'd Phoenix held the fourth command:  
The fifth Alcimedon, Laerceus' son. 196

These with their leaders all in order rang'd,  
Achilles issued thus his strict commands:

“ Brave Myrmidons, remember now the threats  
“ Once utt'ed at our ships, what time fell rage 200  
“ My breast inflam'd, and I your blame incur'd,  
“ In words like these: ‘ Unhappy Peleus' son!  
“ ‘ Nurtur'd with gall, implacable, that thus  
“ ‘ Unwilling you detain us at your ships:  
“ ‘ Then to our several homes return we back, 205  
“ ‘ Since thus dire anger all thy soul absorbs:’  
“ Thus were ye heard to say. Behold, that war  
“ Which then you did demand appears in view;  
“ Yonder the foe; there be your courage tried:  
“ Now with the Trojans let the brave engage.” 210  
With words like these he all their valour rais'd,  
And ardour for the fight: at his command  
They clos'd their ranks. As when with polish'd  
stones

The skilful workman builds the solid wall  
Of some proud palace, a defence from storms ; 215  
So close conjoin'd helmets and shields appear'd,  
And shields and helmets clash'd, and man with man ;  
And crested cones shone dreadful as they mov'd  
Waving aloft ; so close their martial files.  
Two valiant chiefs in glitt'ring armour clad, 220  
Patroclus and Automedon, advanc'd  
Before the rest, all eager to engage.

And now Achilles hast'ned to his tent,  
And from the well-wrought chest, by Thetis' care  
Embark'd, and fill'd with rich habiliments, 225  
With mantles furr'd, and splendid tapestry,  
A cup emboss'd he took, with wondrous art  
Sculptur'd, from which no mortal man might drink,  
Nor pour libation to Saturnian Jove,  
Save Peleus' son alone : this from the chest 230  
He took ; and first with sulphur purified,  
And wash'd with water ; then his hands he cleans'd ;  
'Then fill'd the cup with wine, and in the midst  
Standing with eyes to heav'n uprais'd he pour'd  
Libation due, and thus address'd his pray'r : 235

“ O great Pelasgian Jove, who dwell'st aloft  
“ High-thron'd, whose pow'r Dodona's wintry realm  
“ Acknowledgeth, where live thy sacred priests



“ The Selli ; on the ground their humble bed,  
“ Unwash’d their feet : thou whilom heard’st my  
“ pray’r, 240  
“ And punishing the Greeks, didst honour me ;  
“ O hear me now, and grant me this request :  
“ I at my ships as heretofore remain ;  
“ My lov’d companion to the war I send  
“ With many Myrmidons : O mighty Jove, 245  
“ Give honour to my friend ; inspire his soul  
“ With courage undismay’d, that Hector own  
“ His valour in the ranks of war, nor think  
“ The spear then only rages in his hand  
“ When I direct the war. But when repell’d 250  
“ The danger from our fleet, grant he return  
“ Safe with his arms and all his warlike troops.”

Thus he preferr’d the pray’r. Jove heard his  
words,

And granted part, and part dispers’d in air :  
To save the ships and to repel the foe 255  
He gave ; but to return in safety thence  
He granted not. Libation duly made,  
And earnest pray’r to mighty Jove address,  
Achilles to his tent returning, plac’d  
The sacred cup within the chest secure ; 260  
Then issued from the tent with hasty step,



Eager to view conflicting hosts in arms,  
Trojans and Myrmidons in battle join'd.  
And now around Menœtius' warlike son  
The Myrmidons all-arm'd to battle mov'd. 265

As pours the numerous swarm of wasps, disturb'd  
By wanton boys, near to some public way  
Ever annoy'd; thus inconsiderate,  
Their idle sport produces general ill;  
Them oft the passing traveller unaware 270  
Incenses; him the irritable race  
Attack courageous, and defend their young:  
Forth from the ships thus pour'd the Myrmidons  
With courage fir'd, and noise immense arose;  
But thus Patroclus animates his troops: 275

“ O Myrmidons! companions dear in arms  
“ Of swift Achilles, be your courage known,  
“ Now be ye men indeed; so shall our chief  
“ Achilles, bravest of the Grecian host,  
“ Reap honour, and Atrides' self confess 280  
“ His fault, who hath the bravest chief disgrac'd.”

Thus saying, he their courage rous'd to arms;  
Forth rush'd they to the fight: the shout of war  
Dreadful resounded from the hollow ships.

But when the Trojans saw Menœtius' son 285  
In shining armour clad, astonishment

And terror seiz'd their minds; for well they thought  
Pelides' self advancing to the fight,  
His anger all dismiss: on every side  
They fled, if haply they might death escape. 290

Patroclus first his well-aim'd jav'lin hurl'd  
Full in the midst where throng'd the numerous foe  
Tumultuous at the half-burnt vessel's stern,  
And smote Pyræchmen, who from Axius' stream  
And Amydon the Pæons led to war. 295  
The point his shoulder pierc'd; headlong he fell,  
Loud groaning: his companions panic-struck  
Fled sudden when perceiv'd their leader slain:  
Such fear Patroclus' presence shed around,  
And drove them from the ships, and check'd the fire.

The vessel half consum'd the Trojans left: 301  
The Greeks pursued in numbers, from the ships  
Forth issuing, and noise and tumult reign'd.  
As from the lofty mountain's craggy brow  
Sudden the mighty Thunderer dispels 305  
The incumbent storm; each high projecting rock,  
The woods and headlands burst upon the sight,  
And all the vast expanse of heav'n appears:  
The Grecians thus removing from their ships  
Destructive fire, had time to breathe awhile. 310  
Nathless, the battle rag'd: for not as yet

Did they entirely from the ships recede ;  
Routed, resisting still ; fighting they fled  
Reluctant, prest by hard necessity ;  
And many fell by valiant heroes slain. 315

Patroclus first slew Areilycus  
Turning to flight ; the spear his thigh transfix'd,  
And broke the bone : headlong he fell to earth.

By Menelaus' spear brave Thoas fell ;  
Beneath his shield the unguarded chest receiv'd 320  
The fatal point. Meges Amphiclus slew ;  
The spear preventing check'd his fierce attack,  
Pierc'd through the leg and cut the nerves in twain :  
Amphiclus fell, and darkness clos'd his eyes.

Then by Antilochus Atymnius fell, 325  
Pierc'd through the flank ; when Maris with his  
lance

Rush'd on indignant to avenge his death.

Him Thrasymedes saw, and with his spear  
Preventing, wounded sore : the brazen point  
Piercing the shoulder cut the nerves, and broke 330  
The bone in twain ; and darkness clos'd his eyes :  
He fell ; his armour rang. Two brothers thus  
Slain by two brothers, to the shades were sent  
Of Erebus : Sarpedon's valued friends,  
The warlike sons of Amisodarus, 335

Who dire Chimæra, formless monster, bred,  
Fraught with destruction to the race of man.

But Ajax Oileus Cleobulus seiz'd  
Alive; the throng prevented all escape;  
And, smiting on his neck with added force, 340  
Of life depriv'd: the sword still warm remain'd  
Reeking with blood: darkness and death ensued.

Now Lycon and Peneleus forward rush'd;  
Their spears they aim'd and threw, but threw in vain:  
Each with his sword assail'd: first Lycon smote 345  
The crested cone of brave Peneleus' casque;  
The shiv'ring sword fell useless to the ground:  
Not so Peneleus; just beneath his ear  
Lycon the wound receiv'd; his sever'd head  
Scarce to the body holds: he falls, and dies.— 350  
Meriones with quick pursuit o'ertook,  
And through the shoulder wounded Acamas,  
As he his chariot mounted: down he fell,  
And darkness clos'd his eyes. Then Erymas  
Fell by the spear of brave Idomeneus: 355  
The brazen point pass'd under to the brain,  
Displac'd his teeth, and fill'd his eyes with gore:  
Scarce thro' the nose and mouth gasping he breath'd;  
And the black cloud of death his eyes o'erspread.  
Thus by each Grecian chief some Trojan died. 360

As wolves destructive or on lambs or goats  
Infuriate rush, which scatt' red from the flock,  
By heedless shepherds left at large to stray,  
They seize resistless, and at ease devour ;  
So rush'd the Grecians on the Trojan foe 365  
Through fear disperst, and of their former deeds  
Forgetful. Still on Hector Ajax press'd,  
And aim'd his spear : protected by his shield,  
And skill in battle, Hector still observ'd,  
And cautious shunn'd the missive weapon's stroke :  
Full well he knew the fate of battle chang'd ; 371  
Yet did he dauntless stand to save his friends.

As after calm from high Olympus' top  
Thick clouds descending blur the face of heav'n  
When Jove his storm prepares ; thus from the ships  
With shouts and terror fled they to repass 376  
The fosse in dread confusion : the swift steeds  
Bore Hector far away, his people yet  
Within the wall unwillingly detain'd.

Then many coursers fled, and left their cars 380  
Within the trench, o'erturn'd and broken down.

Patroclus still pursued, exhorting loud  
The Greeks, and meditating ills severe  
To Troy and all her host : with fear opprest  
On every side they fled ; in clouds the dust 385

Uprose as o'er the plain the coursers ran,  
Quitting the ships and tents with utmost speed.

Patroclus where confusion most prevail'd  
Shouting pursued. Then many heroes fell  
Beneath the wheels of chariots overthrown, 390  
Whilst the immortal steeds, by heav'nly pow'rs  
To Peleus given, with ease the fosse o'erpass'd;  
For he intent on Hector urg'd them on,  
Whom far away his rapid coursers bore.

As o'er the fields the incumbent deluge pours 395  
Its weight of waters when autumnal storms  
And tempests vex the earth, by angry Jove  
From heav'n sent down to punish humankind  
For laws perverted, sacred rites profan'd;  
For crimes like these the rivers overflow, 400  
And wasting torrents from the mountain heights  
Form the deep chasm and rush into the sea  
With dashing roar, and blot the works of man:  
Thus rush'd the Trojan coursers o'er the plain.

When now Patroclus all escape to Troy 405  
Had intercepted, and hemm'd-in the foe  
Between the river and the ships and walls  
Of Troy, with furious onset he renew'd  
The slaughter. Pronous first the spear receiv'd;  
His chest transfixt: he fell, his armour rang. 410



Next Thestor felt his force, brave Enops' son ;  
He on his chariot seat contracted sat,  
For much his mind misgave, and from his hands  
The reins fell useless : when advancing near  
Patroclus pierc'd his jaws and quiv'ring teeth, 415  
And dragg'd him from his car. As when a man,  
Seated on some projecting rock, drags forth  
From ocean's depths some fish of larger size  
With line and hook ; so dragg'd he Enops' son,  
Then shook him from the spear : he falls, and dies !  
Next with a stone he smote Eryalus, 421  
And clave in twain the scull within the casque :  
Headlong he fell, and bitter death ensued.  
Then in succession fell Amphoterus,  
Epaltes, Erymas, Tlepolemus 425  
Damastor's son ; Pyren, and Echius,  
Ipheus, Euippus, Polumelus son  
Of Argeas : but when Sarpedon saw  
His friends, distinguish'd by their flowing robes,  
Despoil'd of life and arms, he thus exclaim'd : 430  
“ Shame, Lycians ! shame ! why this disgraceful  
“ flight ?  
“ I will this man confront, and know who thus  
“ Doth conquer and afflict the Trojan host ;  
“ For many chiefs have fall'n beneath his arm.”



He spake ; and from his chariot leap'd forthwith :  
When him Patroclus saw, he too leap'd forth 436  
Eager. As vultures with incurved beaks,  
And talons sharp, on some high rock contend,  
Screaming ; so they loud shouting rush'd to war.

Jove with compassion mov'd the contest saw, 440  
And Juno thus address'd : " Thus do the Fates,  
" Ah me the while ! destine my son to die  
" By Menœtiades : yet doubtful thoughts  
" My mind divide ; to save him and convey  
" To Lycia, or permit him thus to fall." 445

Juno replied : " O great Saturnian Jove !  
" Why words like these ? or why the destin'd time  
" Of man prolong, and bid him live again ?  
" Do so ; yet know, we pow'rs much disapprove :  
" Nay more, and let my words attention meet ; 450  
" If thus, to Lycia's realm restor'd again,  
" Sarpedon live, then other gods may claim  
" Like privilege, and save their sons in war ;  
" For many fight round Ilium's lofty walls  
" Offspring of gods, who well might take offence.  
" If then thy love be such, and such thy grief, 456  
" Yet suffer him in battle thus to fall  
" By Menœtiades ; and when of light  
" And life depriv'd, let Death and Sleep convey

“ Thy son to Lycia’s realm : there let his friends  
“ And citizens perform such sacred rites 461  
“ Of sepulture as due, and sculptur’d stone  
“ And elevated pillar mark his place  
“ Of rest : such honours have the dead alone.”

Thus Juno spake : nor did Saturnian Jove 465  
Her counsel disapprove ; but on the earth  
Show’red drops of blood in honour of his son,  
Whom much he lov’d, now by Patroclus’ spear  
Fated to die far from his native land.

And now each chief advanc’d. Patroclus first 470  
Smote Thrasymelus, friend and charioteer  
Of brave Sarpedon : the unerring lance  
Pass’d through his groin, and stretch’d him on the  
plain.

And now Sarpedon hurl’d his spear, but miss’d  
Patroclus valiant chief, whose horse receiv’d 475  
The fatal wound ; the point his shoulder pierc’d :  
Then fell swift Pedasus, and in the dust  
Writhing expir’d. Forthwith the immortal steeds  
Started aside ; the strained axle creak’d ;  
The traces all confus’d, the leader slain. 480  
Automedon perceiv’d, and quick redress’d  
The mischief ; with his sword the entangled trace  
He cut : when freed from all embarrassment

The immortal coursers stood. The chiefs again  
Renew'd the combat : first Sarpedon's spear 485  
Pass'd nigh but miss'd Patroclus ; who with force  
Superior smote, nor miss'd his foe, but pierc'd  
The region of the heart. As some tall oak,  
Or pine, or poplar, which the woodman's axe  
Falls on the mountain top, to be the mast 490  
Of some proud vessel ; thus Sarpedon fell  
Beneath his car extended on the plain,  
Still gnashing, grasping still the clotted dust.

And as the lion from the herd selects  
The stately bull of high and generous breed, 495  
Who groaning dies beneath the monster's jaws ;  
So by Patroclus fell the Lycian chief,  
Who thus in agonies his friend address'd :

“ Glaucus, my friend, companion brave in arms,  
“ Now be thy valour tried ; exert thy strength 500  
“ And courage in the war : be thy first care  
“ The Lycians to exhort, that for their king  
“ They bravely fight ; and thou thyself maintain  
“ Fierce combat round thy now expiring friend.  
“ Eternal shame and sorrow will be thine, 505  
“ If in this combat at the ships commenc'd,  
“ The Grecian chiefs despoil me of my arms :  
“ Encourage then our host, and bravely dare.”

He spake : death clos'd his eyes ; he breath'd no  
more :

The victor's heel insults the dying chief : 510

The spear withdrawn life issued from the wound.

Meantime the Myrmidons his coursers seiz'd.

With deep-felt sorrow Glaucus heard his words,  
Unable to assist : still in his arm

Wrangled the wound, and all his pains increas'd :

Teucer's unerring shaft had giv'n the wound, 516

His host defending. Pressing with his hand

The place, to Phœbus he address'd his pray'r :

- “ Hear, potent god, whether or Lycia's realm  
“ Or Troy thy presence boast ; for thou canst hear  
“ The afflicted soul though distant, and relieve 521  
“ Woes great as mine. This heavy wound I bear,  
“ And pains acute, nor may the blood be staid :  
“ All-useless is this arm ; nor can I grasp  
“ My spear, or with the foe contend in arms. 525  
“ Extended in the dust Sarpedon lies,  
“ Chief of renown, boasting descent from Jove,  
“ Who grants no succour to his helpless son.  
“ But do thou gracious hear : assuage my pains,  
“ Heal my sore wound ; and all my strength restore ;  
“ That I may rouse to arms the Lycian bands, 531  
“ And fighting vindicate his sad remains.”

Thus pray'd he ; and Apollo heard his pray'r,  
Assuag'd the pain and heal'd the bleeding wound,  
And with fresh vigour all his soul inspir'd. 535

Glaucus with conscious joy the pow'r divine  
Confess'd, and granted pray'r ; then rous'd to arms  
The Lycian force : from rank to rank he strode,  
Exhorting all the chiefs bravely to fight,  
And vindicate Sarpedon's sad remains. 540

Then to the Trojan chiefs he loudly call'd ;  
To Panthus' warlike son Polydamas,  
And brave Agenor, to Anchises' son,  
To Hector's self in brazen armour clad,  
Whom near approaching Glaucus thus address'd :

“ Hector, thou dost forget thy brave allies, 546  
“ Who from their friends, and from their country  
“ far,  
“ Perish ; nor dost thou give thy promis'd aid.  
“ Extended on the plain Sarpedon lies  
“ Breathless, whose courage and whose virtues rare  
“ Did Lycia's realm sustain ; him brazen Mars 551  
“ Hath by the spear of dread Patroclus slain.  
“ Let then just indignation fire thy breast,  
“ And let us on, lest these fierce Myrmidons  
“ Despoil his arms, and treat his sad remains 555

“ With mark’d disgrace ; revenging thus the loss  
“ Of many heroes at their ships destroy’d.”

He spake : severest grief each Trojan fir’d  
With rage unconquerable : much they lov’d  
Sarpedon, firm protector of their walls, 560  
Though not of Trojan birth ; by numerous troops  
Attended, and excelling much in war.

Then rush’d they to the battle ; Hector led.

Meantime Patroclus to the Grecian chiefs,  
To Ajax thus exclaim’d : “ O now, brave friends,  
“ Let more than usual vigour nerve your arm ; 566  
“ That man is slain who first o’erleap’d our wall ;  
“ Let us then seize the spoil and spurn his corpse,  
“ And slay those Trojans who shall dare oppose.”

He spake : they eager for the war prepar’d. 570  
Now Trojans Lycians, Myrmidons and Greeks,  
With dreadful shoutings to the onset rush’d ;  
Dire was the clash of arms : then Jove supreme  
Pernicious darkness o’er the battle spread,  
Whilst rag’d the conflict for his much-lov’d son 575  
Sarpedon : first the Trojan arms prevail’d,  
For no mean warrior of the Myrmidons,  
Epigeus, Agacleus’ son, was slain,  
Who in Budeum well-built city dwelt,



Where chief command he bore; till banish'd thence,  
For that his kinsman he had newly slain:  
To Peleus, and his silver-footed spouse<sup>1</sup>  
Thetis, he suppliant came: they to the walls  
Of Troy, companion to Achilles, sent  
The youth to war; him stretching forth his hand  
To seize the prostrate corpse Hector assail'd, 586  
And with a stone of weight enormous smote  
Full on his casque, and cleft his head in twain:  
Prone on Sarpedon to the ground he fell  
Lifeless himself, for bitter death ensued. 590

Patroclus sorely griev'd, his friend thus slain,  
Forth thro' the ranks he rush'd. As the swift hawk  
The fearful starling or the daw invades;  
Thus on the Lycians and the Trojans rush'd  
Patroclus, for his slaught' red friend enrag'd, 595  
And hurl'd a stone, which Sthenelaus smote,  
Son of Ithæmenes: the cumbrous mass  
His neck invading, all the tendons broke:  
The Trojan chiefs, and Hector's self retir'd.  
Far as the jav'lin's flight when youth contends 600  
In sport, or at a foe his weapon hurls,  
Prest by the Greeks the Trojans back retir'd.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian force,  
First turn'd himself from flight, and slew the son



Of Chalcon nam'd Bathycles, chief of fame;  
Who dwelt in Hellas, and in wealth surpass'd  
The richest Myrmidons: with sudden turn,  
And quick pursuit, him Glaucus overtook,  
And pierc'd his chest: he fell, his armour rang.  
Bathycles slain, grief seiz'd the Grecian host: 610  
But Troy rejoic'd exulting, and mov'd on  
Intent to reap the spoil; nor did the Greeks  
Give way, but on the foe advancing, fought.  
Then slew Meriones a Trojan chief,  
Laogonos, Onetor's warlike son, 615  
Priest of Idæan Jove, by all rever'd:  
Between the jaw and ear the weapon pass'd;  
Then fled his soul, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Now at Meriones Æneas aim'd  
His brazen spear, as with quick step he mov'd 620  
Protected by his shield, and hop'd success:  
He saw, and shunn'd the danger, bending low;  
The spear behind him stood infixt in earth,  
Still quiv'ring; there its force and fury staid.  
When thus Anchises son indignant spake: 625  
“ Meriones, though skilful in the dance,  
“ My spear not missing thee had check'd thy speed.”  
Meriones replied: “ However brave,  
“ Æneas, yet 't were difficult to quell

“ The force of all who may thy arm oppose ; 630

“ For that thyself art mortal, let this spear

“ But strike thee once ; though great, and in thy  
“ strength

“ Confiding, thou shalt give no small renown

“ To me ; thy soul to Pluto’s gloomy realm.”

He spake : when him Patroclus thus rebuk’d : 635

“ Meriones, though brave, why this discourse ?

“ My friend, it is not by reproachful words

“ The foe retreats, and leaves the spoil to us,

“ Till some are stretch’d on earth : in council words,

“ In war the hand decides : no longer then 640

“ Use fruitless words, but boldly dare the fight.”

He spake, and led the way : him follow’d quick  
Godlike Meriones. As when the noise

Of woodmen sounds remote within the depths

And hollows of the mountain ; such the sound 645

Of brazen arms, of helmets and of shields,

From frequent stroke of sword or rapid spear.

Nor might the most intelligent discern

Divine Sarpedon, so defac’d was he

From head to feet with wounds and blood and dust.

Still round his corpse they throng’d : as the thick

swarm

651

Of vernal flies with busy hum surround

The vessels fill'd with milk, so they the corpse  
Throng'd round tumultuous: nor did Jove avert  
His penetrating eye, but view'd the fight, 655  
Debating much, whether incontinent  
Upon the body of his much-lov'd son  
Illustrious Hector should Patroclus slay,  
And take the spoil; or to increase the woes  
And labour of the field. Thus he resolv'd, 660  
That the brave friend of Peleus' warlike son  
The Trojans should repulse, and Hector flee  
Back to the city after loss severe.

With this intent he Hector's soul with fear  
Inspir'd, who vaulting in his chariot fled, 665  
And others urg'd to flight; for well he knew  
Jove's purpose chang'd, and sunk the Trojan scale.

No longer then the Lycians stood their ground;  
But fled confus'd, when seen their slaught'ring king  
Pierc'd through the heart, and mingled with the dead;  
For many with him fell when Jove increas'd 671  
The battle's rage: then of his glitt'ring arms  
With brass embost, they stript Sarpedon's corpse;  
These to the ships Patroclus' friends convey'd.  
Then cloud-compelling Jove to Phœbus spake: 675

“ Haste, Phœbus, much-belov'd; descending,  
“ cleanse

“ Sarpedon, from the battle far remov’d  
“ And hostile darts, and with pure water wash  
“ His blood-stain’d corpse ; then with ambrosial oil  
“ Anointed, and in robes divine attir’d, 680  
“ Let Sleep and Death, twin-born, conductors swift,  
“ Convey him to his friends in Lycia’s realm,  
“ Who, after due funereal rites perform’d,  
“ The monumental stone and lofty tomb  
“ Shall raise : such honours claim the dead alone.”

Thus spake he : nor did Phoebus disobey 686  
His Father’s strict command : from Ida’s top  
Descending to the battle, he remov’d  
Divine Sarpedon far from hostile darts ;  
Then with pure water wash’d the blood-stain’d  
corpse ; 690

And when anointed with ambrosial oil,  
And in habiliments divine attir’d,  
To Sleep and Death consign’d, brothers twin-born,  
Conductors swift, who quick as thought convey’d  
Sarpedon to the wealthy Lycian realm. 695

And now Patroclus with Automedon,  
Encouraging his coursers, still pursued  
The foe, to his own harm : improvident !  
Had he observ’d Achilles’ strict command,  
He might have death escap’d : but the high will 700

Of Jove o'er-rules the purpose of mankind ;  
Who can with ease disarm the brave, and turn  
Success from him whom first he urg'd to war ;  
As from Patroclus now. Whom first, whom last,  
When call'd thyself by Fate's o'er-ruling pow'r, 705  
Didst thou, Patroclus, slay ? Adrastus first,  
Autonous, Echeclus, Perimus  
Of Megas' son : then Menalippus fell,  
Epistor, Elasmus, and Mulius,  
And brave Pylartes : others turn'd, in flight 710  
Their safety sought. Now by Patroclus' hand  
The Greeks had taken Troy, so fierce he fought ;  
But on the well-built tow'r Apollo stood,  
Betiding ill to him, to Troy success.

Thrice did Patroclus mount the lofty wall ; 715  
Him thrice Apollo headlong back repell'd,  
Striking with hand divine his glitt'ring shield :  
But when again with more than mortal force  
He onward rush'd, him thus with stern rebuke  
The god address'd : " Retire, Patroclus, hence, 720  
" For not by spear of thine do Fates decree  
" The fall of Troy : no ; not by him who boasts  
" Might far superior, Peleus' warlike son."

He spake : Patroclus back in fear retir'd,  
Shunning the vengeance of the god of day. 725

But Hector at the Scæan gate detain'd  
His chariot, doubtful whether to renew  
The fight, or to collect within the walls  
His scatt' red forces : him debating thus  
Apollo near approach'd, in form a youth 730  
Like Asius, and in strength ; to Hector near  
And Hecuba allied, brave Dymas' son,  
Who dwelt by Phrygian Sangar's fertile stream ;  
In form like him thus spake the god of day :

“ Why ceaseth Hector from the battle's rage? 735  
“ It is not well : inferior as I am,  
“ Did but my strength so much thy force exceed,  
“ Thou shouldst for this neglect most dearly pay :  
“ Then boldly on the foe thy steeds direct,  
“ And hasten to the fight : should Phœbus aid, 740  
“ Patroclus falls, and glory will be thine.”

Thus spake the god, and mingled in the war.  
Cebriones, so Hector gave command,  
Drove where the battle rag'd : Phœbus meantime  
Mov'd onward in the throng, and fear impress'd 745  
On every Grecian mind ; but glory gave  
To Hector and his host : the Trojan chief  
Disdaining weaker foes, right onward drove  
Impetuous, on Patroclus sole intent.

Then leap'd Patroclus from his car ; this hand 750

A spear, and that a stone of larger size,  
Rough, craggy, grasp'd; which, straining every nerve,  
He threw; nor threw in vain. Cebriones  
From Priam sprung, but of ignoble birth,  
The charioteer of Hector, felt its weight: 755  
Full on his head the cumbrous mass descends,  
Shivers the bone, and from their socket thrusts  
His eyeballs to the ground. As one expert  
In diving, from the lofty car he fell  
Headlong to earth, and life his frame forsook. 760  
When thus Patroclus spake in taunting guise:  
“Heav'ns! with what rare facility he dives!  
“Were he at sea, what numbers might he feed  
“Diving for oysters from his vessel's side,  
“As from his horses now! such men hath Troy.”  
Thus saying, on Cebriones he rush'd:  
As the gaunt lion who the stall invades  
Dies by those wounds his dauntless soul provokes:  
Thus eager rush'd Patroclus to the spoil;  
With equal haste sprang Hector from his car. 770  
As lions for Cebriones they mov'd  
Contention fierce, who in the mountain top  
By hunger prest, with courage undismay'd,  
For the slain stag contend; thus fierce engag'd  
Patroclus and the warlike chief of Troy, 775



On slaughter bent, Cebriones around :

This with firm grasp the prostrate chieftain's head

Seizes, and that his feet : with equal rage

Trojans and Greeks the conflict dire maintain.

As when contending winds the forest shake 780

Deep in the hollow mountain's side ; or beech,

Corneil, or ash, yield to the tempest's rage,

And break ; far off the dreadful crash is heard :

Thus Greeks and Trojans to the battle mov'd

Fearless, whilst all around Cebriones 785

Spears, arrows, numberless infix'd stood ;

And stones of larger size the shields upon

Smote vehement, as for his corpse they fought :

Of stature vast he lay all in the dust

Extended long, forgetful of his art. 790

Whilst mov'd the sun to his meridian height,

The weapons flew, and equal numbers fell ;

But when he westward stoop'd his rapid course,

Then against fate the Grecian arms prevail'd ;

Then seiz'd they and from forth the battle dragg'd

Cebriones, and stripp'd him of his arms. 796

And now Patroclus on the Trojans rush'd ;

Thrice rush'd he on like Mars with dreadful shock,

Thrice fell nine Trojan chiefs beneath his sword.

But when again like to some god in arms 800

He rush'd, then life's sad end to thee appear'd,  
Patroclus; then approach'd, with terror clad,  
Dread Phœbus; yet by thee unseen, in clouds  
Impenetrable obscur'd as on he mov'd:  
Behind he stood, and with his potent hand 805  
Smote on his back and shoulders; at the stroke  
Dimm'd were his eyes: then Phœbus from his head  
The helmet cast to earth, which empty roll'd  
With hollow sound beneath the coursers feet,  
And all the crest with blood was stain'd and dust:  
For not till then might dust contaminate  
The crested casque which grac'd Achilles' brow;  
Which now to Hector mighty Jove consign'd,  
Now borne by him, fast verging to his end:  
Then shiv'ring fell his spear, huge, pond'rous, strong,  
From his enfeebled grasp; and from his arm 815  
Dropp'd the vast orb of his enormous shield.  
The angry deity his corselet loos'd,  
Confus'd his sense, and palsied all his limbs.  
He stood aghast! when sudden from behind 820  
A Dardan with his spear his back transfix'd,  
Euphorbus, son of Panthus, who excell'd  
In horsemanship, in battle, and the race.  
When first essay'd the rudiments of war,  
He from their seats dismounted twenty youths. 825

He gave the wound, yet did he not subdue ;  
But quick retir'd in fear the ranks among,  
Nor dar'd Patroclus thus disarm'd engage.  
O'erpower'd by Phœbus, and the sudden wound,  
Patroclus to the ranks retir'd, if thus 830  
He haply might escape. Hector observ'd  
The wounded chief retiring, and advanc'd  
With hasty stride, and deep infix'd his spear  
Beneath the heart, and pierc'd his body through :  
He fell ; then deeply griev'd the Grecian host. 835

As when the lion and the boar contend,  
Who in the mountain's height fierce conflict move  
For some small stream to slake their thirst withal,  
The lion's strength subdues the foaming boar ;  
So Hector slew Patroclus, who himself 840  
Had numbers slain, and boasting thus exclaim'd :

“ Patroclus, thou didst think, and vainly too,  
“ Our city to despoil, and captive bear  
“ The Trojan matrons to thy native land.  
“ Insensate ! 'tis for them the Hectorian steeds 845  
“ To battle speed their way ; for them I wield  
“ This spear, amongst the warlike sons of Troy  
“ Excelling, to ward off that fatal day.  
“ Thee, wretched man ! the vultures shall devour :  
“ However brave no aid Achilles lends, 850  
“ Who when thou wentest forth did give perchance

“ This counsel : ‘ O return not, warlike friend,  
“ ‘ To these our ships till thou on Hector’s breast  
“ ‘ The corselet smear’d with gore hast rent in twain.’  
“ Thus he ; and thou didst idly believe his words.”

Fainting in death Patroclus thus replied : 856

“ Now, Hector, is thy boast, since Jove hath giv’n  
“ And Phœbus victory to thee ; for they  
“ Subdued me first, and stripp’d me of my arms :  
“ Had twenty such as thou but met my force, 860  
“ They all had perish’d by my spear subdued:  
“ Me hath pernicious Fate and Phœbus slain,  
“ Next Panthus’ son : you lastly reap the spoil.  
“ But this I tell thee, and mark well my words,  
“ Not long shalt thou survive : already Death 865  
“ And Fate approach thee near ; destin’d to fall,  
“ And shortly too, by great Achilles’ arm.”

He spake ; thick darkness clos’d his eyes ; his soul  
To Hades mournful fled ; youth, vigour, gone !

Him dead, Hector address’d : “ Why of my fate  
“ Prophetic thus ? Who knows but he may fall, 871  
“ The son of Thetis, by this self-same spear ?”

He spake ; and from the wound the weapon drew,  
Spurn’d with his heel, and thrust to earth the corpse :  
Then on Automedon, Achilles’ friend, 875  
He rush’d : him far away the rapid steeds  
Divine, the splendid gift of heav’n, convey’d.

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B O O K   XVII.

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BUT Menelaus, Atreus' son, perceiv'd  
Patroclus' fate, by Trojan arms subdued ;  
And through the foremost ranks all-arm'd advanc'd,  
And stalk'd around him. Thus to guard her young  
The heifer moves, now first essay'd the pangs       5  
Maternal, and the pains which cause her moan.  
Thus Menelaus round Patroclus turn'd  
With spear and shield protecting, well prepar'd  
To slay that Trojan who should dare approach.

Nor unobserv'd by Panthus' warlike son       10  
Patroclus' fall, whom near advancing thus  
To Atreus' son he spake : " Cease, valiant chief  
" Belov'd of Jove, and leave the spoils to me :  
" I first of all the Trojans or allies  
" Transfix'd Patroclus in the bloody fight ;       15  
" Then let me bear the glory and the praise,  
" Lest thou too perish by my spear subdued."  
Indignant, Menelaus thus replied :  
" Great Jove! high boasting words become not man :

“ Not such the panther’s or the lion’s pride  
“ In fight, or the huge boar’s, whose conscious might  
“ Swells in his breast and flashes in his eyes;  
“ As the proud boast of Panthus’ warlike sons.  
“ No fruits of youth did Hyperenor reap,  
“ Who first reproach’d, then dar’d me to the fight;  
“ Me whom he styl’d the weakest of our host    26  
“ In arms; yet never did he back return  
“ To glad his friends, his wife or children more.  
“ So shalt thou perish if thou dar’st withstand  
“ My force. Retire then to the ranks; begone    30  
“ Ere ill betide thee: fools are taught too late.”

He spake: Euphorbus not convinc’d replied:

“ Now, Menelaus, thou shalt dearly pay  
“ My brother’s death; thou who dost make thy  
    “ boast,  
“ That thou hast caus’d the widow’s tears to flow,  
“ And the fond parent’s heart to burst with grief:  
“ Some ease to woes like these I might impart  
“ Bearing thy head and bloody spoils, a gift  
“ To Panthus and to Phrontis. But no more:  
“ Nor will I leave this labour unessay’d,            40  
“ If courage aught or terror may avail.”

He spake; and smote with vehemence the shield;  
But pierc’d it not; the brazen orb repell’d

The blow, and turn'd the point: then rose the  
strength

Of Menelaus, who to Jove supreme 45

Addressing first his pray'r, full in his throat

Infix'd the spear, and pressing on his foe

With pow'rful arm, and adding all his weight,

Forc'd on the point and pierc'd his tender neck:

He fell to earth; his brazen armour rang. 50

Then were those tresses which might well adorn

The Graces, and those flowing curls with gold,

With silver fillets bound, distain'd with gore.

As when the husbandman tendeth with care

The olive, and on some sequest'red spot 55

Well-wat'red nourisheth the tender plant,

Fair, flourishing, with buds of silver white

Adorn'd, and mov'd by every softer breeze;

When suddenly from heav'n the storm descends,

Tears from its deep'ned bed, and lays it low; 60

So Panthus' son, Euphorbus, spearman brave,

By Menelaus slain, extended lay;

His arms the victor's spoil. The lion thus

Fierce, in the mountain bred, invades the herd

Feeding; then separates the fairest beast, 65

And seizing with his potent jaw o'erpow'rs

First, then its entrails tears, and swills the blood:



Whilst dogs and herdsmen distant clamours raise,  
Nor dare approach, such terror he inspires.  
So none dar'd Menelaus' strength oppose : 70  
And he had reap'd the spoils an easy prey  
From Panthus' son ; but Phoebus interpos'd  
Envious, and Hector to the combat rous'd,  
Fierce as the god of war ; in form he seem'd  
Mentes, Ciconian chief, and Hector thus 75  
In haste address'd : " Vain, Hector, thy pursuit  
" To gain the steeds of Peleus' warlike son ;  
" Steeds not to be subdued by mortal man,  
" Except Achilles, from a goddess sprung.  
" Meantime Euphorbus by the daring hand 80  
" Of Menelaus falls, Patroclus round  
" Fighting, and quell'd the fire of Panthus' son."

Thus spake the god, and mingled with the host.  
Then bitter grief the soul of Hector fir'd :  
Quick he survey'd the war : the spoiler here 85  
Stripping the arms he saw, and there the dead  
Extended ; from the wound fresh flow'd the blood.  
Then through the ranks, in shining armour clad,  
Shouting he rush'd, like the unextinguish'd flame  
Of Vulcan's smithy. Not unheard his shout 90  
By Atreus' son ; who with his mighty soul  
Thus converse held : " And shall I then desert

“ The spoils, and leave Patroclus lain thus low ;  
“ And that my injur’d honour to protect ?  
“ What anger will not fire each Grecian breast ! 95  
“ But should I singly dare the Trojan host  
“ And Hector, urg’d by shame ; by numbers prest  
“ I may surrounded fall, for Hector leads  
“ His host entire this way. Yet why debate,  
“ Why commune thus ? Whoever dare contend 100  
“ With one thus aided by some pow’r divine  
“ Must quickly fall ; nor will the Grecians blame  
“ If I from force superior thus retire :  
“ But might I Ajax summon to my aid,  
“ We turning would renew the bloody fight, 105  
“ Though by some god oppos’d ; if haply thus  
“ We jointly might regain Patroclus’ corpse,  
“ For Peleus’ son ; this least of present ills.”

Whilst thus debating in his mind he stood,  
The Trojan files advanc’d, for Hector led. 110  
Then he retreated, and Patroclus left,  
Yet turn’d him oft. As doth the shaggy beast,  
Lord of the forest, forc’d by dogs and men,  
With shouting and with spears, to quit the stall,  
By fear assail’d unwillingly retire ; 115  
So Atreus’ son retreating left the corpse  
Till join’d his friends ; then turning dar’d the foe,

And through the ranks with searching eye survey'd  
If Ajax he might find : him on the left  
He saw encouraging his friends to arms, 120  
Whom Phœbus had with dread and fear impress'd :  
With haste he ran, and thus address'd the chief :

“ O Ajax, friend belov'd, hither in haste  
“ Repair, that we may save Patroclus' corpse,  
“ And bear him naked thus to Peleus' son : 125  
“ We can no more, for Hector has his arms.”

He spake ; and rous'd great Ajax' noble mind :  
And both advancing in the van appear'd :  
Just then, the body of its armour stript,  
Hector dragg'd forth, all eager to strike off 130  
The head, and to the dogs cast forth his limbs ;  
But Ajax with his tow'ring shield drew nigh :  
When Hector vaulting in his chariot fled,  
Exulting in the spoils, which safe to Troy  
The Trojans bore, proud trophy of his fame. 135  
But Ajax still protecting with his shield  
Patroclus, firmly stood. As round his young  
The lion, whom perchance the woods among  
The hunters meet, them with stern aspect first  
He views, then knits the terrors of his brow ; 140  
Thus o'er Patroclus Ajax : whilst apart  
Stood Atreus' son, with bitter grief oppress.

But Glaucus, chief of all the Lycian bands,  
Thus followed Hector with rebuke severe :

- “ Hector, in form excelling, but in fight 145  
“ Defective ; high in fame, yet base withal :  
“ Consider well how with thy native troops  
“ Thou best the city and the state mayst guard ;  
“ For not one Lycian more shall dare engage  
“ To save that city : ’tis a thankless cause 150  
“ Thus without ceasing to contend in arms :  
“ Or whom of note inferior wilt thou save,  
“ Base man ! since left thy faithful friend and guest,  
“ Sarpedon, to the Greeks a spoil and prey ?  
“ Him, who whilst living did advantage Troy 155  
“ And thee, thou dost not from the dogs protect.  
“ If with my Lycians I may aught prevail,  
“ We go from hence, and leave proud Troy to fate.  
“ Had but the Trojans that determin’d mind,  
“ That courage which becomes a man engag’d 160  
“ His country to defend, and dare the war ;  
“ We might secure this corpse within the walls :  
“ That once within the royal city lodg’d  
“ Of Priam, and from conflict far remov’d,  
“ The Greeks would soon Sarpedon’s arms restore  
“ In ransom, and him back return to Troy ; 166  
“ For with Patroclus fell the friend of him

- “ Who boasts amongst the Greeks superior might.  
“ For thee—thou dar’st not meet with steadfast eye,  
“ Nor fight with Ajax, braver far than thou.” 170  
To him, with angry looks, Hector replied :  
“ Why, Glaucus, and from thee this deep rebuke ?  
“ I did account thee wise among the chiefs  
“ Of Lycia’s wealthy realm ; but this thy speech  
“ Doth argue thee entitled to much blame. 175  
“ Thou say’st I dare not mighty Ajax meet  
“ In battle : Friend, it is not that I dread  
“ The clash of arms, or noise of prancing steeds ;  
“ But ever must the will of Jove prevail,  
“ Who fear impresses on the brave, and turns 180  
“ The tide of war, though he that war command.  
“ Come then, my friend, and take thy stand by me ;  
“ And note my deeds, if I from morn to eve  
“ Am that base coward which thy words import :  
“ Yea, rather will I check the bravest Greek 185  
“ Who for Patroclus dare with me contend.”  
He spake ; then to the Trojans loud exclaim’d :  
“ Trojan and Lycian and Dardanian chiefs,  
“ Be men, my friends, and bravely dare the fight,  
“ Whilst I put on the arms of Peleus’ son 190  
“ Won from Patroclus, whom this spear subdued.”  
Thus saying, Hector by his varied crest

Distinguish'd, left the field, and with quick pace  
Soon overtook those Trojan friends who bore  
To Ilium's lofty tow'rs Achilles' arms ; 195  
And from the horrors of the fight remov'd,  
His armour chang'd : his own to sacred Troy  
The warlike Trojans (so he bade) convey'd.  
Clad in the immortal arms confest he stood  
Of Peleus ; for on him the pow'rs of heav'n 200  
The valued gift bestow'd : he, full of years,  
Then gave them to his son, not in those arms  
Destin'd by fate to number length of days.

Whom when the Ruler of the sky survey'd  
Apart, and glorying in Achilles' arms ; 205  
Commiserating much, he wav'd his head  
And commun'd thus : " Unfortunate of men !  
" Who thinkest not of death though death be near ;  
" But hast thyself invested with the arms  
" Of him, the bravest of the sons of men, 210  
" Whom others dread ; nay more, hast slain his  
" friend,  
" Of temper mild as brave, and from his limbs  
" Stripp'd off those arms in most unseemly guise.  
" Yet shalt thou brilliant honours reap awhile  
" For this—that thou no more mayst know return



“ From battle, and Andromache no more

“ Unloose those arms from Hector’s wearied limbs.”

He spake : a nod confirm’d his fixt resolve.

Then fitted he those arms to Hector’s form :

Dread Mars his soul with strength and vigour fill’d,

As to his brave allies he bent his way, 220

Shouting aloud : to them he seem’d in arms

Achilles’ self. Thus he each several chief

Encourag’d : Asteropæus, Mesthles,

Disenor, Glaucus and Hippothous,

Thersilochus, Phorcys, Medon, Chromius, 225

And Ennomus well skill’d in augury.

“ Hear me, ye brave and numerous allies,

“ Friends, neighbours! Not to swell the pomp of war

“ With numbers have I summon’d you to arms 230

“ Each from his city ; but with willing minds

“ To aid me in defence of those we hold

“ Most dear, our wives and children : with this

“ view,

“ In presents, in provision, I exhaust

“ My people ; you meantime the vantage reap. 235

“ Turn then, my friends, and instant let us on

“ To die or conquer ; ’tis the fate of war.

“ He then who shall Patroclus’ body drag



“ From them to us, and Ajax shall repulse,  
“ Shall share with me the spoils, the honour share.”

He spake : they on the Grecians shouting rush'd  
Their spears advancing, and elate with hope,  
From Ajax to bear off Patroclus dead :

Improvident ! for numbers Ajax slew,  
Who quickly Menelaus thus address'd : 245

“ O son of Atreus, friend belov'd of Jove,  
“ Scarce from this contest may we safe return :  
“ Not for Patroclus are my fears so great,  
“ (To dogs and birds of Troy full soon a prey),  
“ As for myself and thee. Hector this way 250  
“ Rolls on the gath'ring tempest of the war,  
“ In clouds obscur'd, and quick destruction low'rs :  
“ Call then the bravest of our host to aid.”

He spake ; nor Menelaus disobey'd ;  
But to the Grecians loudly thus exclaim'd : 255

“ Friends, counsellors, and leaders of our host,  
“ Who share with Atreus' sons the genial feast,  
“ And bear command ; whose honour is from Jove ;  
“ I may not well each several chief discern,  
“ So widely do the flames of war extend : 260  
“ Let each come forth spontaneous : great our shame  
“ Should dogs devour Patroclus' sad remains.”

He spake : him Ajax Oileus quickly heard,

And first advanc'd ; then came Idomeneus,  
And then Meriones like Mars in fight ; 265  
Then numbers, whom 't were difficult for man  
To name, rush'd onward, and the fight renew'd.  
The Trojans first engag'd, for Hector led.

As when the swelling surge from ocean's flood  
The rushing torrent meets, when Jove in storms 270  
Descends, far off is heard the dashing roar,  
And distant shores rebellow with the noise ;  
Such was the clamour of the Trojan host.  
But round Patroclus press'd the Grecian force  
United, shield with shield compacted firm. 275  
Saturnian Jove around their glitt'ring casques  
Thick darkness pour'd ; for he did not abhor  
Patroclus living, and Achilles' friend ;  
Him would he less a prey to dogs consign  
When numb' red with the dead : for this he rous'd  
The spirit of his friends in his defence. 281  
First o'er the Greeks the Trojan arms prevail'd ;  
They fled and left the dead : yet not so much  
For loss sustain'd, the foe alone intent  
To seize the corpse : but quickly to the charge 285  
The Greeks return'd, and Ajax led them on ;  
Ajax, in form in deeds excelling all  
But him who all excell'd, great Peleus' son :

Then mov'd he through the ranks like the huge boar  
In might, who youthful hunters and their dogs 290  
With ease disperses, bursting through the wood.

Thus Telamonian Ajax quick dispers'd  
The Trojan phalanx which had pour'd around  
Patroclus, hoping thus to bear him off  
To Troy, and share the spoil, the glory share. 295  
'Twas then Hippothous, Lethus' valiant son,  
Had to Patroclus' feet made fast a thong;  
Just then was dragging him, and Troy approv'd :  
When sudden ill, which no one might avert  
However willing, on himself descends. 300  
Him Ajax, rushing through the thickest ranks,  
Smote vehement, and pierc'd his brazen casque ;  
The brain mingled with blood from forth the wound  
Fast flow'd the spear around : there ceas'd his  
strength.

Patroclus' foot fell instant from his grasp, 305  
And stretch'd upon the dead Hippothous lay :  
Far distant from Larissa's fertile soil  
He lay ; no kind return to parents made  
For early nurture ; short his fleeting days,  
Slain by the mighty Telamonian spear. 310

Then Hector aiming hurl'd his rapid lance  
At Ajax, who foreseeing shunn'd the blow :

Schedius, the son of Iphitus, receiv'd  
The fatal point; in Panope he dwelt,  
City renown'd, of the Phocenses chief; 315  
And numerous subjects own'd his regal sway.  
Him in the throat he smote; the brazen point  
Impell'd with force onward the shoulder pierc'd:  
He fell; his armour rang upon the plain.

Then Ajax through the body Phænops' son, 320  
Brave Phorceys, pierc'd, as round Hippothous  
He stalk'd; the spear his corselet tore, and drank  
His entrails: prone he fell, and grasp'd the dust:  
The foremost ranks and Hector back retir'd:  
The Grecians shouted, and despoil'd the slain. 325

Then had the Trojans to their city fled  
In terror, vanquish'd by the Grecian arms,  
And by their courage and their might the Greeks  
Had honour reap'd beyond the will of Jove;  
But Phœbus, like to Periphas in form, 330  
Herald renown'd, the son of Æpytis,  
Encouraging Æneas, counsell'd thus:

“ Æneas, say how might we Troy protect  
“ Against the will of Jove? Yet I have seen  
“ Men in their valour, strength, and fortitude, 335  
“ In numerous forces, strangers all to fear,  
“ Confiding, have prevail'd: but Jove to us,

“ Not to the Greeks inclines : O be not then

“ Remiss in fight ; but manfully contend.”

He spake ; Æneas knew the god confest 340

Apollo, and to Hector thus exclaim'd :

“ Hector, and ye brave chiefs, allies of Troy,

“ What dire disgrace, should we be thus repuls'd,

“ And driven back to Troy through abject fear !

“ Some deity hath now this truth reveal'd, 345

“ That Jove, who governs all, doth aid our cause :

“ Then let us on ; nor suffer them to bear

“ Patroclus unresisted, to their ships.”

He spake ; and eager to the foremost ranks

Advanc'd : the Trojans turn'd and dar'd the foe. 350

Æneas first slew brave Leocritus

Son of Arisbas, Lycomedes' friend,

Who sorely griev'd his loss ; and from the ranks

Forthwith advancing, hurl'd his glitt'ring lance,

And Apisaon son of Hippasus 355

Transfix'd, and stretch'd him lifeless on the plain.

From fair Pæonia's fertile land he came ;

Next to Asteropæus, chief in arms.

Then griev'd Asteropæus, and mov'd on

Eager to fight : yet might he not engage, 360

So close around the dead in firm array

The Grecians guarding with their shields, oppos'd.

Ajax on all sides issued his commands,  
That none dare quit the body, none retreat ;  
Nor yet before the ranks advance ; but form 365  
The solid phalanx, and close fight maintain :  
Thus Ajax gave command. The ground meantime  
Was wet with gore, for many dying fell,  
Trojans and brave allies, and Grecian chiefs ;  
For these too loss sustain'd, though less severe, 370  
From mutual succour to each other giv'n.

Like fire the battle raged ; scarce might one  
deem

Or sun or moon to hold their usual course,  
So thick a cloud of darkness them invol'd.  
But in the distant field, Trojans and Greeks 375  
Still leisurely engag'd : there in full day  
Shone the bright sun unclouded on the earth :  
Distant these fought, now ceasing, now engag'd,  
And shunn'd each missive spear. But in the midst  
Involv'd in darkness rag'd the bloody fight, 380  
And many heroes fell. Two chiefs, the while,  
Of fame illustrious, had not heard the fate  
Of Menœtiades, Antilochus,  
And Thrasymedes : him they thought, engag'd  
Where most the tumult of the battle reign'd. 385  
Distant these fought, and distant view'd the deaths



Of many Greeks ; so Nestor gave command,  
When from the ships he sent them forth to war.

From morn to eve endur'd the battle's rage,  
And conflict dire ; with labour and with sweat 390  
Their limbs and feet beneath ; with sweat their eyes  
And wearied hands were stain'd ; as thus around  
Patroclus they unceasing fight maintain'd.

As tanners round the hide of some large ox,  
Well soak'd in grease, collect ; and grasping fast 395  
Each his allotted part, with force extend ;

Discharge the moisture, but the grease retain ;  
And tugging hard, give tension to the whole :  
So these in narrow space now here, now there,  
The body drag, with eager hope elate, 400

These to the ships, and those to bear to Troy ;  
And wild uproar prevailed. Nor then had Mars  
Tumultuous, or Pallas found to blame

The conduct of the war, though much incens'd ;  
Such fatal strife of horses and of men 405

Jove on that day around Patroclus spread.

As yet Achilles knew not of his death,  
For distant from the ships the battle rag'd,  
Under the walls of Troy : nor did he think  
Patroclus slain ; but waited his return 410

When driven back the foe ; nor thought he Troy



Might fall, or with him, or without his aid.  
For this he oft had heard his mother say  
Was Jove's decree: but she had not declar'd  
This ill, the death of his much-valued friend. 415

Still round the dead with sharp'ned spears erect  
Each closely press'd, and equal deaths prevail'd:  
When thus some Grecian chief was heard to say:

“ O friends, no honour may we gain by flight  
“ Back to our ships: yea rather let this earth 420  
“ First op'ning, swallow all: 'twere better far,  
“ Than to permit the Trojans to bear off  
“ Patroclus, and immortal honour share.”

And thus some Trojan chief aloud exclaim'd:  
“ My friends! though fate ordain we perish all 425  
“ This man around, yet shrink not from the fight.”

Thus said he; and his friends to battle rous'd.  
So fought they; to the brazen vault of heav'n  
The iron clamour pass'd through desert air.

But now from fight remov'd, the immortal steeds  
Of Peleus' son wept sore, when heard the fate 431  
Of Menœtiades by Hector slain.

Diores' martial son Automedon  
Oft urg'd them on, and plied the smarting lash;  
Now threats and now persuasive accents us'd. 435  
Yet neither to the ships and Hellespont,

Nor to the battle would they more return :  
But like some monumental pillar stood  
Unmov'd, though to the splendid chariot yok'd,  
Hanging their heads ; whilst fell the frequent tear  
To earth : so did they for Patroclus mourn. 441  
Meantime, beneath the yoke their flowing manes  
Descending swept the dust. Jove saw their grief,  
And pitying mov'd his head, and commun'd thus :

“ Ill-fated ! why by heav'n to mortal man, 445  
“ Yourselves immortal, giv'n ? Was it for this,  
“ That you might suffer much with suff'ring man ?  
“ For of all things that live and move on earth,  
“ None is to misery like man expos'd.  
“ Yet will I not permit that Priam's son, 450  
“ By you, and in that car, be borne along :  
“ It is sufficient that he reap the spoil,  
“ And make his boast therein. To you meantime  
“ Spirit and strength I will impart, to save  
“ Automedon, and to the ships convey : 455  
“ For yet must Troy prevail, and glory gain,  
“ Till at the ships arriv'd ; and till the sun  
“ Shall set, and sacred darkness cover all.”

He spake ; and to the steeds imparted strength.  
They shaking from their manes the dust to earth,  
Soon to the Trojans and the Greeks convey'd 461

The rapid car, in which Automedon,  
Borne swiftly to the war, though griev'd, engag'd;  
Pursuing as the eagle meaner birds.

With ease he fled the tumult of the field : 465

With ease he rush'd through multitudes to war.

Yet might he not pursuing slay the foe,

And singly from the chariot hurl his lance ;

Hold firm the reins, and guide the fiery steeds.

But him Alcimedon Laerces' son 470

Perceiving thus address'd : " Automedon,

" What angry pow'r hath counsell'd thee amiss,

" And of thy better sense bereft, that thou

" Dost singly thus engage the Trojan foe,

" Thy friend Patroclus slain ? But Hector bears 475

" And glories in the spoils, Achilles' arms."

Whom answ'red thus Automedon : " What man

" Like thee, Alcimedon, to curb and rein

" Immortal steeds, save only whilst he liv'd

" Patroclus' self, in counsel like a god ? 480

" Him death and fate possess ; take thou the reins

" And guide the steeds, whilst I prepare the war."

He spake. Alcimedon the car ascends,

And holds the reins. Eftsoons Automedon

Leap'd from the car : him Hector first perceiv'd, 485

And thus Anchises' son in haste bespoke :

“ Æneas, chief illustrious in arms ;  
“ Achilles’ horses I perceive approach  
“ To battle, guided by unskilful hands.  
“ These I may hope to gain if thou assist, 490  
“ And willingly ; for they will scarce maintain  
“ The combat, and contend in arms with us.”

He spake : nor disobey’d Anchises’ son  
Of stature huge : bearing aloft their shields  
Solid compact with plated brass, they mov’d : 495  
With them Aretus came, and Chromius,  
Elate with hope the charioteer to slay,  
And drive the immortal steeds their prize to Troy :  
Improvident ! no bloodless contest waits  
Their vain attempt ; nor may they both return 500  
From brave Automedon ; who first his pray’r  
To Jove addressing, felt new courage fire  
His breast ; new vigour all his soul inflame.  
Who thus his friend Alcimedon address’d :

“ Alcimedon, not distant rein the steeds ; 505  
“ But near, and at my back ; for Hector’s force  
“ Will cease not as I deem, till he ascend  
“ The chariot of Achilles ; having first  
“ Slain us, and put to flight the Grecian host :  
“ Or foremost perish in the van himself.” 510

Thus saying, he to either Ajax call'd,  
And Menelaus, valiant chiefs of Greece :

“ My friends, commit Patroclus to the care  
“ Of those who most excell in martial deeds,  
“ That they defend him, and repulse the foe. 515  
“ But now we living claim your better aid.  
“ I see approaching through the ranks of war,  
“ Hector and brave Æneas chiefs of Troy.  
“ The events of war the heav'nly pow'rs alone  
“ Know, and direct : 'tis mine bravely to dare 520  
“ The fight : to Jove supreme I leave the rest.”

He spake, and hurl'd his spear ; and on the shield  
Smote of Aretus, which resisted not  
His force : the brazen-pointed spear pass'd on,  
And through the belt deep in the groin infix'd 525  
The wound. As when a youth with sharp'ned axe  
Smites on the spine some ox of larger size,  
And through the tendons cuts ; starting he falls.  
So fell Aretus : fixt within his groin  
The spear still quiv'ring all his vitals drank. 530  
Then at Automedon the chief of Troy  
Hurl'd his huge spear : he saw and shunn'd the blow  
Stooping ; behind him in the ground infixt,  
Still vibrating it stood, there spent its force.

And now with swords they had to combat rush'd,  
But Ajax son of Telamon with haste  
Advanc'd, when heard his friend who call'd for aid.  
With fear assail'd the Trojan chiefs retir'd,  
And left the slain. Automedon, like Mars,  
Impetuous seiz'd the spoil, and thus exclaim'd : 540

“ Now feels my soul cessation of its grief  
“ For my Patroclus, though a worse be slain.”

He spake, and in the chariot plac'd the arms  
Blood-stain'd, and vaulted in his seat ; his hands,  
His feet, with gore still reeking ; not unlike 545  
The lion, when devour'd the stately bull.

And now again the war Patroclus round  
Rag'd furious, deadly. Pallas urg'd them on,  
Descending from on high to rouse the Greeks :  
So Jove ordain'd when chang'd his sov'reign will. 550

As when from heav'n Jove bends his purple bow,  
Of war portentous, or of winter's rage  
Severe ; when cease the labours of the field,  
And works of men ; and cattle drooping stand :  
So Pallas in a purple cloud involv'd, 555  
Ent'red the Grecian host, and fir'd their minds.

First Menelaus, Atreus' warlike son,  
She thus encouraging address'd ; for near  
Like Phœnix both in voice and form she stood :

“ It would be shame indeed, and deep reproach  
“ To thee, should dogs beneath the walls of Troy,  
“ Achilles’ tried and faithful friend devour :  
“ Encourage others then, and bravely fight.”

Her answer’d Menelaus : “ Phœnix sire

“ Of age rever’d, might Pallas lend her aid,      565  
“ And from the danger shield, and strength im-  
“ part,

“ I should most willingly stand, and defend  
“ Patroclus ; for his death hath griev’d my soul :  
“ But Hector ceaseth not, with strength like fire  
“ Destroying all : to him Jove honour gives.”      570

He spake : Minerva secret pleasure felt,  
That he had first to her address’d the pray’r ;  
And with fresh vigour all his limbs endued,  
And fir’d his breast with courage undismay’d ;  
Which like the fly still perseveres, though oft      575  
Repuls’d ; and tasting thirsts for human blood :  
With courage thus she fill’d his inmost soul.  
Where lay Patroclus thither hast’ned he,  
And hurl’d his spear. There was a Trojan chief,  
Podes Eetion’s son, valiant and rich ;      580  
By Hector lov’d, at feasts his constant guest ;  
Him at the cincture Menelaus smote  
When flight preparing : through the weapon pass’d ;



He fell, his armour rang : then Atreus' son  
Dragg'd him along from forth the Trojan host. 585

When Phœbus near approaching Hector thus  
Address'd ; in form like Phœnops Asius' son,  
Guest much-belov'd, who in Abydos dwelt,  
In form like him thus dread Apollo spake :

“ Hector, what Grecian shall thy prowess dread,  
“ Since thus from Menelaus you retire, 591  
“ Once deem'd of little note ? Yet hath he seiz'd  
“ The spoil from Troy, and slain thy faithful friend  
“ And valiant chief Podes Eetion's son.”

He spake ; when Hector with a cloud of grief 595  
Opprest, rush'd forward arm'd in shining brass.

Now Jove his ægis grasp'd embost with gold  
Resplendent ; and on Ida's lofty top  
Gath'red the storm, and dreadful from amidst  
His lightning pour'd, and thund'ered out of heav'n,  
And shook its utmost base ; of victory 601  
To Troy portentous ; but of flight to Greece.

Peneleus the Bœotian first began  
The flight. Whilst yet he onward mov'd, the spear  
Of brave Polydamas his shoulder struck 605  
Lightly, and graz'd the bone ; for near he stood.  
Then Hector pierc'd the wrist of Leitus,  
Son of Alectryon, and caus'd him cease

From battle : trembling he around him look'd,  
Without a hope again to dare the fight. 610

Then smote Idomeneus on Hector's breast,  
Pursuing Leitus ; the brazen mail  
Resisting broke the spear : the Trojans shout.

But Hector aim'd, and at Idomeneus  
His weapon hurl'd, as in his car the chief 615  
Prepar'd the war ; yet miss'd. But Cœranus  
Friend of Merjones, and charioteer,  
Who followed him from Lyctus, (for on foot  
Meriones when first he left the ships  
Engag'd, and had occasion'd boast to Troy ; 620  
But Cœranus his chariot brought, and steeds  
To his relief, and sav'd his friend from death ;  
And fell himself by Hector's slaught'ring hand.)  
Him Hector smote the jaw and ear between,  
Crush'd all his teeth, and cleft his tongue in  
twain ;

Headlong he fell, and dropp'd the shining reins. 626  
Them as they fell Meriones in haste  
Seiz'd stooping ; and the Cretan chief address'd :

“ Drive on, till at the Grecian ships arriv'd,  
“ Thysself mayst know, the vict'ry is not ours.” 630

He spake ; when to the ships Idomeneus  
Drove swiftly on, his mind with fear opprest :

Ajax perceiv'd and Atreus' warlike son,  
That Jove now chang'd, to Trojans gave success.

When Ajax thus : " The least expert may know  
" That partial Jove to Troy the glory gives ; 636  
" Whose spears, whatever hand may give them force,  
" Or brave or base, scarce ever miss their aim.  
" Jove all directs ; but turns our spears aside.  
" Consult we then, how best we may secure 640  
" Patroclus' sad remains ; and to our ships  
" Return, and gladden all our anxious friends,  
" Who this way looking grieve ; nor think us safe,  
" Nor able to resist the Hectorian spear,  
" And hands unconqu'red : but prepar'd to fall 645  
" In dread confusion back upon our ships.  
" Might but some warrior to Achilles bear  
" The wretched tidings of Patroclus' death,  
" 'Twere well ; but none I see : horses and men  
" Are in one general darkness all involv'd. 650  
" Jove Father, hear ! O save the Grecian host  
" From darkness : give but light, and in that light  
" Destroy us all ; if such thy sov'reign will."

He spake : Jove pitying heard his earnest pray'r,  
Dispell'd the darkness, and the clouds remov'd : 655  
Then shone the sun, and all the war appear'd ;  
And thus to Menelaus Ajax spoke :

“ Look round thee, son of Atreus, if alive  
“ Thou mayst Antilochus the warlike son  
“ Of Nestor see ; let him the tidings bear 660  
“ To Peleus’ son, that his lov’d friend is slain.”

He spake : nor Menelaus disobey’d ;  
But went as doth the lion from the stall  
After contention fierce with dogs and men,  
Who will not suffer him to taste the prey, 665  
Watching through night : he, eager to devour,  
Advanceth oft in vain : thick fly the spears  
And burning torches thrown from sturdy hands,  
Which most he dreads : all eager though he be,  
At dawn, reluctant, growling he retires. 670

Thus from Patroclus Menelaus went  
Unwillingly, lest some to fear impute  
That he the spoil relinquish’d ; and his friends  
Exhorted thus : “ Ajax, Meriones,  
“ Now be our meek and hapless friend your care ;  
“ Patroclus when alive was kind to all, 675  
“ Of gentle manners, now to death a prey.”

He spake ; and looking round the field with eye  
Keen as the eagle, fam’d for strongest sight,  
Who soaring high in air, with ease discerns 680  
The lev’ret in the thicket couching low,  
Then stooping seizes, and of life deprives :

So Menelaus through the ranks survey'd  
With searching eye, if he perchance might see  
Antilochus. Him quickly he discern'd 685  
Far on the left, encouraging his friends,  
And urging them to fight: approaching near  
He thus address'd him: " Brave Antilochus,  
" Hear the sad tidings which I grieve to name;  
" Would it were otherwise! But thou thyself 690  
" Must know, I think, that evil this way tends;  
" So Jove ordains, who gives success to Troy.  
" Patroclus bravest of our host is slain,  
" And Greece his fate laments: then hasten thou,  
" And to Achilles at the ships relate 695  
" The dismal tidings, and implore his aid  
" To save the body: Hector has his arms."

He spake: Antilochus, with horror seiz'd,  
Stood fixt and motionless, harrow'd with grief:  
Fill'd were his eyes with tears, and his speech fail'd.  
Yet did he not neglect the enjoin'd command 701  
Of Menelaus, but unbound his arms,  
And gave them to Laodocus in charge,  
His charioteer, who near him faithful stood:  
On foot he hast'ned from the ensanguin'd field 705  
With tidings grievous to Achilles' ear.  
Nor wouldst thou, Menelaus, join the war

Where fought Antilochus, though much thy aid  
The Pylians wish'd. To them the warrior sent  
Brave Thrasymedes; but return'd himself 710  
Patroclus to defend, and thus the chiefs  
Who sent him to Antilochus address'd:

“ Your orders are obey'd, and I have sent  
“ To Peleus' son; but yet, howe'er enrag'd  
“ With Hector, I yet think he will not come: 715  
“ Nor can he all unarm'd attack the foe.  
“ Consult we then how best we may secure  
“ The corpse, and save ourselves from present fate.”

To whom the mighty Telamonian chief:

“ Brave Menelaus, thou hast spoken well: 720  
“ You and Meriones first quick advance  
“ And bear away the body in your arms,  
“ Whilst we with Hector and the Trojans fight:  
“ We who the same in courage as in name,  
“ Ajax to Ajax, mutual succour lend.” 725

He spake: they lifting from the ground aloft  
The body bore; the Trojans shouted loud  
When seen the Greeks to carry from the field  
Patroclus: forth right on they rush'd. As dogs  
And youthful hunters eagerly pursue 730  
The wounded boar, first earnest to destroy  
With speed they run; but if perchance he turn,



Confiding in his might ; with fear assail'd  
Quick they retreat, disperst on every side :  
The Trojans thus awhile in troops pursue,       735  
Smiting with sword and spear ; but when perceiv'd  
The mighty Telamonian chief with spear  
Advancing, terror-struck and pale they fly,  
Nor longer for Patroclus dare contend.  
S these bore off the body from the war,       740  
In haste conveying to their hollow ships.

Meantime the battle's rage increas'd. As when  
A sudden fire some larger town invades,  
The houses lessen as the flames roll on,  
By winds increas'd, and spread with ceaseless roar ;  
So them the noise tumultuous of horse       746  
And man pursued as from the field they mov'd.

As sturdy mules with patient strength endued,  
Drag from the mountain through the rugged road  
Some beam immense, or lofty vessel's mast ;       750  
With persevering labour on they move  
Groaning, and sweat bedews their weary limbs :  
So these beneath Patroclus' weight mov'd on  
Slowly : behind them Ajax Telamon  
The Trojans staid. As when the woody steep       755  
Stretching athwart the plain the water dams,  
And stays the current of impetuous streams,



And forces to the plain their reflux course,  
Nor may the weight of waters passage gain :  
Not otherwise the Telamonian chief 760  
Repell'd the Trojan force : yet follow'd they,  
Led by Æneas, and the chief of Troy.  
As when the flight of birds aloft in air,  
Starlings or daws shrill-scream when seen the kite  
Circling, or hawk dread foe to smaller birds ; 765  
From Hector and Æneas thus the Greeks  
Fled ; whilst around and in the fosse their arms  
Lay scatt' red, and the war unceasing rag'd.

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B O O K XVIII.

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So fought they furious as devouring flames :  
Nathless Antilochus to Peleus' son  
Pursued his way. Him at the ships he found  
Revolving in his mind the fate of war,  
Thus holding converse with his mighty soul : 5  
    “ Alas ! why thus tumultuous at the ships ?  
“ Why scatt' red and confus'd the Grecian host ?  
“ I fear, the gods those evils have decreed  
“ Which Thetis erst reveal'd—that he, the best  
“ And bravest Myrmidon whilst I yet liv'd, 10  
“ Should perish by the Trojan arms subdued :  
“ Too sure Menœtius' warlike son is dead.  
“ Unfortunate ! yet much when quench'd the fire,  
“ When check'd the foe, I did enjoin return,  
“ And not with Hector to contend in arms.” 15  
    Whilst thus he mus'd Antilochus drew nigh  
Still weeping, and the fatal news reveal'd :  
    “ O son of Peleus, thou must tidings hear  
“ Most grievous ; would to heav'n it were not so !

“ Patroclus is no more ! for him, despoil’d, 20

“ Naked, they fight ; and Hector has his arms.”

He spake: dark clouds of grief oppress’d the mind  
Of Peleus’ son ; warm ashes on his head  
He pour’d, polluting thus his face divine,  
And fragrant vestments ; on the ground he lay 25  
Extended large, and plucking off his hair.

Then wept the female captives, whom the sword  
Of Peleus’ or Menœtius’ son had won ;  
With loud lament, with shrieks they smote their  
breasts,

And fainting sank to earth : nor with less grief 30  
Antilochus lamenting, weeping stood,  
And press’d Achilles’ hand. Then griev’d his soul,  
Much fearing for his friend, lest black despair  
Should urge some act destructive of his life.

Achilles loudly groan’d : him Thetis heard, 35  
Sitting in Ocean’s depths her sire beside,  
And rais’d the cry of woe : forthwith the nymphs  
Assembled who within the depths profound  
Inhabit frequent. There Cymodoce,  
Glauce, Thalia, and Nesæa fair ; 40  
Spio, and Thoa, and Cymothoë,  
Amphithoë, Halia with her radiant eyes :  
There came Actæa, Limnoria there,

Agave, Melite, Dunamene,  
Doto, Pherousa, and Iaira mild ; 45  
Amphinome, Dexamene, were there ;  
Proto, Nemertes, Doris, Panope,  
Callianira, Galatea fam'd,  
Apseudes, Clymene, Callianassa,  
Janira and Janassa sister-nymphs, 50  
And Amathia with her beauteous hair ;  
Mæra and Orithyia thither came,  
And every sister Nereïd of the deep,  
And fill'd the silver grot : all smote their breasts,  
But Thetis thus gave utterance to her grief : 55  
“ Hear, sister Nereïds, hear ! whilst I relate  
“ The deep distresses which afflict my soul.  
“ Ah miserable me ! to whom a son  
“ Most brave yet most unfortunate was born ;  
“ A son for virtue as for valour fam'd, 60  
“ Who, like a tender plant in some choice plat,  
“ Grew and increas'd beneath my fost'ring hand :  
“ To Troy I sent him for renown in arms,  
“ Home never to return ! yet whilst he lives  
“ And sees the radiant sun, a prey to grief 65  
“ Beyond my pow'r to cure : to him I go,  
“ If haply I may learn what new distress  
“ Afflicts him, at the ships detain'd from war.”

She spake, and left the grot : they weeping still  
Attendant follow'd through the yielding waves : 70  
The Trojan shore receiv'd the mournful train,  
Where at his ships Achilles sorrowing lay.

Him sorely griev'd his mother near approach'd,  
Heav'd the deep sigh, and touching with her hand  
His head, thus mournful spake : " Why weeps my  
" son ? 75

" Whence this affliction ? say ; nor aught conceal.

" Jove hath perform'd the wishes of thy heart,

" And to their ships the Grecians are repuls'd,

" Wanting thy aid ; and great is their distress."

Achilles deeply sighing thus replied : 80

" My mother, Jove hath granted all my pray'r ;

" Yet thence no pleasure I derive, since slain

" Patroclus, whom my soul did most esteem :

" Him have I lost, and Hector boasts his arms,

" Rare, wonderful, the gift of heav'nly pow'rs 85

" To Peleus, when a goddess they bestow'd

" On mortal man. Ah ! hadst thou still remain'd

" In Ocean's depths a goddess of the sea ;

" He to some mortal join'd ! now must thou feel

" Much sorrow for thy son, who shall no more 90

" Return to thee alive ; for not to live

" Desires my soul, nor longer converse hold.

“ With man ; till Hector by my spear shall fall,

“ And dearly pay the slaughter of my friend.”

When Thetis weeping : “ If thy mind be such,

“ My son, then doth thy fate approach ; and thee

“ Stern death awaits, when Hector shall be slain.”

Achilles thus indignant : “ Be it so,

“ And instantly ; since to my friend no aid

“ I gave : he perish'd from his country far, 100

“ Looking for aid, and that in vain from me.

“ But now, since to my country I no more

“ Return shall know, nor have I useful prov'd

“ Or to Patroclus or those numerous friends

“ By Hector slain ; yea, rather am become 105

“ On earth an useless load, although endued

“ With strength in war beyond all other Greeks ;

“ In council many are superior far.—

“ O might contention cease, and rage, from gods

“ And men ! which often prudent minds inflame ;

“ As honey to the taste most sweet, yet swell 110

“ Within the breast of man like noisome smoke :

“ Against Atrides such my bitter rage.

“ Forget we then the past ; subduing thus,

“ Though injur'd much, the fury of our mind. 115

“ Now seek I him who hath my friend destroy'd,

“ Hector ; and for myself will meet my fate

“ When Jove and other pow’rs of heav’n ordain :  
“ For neither Hercules from death escap’d,  
“ However lov’d by high Saturnian Jove, 120  
“ But fell subdued by fate, and Juno’s rage.  
“ I too, like him, since it is thus decreed,  
“ Shall sleep in death. Now shall I glory gain ;  
“ Soon now shall Trojan widows heave the sigh,  
“ Shall wipe from off their cheeks the bitter tear,  
“ And feel how long I have from war abstain’d. 126  
“ Then stay me not, however great thy love.”

Thetis replied : “ Thy words, my son, are true ;  
“ Nor is it evil to protect our friends ;  
“ But with the Trojans are thy splendid arms 130  
“ Glitt’ring with brass: these Hector boasts to wear,  
“ Nor long shall boast ; him death approacheth  
“ nigh.

“ Yet enter not the war, nor dare with Troy  
“ Engage, till you shall see me here again :  
“ To-morrow with the sun I will return, 135  
“ And bring from Vulcan thy resplendent arms.”

The goddess spake ; and turning from her son,  
Address’d herself to Ocean’s sister-nymphs :

“ Nereïds, into the bosom of the deep  
“ Descend, and to our venerable sire 140  
“ Within his palace tell what you have seen :



“ I to Olympus go, and Vulcan seek,  
“ Artist divine, if haply I may gain  
“ From him resplendent armour for my son.”

She spake : they instant plung'd into the deep :  
Her steps the silver-footed goddess bent 146  
To high Olympus, from the god of fire  
Arms to request. The Greeks meantime subdued,  
In dread confusion fled from Hector's rage,  
Till at the Hellespont and ships arriv'd : 150  
Nor might they from the battle bear away  
Patroclus, the lov'd friend of Peleus' son ;  
For in the rear horsemen and foot pursued,  
By Hector led, in force like raging fire :  
Him seizing by the feet thrice Hector dragg'd, 155  
Shouting tremendous to the Trojan host ;  
Him thrice the Telamonian chief repell'd  
With vehemence : he nathless in his might  
Confiding, now rush'd onward through the crowd,  
Now firmly stood shouting, nor deign'd retreat. 160

As watchful herdsmen may not cause retire  
The famish'd lion from the carcase slain ;  
So neither might the Telamonian spear  
Strike terror and dismay in Hector's breast ;  
Who had prevail'd and gain'd immortal praise : 165  
But Iris, winged messenger of heav'n,

Unknown to Jove and other heav'nly pow'rs,  
By Juno sent, quick from Olympus' height  
Descending, urg'd Pelides to the war,  
And thus address'd him : " Peleus' warlike son, 170  
" Thou that art terrible in arms, arise,  
" Assist Patroclus ; at the ships for him  
" Now swells the rage of war, and many die ;  
" These fighting to regain, and those to drag  
" The corpse to lofty 'Troy. For this they rush 175  
" With onset furious ; Hector leads the way,  
" All-eager ; to cut off the head intent,  
" And fix it bleeding on some pointed stake.  
" Arise, nor longer thus inactive stay :  
" Thine the disgrace, should Trojan dogs devour  
" Patroclus ; thine the shame, should they entreat  
" With contumely and scorn his sad remains."

To whom Achilles : " Who amongst the gods  
" Hath sent thee, Iris ?" The swift messenger  
Of heav'n thus answ'red : " Juno sent me down,  
" The venerable wife of mighty Jove, 186  
" Unknown to him, or to the pow'rs supreme  
" Who on Olympus' snow-clad mountain dwell."

Achilles thus replied : " How may it be  
" That I the battle tempt? they have my arms: 190  
" Nor may I, so my mother gave in charge,

“ To battle go till she return again  
“ With arms by Vulcan made ; nor do I know  
“ Other than Ajax’ sevenfold orb to me  
“ Suited ; and he himself, with that I trust 195  
“ Arm’d, in the foremost fights to save my friend.”  
Iris again : “ Full well we know indeed  
“ That they your arms possess ; but at the fosse  
“ Do thou appear : the Trojan host, perchance,  
“ At sight of thee, with terror seiz’d, may cease 200  
“ The conflict, and the Grecians breathe awhile  
“ From toils ; such breathing-time as war admits.”

Thus spake she, and to heav’n her way pursued.  
Then rose Achilles lov’d by mighty Jove ;  
Pallas her ægis o’er his shoulders spread 205  
Emboss, and round his head the goddess pour’d  
A golden cloud emitting vivid light.

As when the smoke of some beleagu’red town  
Ascends the sky from the far distant isle,  
By numerous foes beset ; all the day the war 210  
Rages the walls around : but when the sun  
Declines, then blaze aloft the frequent fires ;  
Far off the splendour shines, if seen perchance  
Some friendly ships the wish’d-for succours bring :  
So from Achilles’ head bright shone the flames. 215  
Close to the fosse he stood, nor join’d the war,

Such Thetis' strict command ; and rais'd his voice,  
Which Pallas aided, shouting in the rear.  
Then tumult through the Trojan host prevail'd  
Immense : as when the trumpet sounds to arms, 220  
When near some city hostile troops appear.  
Thus shrill the brazen voice of Peleus' son  
Resounded, and their souls with terror fill'd.  
Then back recoiling with their cars, each steed  
Started, of ill presentient : dread assail'd 225  
Each charioteer, when seen the dazzling fire  
Terrific, blazing from Achilles' head :  
For Pallas' self supplied the incessant flame.  
Thrice from the trench Achilles rais'd his voice ;  
Thrice fled confus'd both Trojans and allies. 230  
Then perish'd twelve the bravest of their host,  
Beneath their steeds, beneath their chariots crush'd.  
But from the tumult safe the Greeks convey'd  
Patroclus ; whom the mournful bed receiv'd.  
His friends stood weeping round : Achilles most 235  
Shedding the frequent tear, when seen his friend  
A mangled corpse, extended on his bier ;  
Whom to the war with chariot and with horse  
Array'd he sent ; far other to return !  
Now the bright orb of day, so heav'n's high Queen  
Commanded, sank beneath the western wave 240

Of Ocean's flood reluctant ; from the war  
And tumult of the field then ceas'd the Greeks :  
Nor less the Trojans from the conflict ceas'd ;  
Each from his car unyok'd the weary steeds,      245  
And hast'ned to the council : for no thought  
Of necessary food their minds possess'd,  
Such terror reign'd. The crowded chieftains stood,  
And throng'd the council : not the noblest sat,  
Nor dar'd ; Achilles had again appear'd,      250  
After long absence from the battle's rage.  
To them Polydamas of prudent mind  
Thus counsell'd. He alone the future saw,  
And weigh'd the past, friendly to Hector most,  
Born the same night ; in council this excell'd,      255  
And that in deeds of war : who to the chiefs  
Assembled thus began : " Consider well,  
" My friends, what I advise. Let us retreat,  
" Nor on the plain await the coming morn  
" Thus near their ships, and distant from our walls.  
" Whilst this man cherish'd rage with Atreus' son,  
" War with the Grecian host was easier far :  
" And oft have I rejoic'd, when near their ships  
" We pass'd the night, with hope those ships to burn.  
" But now Achilles I do greatly fear,      265  
" Whose daring spirit will not on the plain

- “ Delay, where hitherto Trojan and Greek  
“ Contending, have maintain’d an equal war :  
“ He fights to seize our city and our wives ;  
“ Retire we to our walls. Mark but the event; 270  
“ The sacred night hath caus’d Achilles cease.  
“ Should he here find us at to-morrow’s dawn,  
“ When clad in arms he shall to battle move,  
“ (None may mistake him then,) happy the man  
“ Who flying shall escape again to Troy ; 275  
“ Whilst many fall to dogs and birds a prey :  
“ Oh ! may such tidings never meet my ear !  
“ If then to counsel such as mine, though griev’d,  
“ You willing listen, let this night’s debate  
“ Add to our strength : high tow’rs, and lofty gates,  
“ And solid bars our city will secure : 281  
“ And on the morrow, line we well our walls  
“ And tow’rs, all-arm’d : should he then leave the  
“ ships,  
“ He at our walls no easy war shall find :  
“ Him wearied with pursuit our walls around, 285  
“ Back to the ships his coursers shall convey :  
“ Nor will he dare the assault : or ere he waste  
“ Our city, the wild dogs shall him devour.”

When sternly looking, Hector thus replied :

- “ Polydamas, thy words displease me much, 290



- “ Advising flight disgraceful to our walls.  
“ Long pent therein even to satiety,  
“ Wish ye for more ? Time was when Troy was held  
“ In treasures rich, in gold and sculptur’d brass :  
“ Now are those treasures greatly minished ; 295  
“ To Phrygia, to Meonia’s fertile land  
“ Bart’red and gone ; so Jove in anger will’d.  
“ But now, since mighty Jove hath granted me  
“ Glorious success to drive them to the sea ;  
“ Insensate ! utter not such idle thoughts, 300  
“ Nor taint the public mind : none will obey ;  
“ I will not suffer them. Hear my advice :  
“ Take we refreshment now each troop apart,  
“ Then set the watch, to each his several charge :  
“ And if there be whom hoarded wealth disturb,  
“ Let such make distribution through our host : 305  
“ Far better thus, than left a prey to Greece.  
“ At early dawn let us all arm’d advance,  
“ And at their ships renew the bloody fight.  
“ If at the fleet Achilles shall appear, 310  
“ He may repent him much ; nor will I shun  
“ The dreadful conflict ; but will firm oppose ;  
“ And I, or he, immortal fame shall reap :  
“ In doubtful war the slayer oft is slain.”

Thus Hector ; and the Trojan host approv’d ; 315



Improvident! and by Minerva's pow'r  
Of better sense bereft; who Hector's words  
Though ill, obey'd; and safer counsel shunn'd  
Of sage Polydamas: and through the camp  
Refreshment took. Meantime the Grecian host 320  
Mourn'd through the night around Patroclus' bier:  
Achilles most, with hands to slaughter us'd  
Embrac'd his friend, and heav'd the bitter sigh.

As the gaunt lion, of his whelps bereft,  
Urg'd on by grief too late, and mad with rage, 325  
Through the thick wood pursues the hunter's step;  
If haply he may find—not less incens'd,  
And deeply groaning, thus Achilles spake:

“ How vain, alas! those words I rashly us'd,  
“ Encouraging Menœtius, when at home 330  
“ I promis'd to restore his noble son  
“ To Opoeons, rich with spoil from captur'd Troy:  
“ But Jove regards not the vain thoughts of man.  
“ Yet are we destin'd both to stain with blood  
“ The Trojan soil: for never shall my sire 335  
“ Receive me in his house from Troy return'd,  
“ Nor Thetis more; destin'd to perish here:  
“ But thou Patroclus first, I after thee.  
“ Nor will I solemnize thy fun'ral rites,  
“ Till I shall bring the head and glitt'ring spoils

“ Of him thy fierce destroyer, to the pyle ;  
“ And to thy manes immolate twelve youths  
“ Of noble birth, in anger for thy death.  
“ Thou at the ships meantime shalt thus remain,  
“ Whilst Trojan and Dardanian females weep 345  
“ Around thee; captives whom our swords have won  
“ From wealthy cities taken and destroy’d.”

Thus spake he ; and the attendants bade prepare  
A tripod large, to cleanse from clotted gore  
Patroclus : they obedient, on the fire 350  
Plac’d the capacious tripod to the brim  
With water fill’d, and copious wood supplied:  
Surrounded by the flames the water boil’d.  
Then wash’d they, and with oil anointed him,  
And to his wounds ointment matur’d by age 355  
Applied ; then on the mournful bed they laid  
The corpse, with finest linen cov’red o’er ;  
And with Achilles through the tedious night  
The Myrmidons wept sore Patroclus’ death.

But Jove his wife and sister thus address’d : 360  
“ At length thou hast to arms Achilles rous’d,  
“ Juno: well might the Greeks be call’d thy sons.”—  
The venerable goddess thus replied :  
“ Saturnian Jove severe, what hast thou said ?  
“ Such service man to man might well perform, 365

“ However mortal, and confin’d his views ;

“ And can it be that I, goddess supreme

“ In heav’n, by birth superior, and the wife

“ Of him who rules alone all heav’nly pow’rs,

“ Want means to wreck my vengeance upon Troy?”

Thus they held conference. Thetis meantime 371

To Vulcan’s palace came, splendid abode,

Star-pav’d, incorruptible ; e’en to gods

Work of astonishment ; of solid brass

The structure rose, which Vulcan’s self had made.

Him labouring at his forge the goddess found,

Sweating with toil : just then with art divine

Tripods he form’d his palace to adorn,

In number twenty ; each with secret wheels

Furnish’d to go spontaneous, or return 380

Through heav’n self-mov’d, all-wondrous to behold :

Thus far perfected he prepar’d to fix

The handles wrought with art, and aptly join

With golden studs. Immerst in thought he stood.

The silver-footed Thetis near approach’d. 385

Her Charis saw ; Charis for beauty fam’d,

White-veil’d, whom Mulciber had erst espous’d :

She saw, and taking by the hand address’d :

“ Why, goddess venerable, much-belov’d,

“ Thus early here ; to us no frequent guest? 390

“ Enter, if aught our hospitality

“ May offer grateful.” Saying this, she led

The goddess by the hand, and on a throne

Of silver, curious, of rare workmanship,

Caus’d her to sit, and underneath her feet 395

A footstool plac’d, and thus to Vulcan spake :

“ Haste, Vulcan ; Thetis wishes much your aid.”

To whom the skilful artist thus replied :

“ Then is a goddess whom I much revere

“ And love within my house ; who sav’d me once,

“ When by my mother thrown from highest heav’n

“ My lameness to conceal : much I endur’d

“ Till Thetis and Eurynome receiv’d,

“ (Eurynome, daughter of old Ocean,)

“ And in their bosoms cherish’d me : for them 405

“ Nine years I fabricated curious works,

“ Rings, bracelets, necklaces, and twisted chains,

“ Within the hollow grot, by Ocean’s flood

“ Encompass’d round, foaming with hideous roar :

“ Nor gods nor men knew where conceal’d I lay,

“ Thus sav’d by Thetis and Eurynome. 411

“ For life preserv’d to Thetis much I owe ;

“ Receive her then with courtesy as due,

“ Whilst I put up my various implements.”

He spake ; and from his anvil huge uprose 415

With gait uncouth, and knees that ill sustain'd  
His awkward weight; and from the fire remov'd  
The bellows, and within a silver chest  
Put by his various implements of work :  
Then with a sponge his visage first he cleans'd, 420  
His neck robust, and hands, and swarthy chest ;  
Then robed him, and with sceptre in his hand  
Limping he hast'ned. Him attendant near  
Two female forms assisted as he mov'd,  
Resembling life, though fram'd of ductile gold; 425  
With voice, intelligence, and strength endued,  
Instructed by the gods in various works ;  
These mov'd beside their king : with limping gait  
He to the throne where Thetis sat approach'd,  
And touch'd her hand, and naming thus address'd :

“ Thetis rever'd and lov'd, why com'st thou here?  
“ To us no frequent visitor : declare  
“ Thy wish, and deem it granted if it stand  
“ Within the compass of my pow'r to do.”

Him Thetis answ'ring weeping: “ Lives there then  
“ In heav'n a goddess so distress as I? 436  
“ On whom great Jove hath heap'd such mighty  
“ ills.

“ Of all the Nereïds me alone to man,  
“ To Peleus gave he : thus a mortal bed

“ Reluctant I endur’d ; (worn down with age  
“ Peleus still lives;) yet adds he greater ills.  
“ A son indeed he gave of heroes chief,  
“ Who as a plant grew up to manhood’s prime ;  
“ A tender plant in some selected plat  
“ Rear’d by my fost’ring hand ; him did I send 445  
“ To Troy, that he might gain renown in arms;  
“ But never to return ! now whilst he lives  
“ And sees the radiant sun, a prey to grief  
“ Severe beyond my pow’r to remedy.  
“ The captive whom the Greeks his prize assign’d,  
“ Her hath Atrides taken : griev’d for her 451  
“ He pines in thought : meantime the Trojan host  
“ Repels the Greeks, shut up in narrow space,  
“ And at their ships hemm’d-in : the Grecian chiefs  
“ Then seek his aid, and offer numerous gifts ; 455  
“ These he rejects: but in his armour clad,  
“ Patroclus sends. He at the Scæan gate  
“ Victorious fought, and then had taken Troy,  
“ But that Apollo slew Menœtius’ son  
“ Bravely contending in the foremost ranks, 460  
“ And honour’d Hector. Therefore unto thee,  
“ Vulcan, I suppliant come, if on my son  
“ Short-liv’d alas ! you kindly will bestow  
“ Resplendent armour; corselet, shield, and casque,



“ And greaves with silver clasps; for with his friend  
“ When by the Trojans slain, he lost his own; 466  
“ And now lies on the ground opprest with grief.”

Vulcan replied: “ Be comforted, nor let  
“ Uneasy thoughts molest. O could my art  
“ Guard him from death’s approach, come when it  
“ may, 470

“ As it shall armour give, such as may strike  
“ All eyes with wonder and astonishment!”

He spake; and to his work again repair’d.  
The heaving bellows to the fire he turn’d,  
Whose twenty mouths so many blasts supplied 475  
To different furnaces, when need requir’d,  
Gentle or strong, as Vulcan gave command.

Now stubborn brass and tin, and costly gold  
And silver; these into the fire he cast:  
Then the huge anvil fix’d: this hand supports 480  
A weighty hammer, that the tongs applies.

And first the shield’s vast weight with curious art  
He fram’d; and round a triple border pour’d  
Resplendent, by a silver chain upheld;  
Fivefold the plates: on these with skill divine 485  
The heav’nly artist various wonders wrought.

There made he Earth, and Heav’n; and there the Sea;  
The Sun unwearied, and the Moon’s full orb;



And there each star which heav'n's high arch adorns,  
Pleiads and Hyads, and Orion's strength, 490  
The Bear or Wain, which to Orion looks  
Circling, nor dips his beams in Ocean's waves.

There sculptur'd he two cities of renown :  
In one gay feasts, and hymeneal rites  
And song ; whilst from their chambers issue forth  
The brides, conducted through the spacious streets  
By torch-light : sportive youths meantime lead on  
The jocund dance in airy circles round,  
To merry pipe and harp ; whilst at their doors  
The matrons gaze with wonder and delight. 500

A forum next he made, where in debate  
Two men the fine dispute for murder due ;  
This to have paid ; that not to have receiv'd,  
Contending loud ; yet each content to leave  
To reference the issue of his cause : 505  
The citizens now this, now that applaud.  
There busy heralds range in order due  
The citizens : the elders seated round  
On polish'd stones, with sceptres in their hands  
Rising alternate, each his judgement gives : 510  
Two golden talents in the midst are seen,  
The recompense of just and fair award.

A city next appear'd by pow'rful foes

Invested ; some to burn ; to plunder some  
Incline, and equally the spoil divide, 515  
And treasures rich ; for different sentiments  
By turns prevail'd. The citizens meantime  
Prepare the ambuscade : the walls they line  
With women, children, and the aged sires ;  
Then sally forth : Pallas and Mars lead on, 520  
Sculptur'd in gold ; of stature large they seem'd,  
In golden robes array'd and glitt'ring arms,  
As gods amongst the folk of meaner size.

Now at the place for ambuscade arriv'd  
The river near, where cattle oft resort ; 525  
There cov'red by their arms conceal'd they lay :  
Two spies they send before, who might descry  
When sheep or oxen to the ford approach :  
Soon they appear ; two shepherds lead them on  
With jocund pipe, nor think of danger near. 530  
Forth rush the troops conceal'd, and seize the prey  
Secure ; fat beeves, and sheep with snowy fleece  
In numbers fall, and with their shepherds die.

Beneath the walls in council sat the chiefs  
Besieging, when the noise of lowing herds 535  
Assail'd their ears : to horse forthwith they rush'd,  
And at the ford arriv'd with onset fierce  
Engag'd and hostile spears : Discord the while,

Pernicious Fate, and Tumult, in the midst  
Rag'd dreadful. This a captive wounded held ; 540  
That one yet free from wounds ; whilst by the feet  
A third, still holding, dragg'd a bleeding corpse,  
Clad in a vesture steep'd in human gore ;  
Like living forms they toil'd and mov'd and fought,  
Or seem'd ; and dragg'd by turns the slain along. 545

There sculptur'd he a field of large extent,  
Thrice labour'd, rich, by numerous ploughmen  
work'd ;

Now here now there they guide the labouring teams,  
Turning the yokes adown the furrow'd land  
Athwart the headland ; there they quaff sweet wine  
Brought by some fav'ring hind : again they turn  
Joyful, and at the upland cease their toil :  
Like glebe fresh turn'd still black the furrows show'd  
Through wrought in gold, all-wondrous to the sight.

Here rich with corn a field to view appear'd, 555  
Where harvestmen, their sickles in their hands,  
Reap the full grain ; the furrows rang'd along  
It falls ; three binders following tie the sheaves  
By youths collected, bearing in their arms  
The swarths : amidst them with his staff in hand  
The master silent stands, elate with joy : 561  
His servants now beneath a spreading oak

Repast prepare, and slay the fatted ox,  
Meet sacrifice ; whilst mixt with purest meal  
The women supper for the reapers dress. 565

A vinyard there he made in gold, with fruit  
Of purple hue by silver props upheld :  
Black show'd the deep'ned trench ; the paling round  
Bright tin : within, one winding path appear'd  
Us'd by the gath'ers. Now, the vintage ripe,  
Virgins and youths of yet untainted minds 571  
In osier baskets bear the luscious fruit :  
To them a youth attunes the sounding lyre,  
Hymning to Linus old with slender voice ;  
They follow, beating still with measur'd time 575  
The ground, and the full song in chorus join.

There sculptur'd he a herd of beeves high-neck'd,  
Part wrought in gold, part tin : forth from the stall  
Lowling they hasten to the river side  
To pasture, where the stream the reeds among 580  
Shrill-sounded ; them four shepherds walk beside  
Sculptur'd in gold : nine dogs the herd attend.  
Two dreadful lions seize the stately bull  
The foremost of the herd, and drag along  
Loud bellowing : the dogs and men pursue : 585  
Nathless they tear the carcase, and devour,  
And riot in the blood. The shepherd youths

Encouraging their dogs pursue in vain ;  
They bite not, trembling at the lion's force ;  
Yet bark incessant, but avoid the fight. 590

There grav'd he on a pleasant valley's side,  
Skirted with cots and shepherd tents and huts,  
A meadow fair, with flocks of silver hue.

There pictur'd he a dance, such as of old  
For Ariadne Dædalus prepar'd 595  
In Cretan Cnossus, where the beauteous nymphs  
And youths all hand in hand lead on the dance :  
These clad in finest linen robes, and those  
In well-made tunics, glossy as with oil :  
These with fresh garlands crown'd ; those bearing  
swords 600

Of gold adorn'd with belts of silver white :  
With skilful feet they form the mazy dance  
Circling, as when the potter tries his wheel,  
And sitting, turns it lightly in his hands.  
Now nimbly changing sides they bound along ; 605  
The multitude around with wonder gaze  
Delighted ; whilst two tumblers in the midst  
Turn light in air, and join the festive song.

Then sculptur'd he the strength of Ocean's flood  
Rolling his waves the well-wrought shield around.

When finish'd thus the vast and solid shield, 611

He form'd the corselet beaming bright as fire ;  
The helmet next well fitted to his brow  
He made, weighty, of curious workmanship,  
A golden crest still nodding from the top : 615  
And last, of ductile tin he made the greaves.

Thus Vulcan finish'd all with art divine,  
And by the mother of Achilles plac'd :  
She, like a falcon, from Olympus' height  
Descended, bearing the resplendent arms. 620

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B O O K    X I X .

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THE morn, in robe of saffron hue attir'd,  
From Ocean's bed arose, and light diffus'd  
O'er mortals and immortals: to the ships,  
Bearing the gifts of Vulcan, Thetis came.  
There weeping o'er Patroclus with his friends    5  
Her son she found: the goddess near approach'd,  
And touch'd his hand, and naming thus address'd:

“ My son, though griev'd, here let us leave awhile  
“ Patroclus, slain as heav'nly powers decreed:  
“ Receive these arms from Vulcan, splendid, rare,  
“ Such as were never borne by mortal man.”    11

She spake; and near Achilles, on the ground  
The shrill-resounding arms the goddess plac'd.

Fear seiz'd each Myrmidon; nor any dar'd  
With steadfast eye behold: Achilles saw,    15  
And anger fir'd his mind: beneath his brow  
His eyes gleam'd dreadful as the lightning's blaze:  
With transport he beheld the splendid gift;  
And turn'd them in his hands, with secret joy  
Elated; and his mother thus bespoke:    20



“ My mother, worthy of immortal gods  
“ Vulcan hath arms bestow’d beyond the art  
“ Of mortal to perform : now will I arm——  
“ Yet much I fear for brave Menœtius’ son,  
“ Lest flies obscene ent’ring his ghastly wounds  
“ Should taint his flesh, which soon must worms  
    “ produce 26  
“ Polluted thus, since life is fled and gone.”

The silver-footed goddess thus replied :

“ My son, let not such thoughts thy mind disturb :  
“ I will keep off the busy swarm of flies, 30  
“ Which on the slain in battle often feed :  
“ Although he should a year unburied lie,  
“ Yet shall his flesh untainted still remain.  
“ Do thou assemble all the Grecian chiefs,  
“ And with Atrides all thy rage renounce ; 35  
“ Arm to the war, and put on all thy might.”

She spake; and with new courage fir’d his mind.

Then in Patroclus’ nostrils she infus’d  
Ambrosia and red nectar, and secur’d  
The body thus embalm’d from all decay. 40

Meantime Achilles by the sounding shore  
Hast’ned loud shouting, and the Grecians rous’d.  
Ev’n they who whilom busied at the ships  
Guided the helm, or plied the sturdy oar ;

They to whose care provisions were consign'd ;  
All throng'd to council, since again in arms  
Achilles rose, who long had ceas'd from war.

Supported by their spears, and lame from wounds,  
Ulysses and illustrious Diomed  
Early to council went, and took their seats ;      50  
Them follow'd Agamemnon, king of men,  
Wounded, whom Coon, brave Antenor's son,  
Had in the conflict with his spear attain'd :  
When now assembled, to the chiefs of Greece,  
Achilles rising, thus his speech address'd :      55

“ Atrides, better had it been for us,  
“ Both you and me, (since not unmixt with grief  
“ We long such bitter wrath have entertain'd  
“ For fair Briseis,) if by Dian's shafts  
“ She at our ships had perish'd on that day      60  
“ When I destroy'd Lyrnessus ; nor had Greece  
“ Suff'ered such loss severe, such numbers slain  
“ By Trojan foes ; and my revenge the cause.  
“ Hector and Troy have this advantage gain'd ;  
“ But Greece shall long remember with regret      65  
“ Our fierce contention, or I much mistake.  
“ Yes ; though much griev'd let us forget the past,  
“ Bending our wills to strong necessity.  
“ Here endeth all my wrath ; for ceaseless rage

- “ Doth ill become me : quickly then to arms ;  
“ Call forth the Grecians and commence the fight ;  
“ That I may know if yet they dare contend  
“ With me, and pass the night thus near our ships.  
“ Yea, rather shall that man with joy repose  
“ Who flying shall escape my vengeful spear.” 75

Thus spake Achilles : through the Grecian host  
Much joy prevail'd that he had ceas'd from wrath.  
To them Atrides from his loftier seat,  
Not standing in the midst as custom bade,  
These words address'd : “ Friends, Grecian chiefs,  
“ attend, 80

- “ Nor interrupt whoe'er may rise to speak :  
“ It is not well : where noise and tumult reign  
“ In large assemblies, or to hear or speak  
“ Is difficult for those the most expert ;  
“ And the best orator unheeded stands. 85  
“ I to Pelides now address myself.  
“ Call then to mind, and mark what now I say.  
“ Often hath Greece reproach'd, oft censur'd me,  
“ And loudly blam'd as now ; yet without cause :  
“ Not I, but Jove himself, and Fate, and she 90  
“ Who stalks by night, Erynnis, is to blame.  
“ These hurt my mind, and fill'd my soul with rage,  
“ When from Achilles I his gift reclaim'd.

- “ What could I do? Great Jove directed all.  
“ Ate from Jove descended, who of ill 95  
“ Proves ever source; to man pernicious most:  
“ Not on the ground she condescends to tread  
“ With tender feet, but o’er the heads of men  
“ Destructive stalks, and binds with iron chains  
“ The victims of her rage. Not man alone, 100  
“ But Jove himself, of gods and men supreme,  
“ She hurt, by Juno’s subtlety deceiv’d,  
“ What time Alcmene should bring forth a son  
“ In Thebes, the strength of mighty Hercules;  
“ For Jove amongst the gods thus boasting spake:  
“ ‘ Hear, all ye pow’rs of heav’n, attend my words,  
“ ‘ Whilst I the dictates of my mind declare:  
“ ‘ This day to light doth Ilythia bring  
“ ‘ A hero, born with sov’reign sway to rule  
“ ‘ The nations round, who boast descent from me.’  
“ Juno replied deceitful: ‘ ’Tis not so, 111  
“ ‘ Nor is it thy intent; but if it be,  
“ ‘ Swear then by that irrevocable oath,  
“ ‘ Olympian Jove, that he who shall this day  
“ ‘ Be born of woman shall bear sov’reign rule 115  
“ ‘ O’er nations round, who boast descent from thee.’  
“ She spake: nor Jove her subtle craft perceiv’d,  
“ But sware the oath, and hurt himself withal.

- “ Swift from Olympus Juno hast’ned down  
“ To Grecian Argos, where the noble wife 120  
“ Of Sthenelus then dwelt, from Persius sprung.  
“ Scarce seven months she numb’red, yet the birth  
“ Juno advanc’d, and brought a son to light  
“ Before due time ; and stay’d Alcmene’s pangs.  
“ Herself to Jove the unwelcome message brought:  
“ ‘ Jove, mighty Thund’rer, hear what I relate ;  
“ ‘ That hero’s born who shall in Argos rule,  
“ ‘ Eurystheus, son of mighty Sthenelus  
“ ‘ Thy race, of Argos rightful sov’reign.’  
“ She spake : affliction sore his mind o’erwhelm’d.  
“ Ate he seiz’d, conceal’d within his hair 131  
“ Ambrosial, and forthwith by oath confirm’d,  
“ That never more she should to heav’n return,  
“ With mischief ever fraught ; then with his hand  
“ Whirling, from highest heav’n he cast her down  
“ To mar the works of men. Yet griev’d he much  
“ To see that son he lov’d such ills endure,  
“ Such labours from Eurystheus’ hard commands.  
“ So could not I, when Hector at the ships  
“ Destruction dealt, forget my great offence, 140  
“ By Ate urg’d, impell’d by angry Jove :  
“ Yet did I offer gifts, and sued for peace.  
“ Rise then in arms, and lead our forces on.

“ The gifts which wise Ulysses at your tent  
“ But yesterday did offer, I will give, 145  
“ If you can wait, though eager for the war ;  
“ Those from the ships my people here shall bring,  
“ That all may know my words are most sincere.”

To whom Achilles swift of foot replied :

“ Illustrious Atrides, king of men, 150  
“ The presents or to give or to retain  
“ Shall rest with you. But let us to the fight  
“ Without delay, nor waste in idle words  
“ The time for action : we have much to do ;  
“ Nor this the least, that in the foremost ranks 155  
“ You see Achilles with his spear destroy  
“ The Trojans ; and from him your conduct learn.”

Prudent of mind, Ulysses thus replied :

“ Great as thou art in arms, that may not be,  
“ Godlike Achilles, that you urge to war 160  
“ The Grecians fasting distant at the walls  
“ Of Troy ; when once engag'd, and by the gods  
“ Inspir'd, the conflict cannot well be short.  
“ First order at the ships proportion due  
“ Of food and wine ; for these will courage give,  
“ And strength : but to contend from morn to night  
“ Without refreshment, no man may suffice ;  
“ Tho' prompt his mind, fatigue must needs oppress,



- “ And thirst and hunger weaken all his limbs.  
“ Not so the man with food and wine renew’d ; 170  
“ He through the day may well the fight maintain  
“ Till night approach and all the battle cease ;  
“ Daring in mind and unfatigued his limbs.  
“ Dismiss the people then, and at the ships  
“ Order repast ; and let Atrides next 175  
“ The gifts produce in presence of us all,  
“ That all may see, and thou thyself rejoice ;  
“ And let him swear before the assembled chiefs,  
“ That she returns unspotted as she came :  
“ So shall thy mind be calm and satisfied. 180  
“ Then let Atrides feast thee at his tent,  
“ That thou mayst nothing want of due return.  
“ And you, Atrides, learn with equal hand  
“ To hold the scale of justice ; for no blame  
“ Attaches to a king who stoops to heal 185  
“ Those wrongs which pow’r hath prompted him  
“ to do.”

- Atrides answ’red : “ I rejoice indeed,  
“ Son of Laertes, hearing what thou say’st ;  
“ For well hast thou arrang’d, well settled all.  
“ What is propos’d I willing am to swear ; 190  
“ Nor before heav’n shall this my oath be false.  
“ Then must Achilles stay, though of delay



“ Impatient ; and let all the chiefs remain,  
“ Till from my tents the presents shall be brought,  
“ And the firm compact of our peace be made. 195  
“ Thine be the task those persons to select,  
“ The choicest of our youth, who may convey  
“ Those presents from my ships which yesterday  
“ We promis’d ; and with them the captives bring.  
“ And let Talthybius a boar prepare, 200  
“ To Jove and to the Sun an offering due.”

Achilles thus replied : “ Illustrious king  
“ Atrides, these perchance may better suit  
“ Some other time, when from the war awhile  
“ We breathe, and my resentment something cease.  
“ Our slaught’red friends lie scatt’red on the field,  
“ Whom Hector slew, whilst Jove success bestow’d.  
“ Then hasten to repast : yet might my voice  
“ Direct, I would march instant to the fight,  
“ Unfed and unrefresh’d ; and, when the sun 210  
“ Shall set, prepare the supper, when reveng’d  
“ My deep-felt injury. For me—no food  
“ Shall pass these lips, since I have lost my friend,  
“ Who at my tent extended lies ; his feet  
“ Turn’d to the vestibule ; pierc’d through with  
“ wounds. 215

- “ Whilst all around the Myrmidons lament,  
“ I nothing seek but slaughter, groans, and blood.”  
Ulysses, sage in counsel, thus replied :  
“ Achilles, bravest of the Grecian host,  
“ To me superior in no small degree 220  
“ In deeds of war ; yet may I justly claim  
“ In prudent forethought greatly to excel  
“ Thy youth ; from age, and by experience taught :  
“ Then bend thy will to what I shall advise.  
“ War quickly brings satiety to men, 225  
“ Who fall most like to straw in harvest time  
“ Abundant ; but the grain is scant indeed,  
“ When Jove in anger turns the scale of war.  
“ ’Tis not by fasting to lament the slain  
“ In battle ; numbers fall on every side 230  
“ Of high renown : such grief would never cease.  
“ Funereal rites, and one sad day of tears,  
“ Alone they claim : but we who still survive  
“ Must due refreshment take, that with our foes  
“ We may unceasing fight, nor quit the field, 235  
“ All clad in shining arms. No second call  
“ Expect : woe then to him who basely sculks  
“ Our ships among : let our collected force  
“ Pour on the Trojans the whole storm of war.”

He spake: and taking with him Nestor's sons,  
Meges, and Thoas, and Meriones, 241  
And Lycomedes Creon's warlike son,  
And Menalippus; to Atrides' tent  
'They went, and at a word the gifts receiv'd.

First seven tripods from the tent they brought,  
Twenty resplendent vases; horses twelve; 246  
Seven captive females of excelling form,  
Well skill'd in various works; to these the eighth,  
They add Briseis, beautiful and fair.

Ulysses led the way, and in his hand 250  
Ten golden talents bore: the Grecian youths  
Before the assembled chiefs in order rang'd  
The various gifts. Atrides from his seat  
Now rose: Talthybius, bearing in his hand  
The boar for sacrifice, stood near the king. 255

Atrides then unsheath'd the knife, which hung  
His sword beside, and from the victim cut  
The sacred bristles; and aloft in air  
To Jove Saturnian held the off'ring meet;  
Confirming thus his oath: strict silence held 260  
The assembly mute, attentive to their king;  
Who thus with lifted hands his pray'r address'd:

“ Witness, great Jove, of heav'nly pow'rs su-  
preme;

“ Earth, Sun, and Furies who beneath the earth  
“ Punish mankind who dare their oaths profane,  
“ That spotless as she came the maid returns : 266  
“ If what I swear be false, may Heav’n on me  
“ Pour down those ills reserv’d for perjur’d man !”

He spake ; and with the knife the victim slew :  
Talthybius seiz’d and hurl’d into the sea 270  
The slaught’red victim, food to fish consign’d.

Achilles rose, and said : “ Saturnian Jove !  
“ Severest ills from thee afflict mankind :  
“ Nor had Atrides so my rage inflam’d,  
“ Nor forc’d Briseis from me, but that thou 275  
“ Didst multiplied deaths for Greece prepare.  
“ But go, take short repast ; and then to arms.”

Thus saying, he dismiss’d the council, call’d  
In haste : each Grecian to his ship repair’d.  
The Myrmidons, or at the tent, or ship 280  
Of Peleus’ son, the gifts in order plac’d ;  
And led the captive females to their seats ;  
And in their stalls the foaming steeds secur’d.  
Briseis, fair as Venus to behold,  
When first she saw Patroclus pierc’d with wounds,  
Embracing him, pour’d forth the mournful cry, 286  
Her bosom smote, and all her beauteous face  
Deform’d ; and sorely weeping thus exclaim’d :

“ Patroclus ! whom my soul did much esteem,  
“ I left thee living when from forth this tent 290  
“ I went ; now find thee a cold lifeless corpse.  
“ O chief rever’d ! thus grief to grief succeeds,  
“ Ill-fated as I am ! Before our walls  
“ I saw my husband fall, and with him fell  
“ Three brothers whom I lov’d : one mournful day  
“ Seal’d all their fates. Nor when Achilles slew 296  
“ My husband, and the city fair destroy’d  
“ Of Mynes, wouldst thou suffer me to weep ;  
“ But promis’d I should be Achilles’ wife,  
“ If thou mightst aught prevail ; and in thy ship  
“ Safe conduct give, and nuptial feast prepare. 301  
“ Thee, mildest friend, I must unceasing mourn.”

Thus spake she weeping : with responsive tears  
Each captive wept ; but inly for herself.

The assembled elders press Achilles round 305  
Entreating him to eat ; but he rejects  
Deep-sighing : “ O my friends, if you regard  
“ My wishes, I request you urge me not  
“ To take repast, for bitter is my grief ;  
“ Till the sun set I patient will endure.” 310

He spake ; and to their tents the chiefs repair’d.  
But still Ulysses, and the warlike sons  
Of Atreus, Nestor, and Idomeneus,

And Phœnix staid; if haply they might sooth  
His grief: in vain; no pleasure might he know 315  
Till ent'red in the jaws of bloody war;  
But still lamenting thus his grief express'd:

“ And thou, unfortunate, but dearest friend,  
“ Wert wont within my tent to spread the feast,  
“ Attentive ever, when the Greeks prepar'd 320  
“ The Trojans to assail: now thou art gone,  
“ Pierc'd through with wounds; not food, though  
“ near at hand,  
“ But thee my soul desireth; thee, whose loss  
“ All other far exceedeth. Greater this  
“ Than the sad tidings of my father's death, 325  
“ Who now perhaps in Phthia pours the flood  
“ Of grief for such a son; but I the while  
“ Far distant, wage, for hated Helen's sake,  
“ Destructive war with Troy: or, of my son,  
“ If yet in Scyros Neoptolemus 330  
“ Still liveth. Once fond hope I entertain'd  
“ That I alone should perish in this land,  
“ From Argos far; whilst thou, returning hence  
“ To Phthia home, shouldst safe conduct my son  
“ From Scyros in thy ship, and show him all 335  
“ My fair possessions, servants, and abode  
“ Spacious and large; for never can I think

“ Peleus still lives :—but and if yet he live,  
“ Worn down with grief and age, expecting still  
“ The mournful tidings of his son’s decease.” 340

Thus spake he weeping : the attendant chiefs  
Wept each a father, son, or country left.

Jove saw their grief, and pitying thus address’d  
Minerva : “ Why dost thou, my child, forsake  
“ That mighty chief? or is Achilles now 345  
“ No more thy care? Still at his ships he weeps  
“ His lost Patroclus : whilst the host prepare  
“ Refreshment, he alone all food rejects.  
“ Go, and with nectar and ambrosia  
“ His soul refresh, that he no want may feel.” 350

Urg’d by these words, with no unwilling mind,  
Like shrill-voic’d harpy with extended wing,  
Through æther down she flew, what time the Greeks  
To battle arm’d ; and in Achilles’ breast  
Sweet nectar and ambrosia instill’d, 355  
Lest pressing hunger should his limbs invade.

Minerva to high heav’n, her father’s throne,  
Return’d ; and from their ships the Grecians pour’d.  
As when thick clouds of driving snow, congeal’d  
By northern blasts, descend ; so from the ships 360  
The glitt’ring helmets pour’d, and orb’d shields,  
The hollow corselets, and the ashen spears :



To heav'n the light ascended : from the gleam  
Of polish'd brass rejoic'd the gladd'ning fields,  
Resounding from the frequent foot of men. 365

Achilles in the midst put on his arms,  
Gnashing his teeth with rage, whilst from his eyes  
Flash'd lightning ; anger scarce to be endur'd  
Ent'red his heart, and fell revenge to Troy.

Then put he on his arms, the splendid gift 370  
Of Vulcan : first the greaves with silver clasps  
His limbs invested ; on his chest he bound  
The corselet ; and the sword his shoulders grac'd :  
Then the huge shield he took, massy and strong,  
Beaming with light as doth the moon's full orb. 375  
As when to mariners the distant fire  
Kindled by shepherds on the lonely mount  
Appears, whilst them the impetuous winds convey  
Reluctant from their friends o'er boundless seas ;  
So from Achilles' well-wrought shield to heav'n 380  
The splendour shone : then lifting high, he plac'd  
The helmet on his brow, whose crested cone  
Blaz'd like a star, waving with golden hair,  
By Vulcan's art. Then he essay'd his arms,  
If well adapted to his martial frame : 385  
Like wings they lifted up the chief of men.

Last, the paternal spear huge, weighty, strong,

He from his arm'ry took, which none might wield  
Save Peleus and his son ; the wondrous spear  
Chiron had shap'd when from the lofty top      390  
Of Pelion hewn, fatal to num'rous chiefs.

Automedon and Alcimus prepar'd  
The steeds, with gorgeous trappings richly dight ;  
And to their mouths the curbing bit applied,  
Extending to the well-compacted car      395  
The reins : then grasping firm the shining whip,  
Automedon the glitt'ring car within  
Ascended : near, and dazzling as the sun,  
In burnish'd arms Achilles stood, and thus  
The immortal coursers of his sire address'd :      400

“ Xanthus and Balius, from Podarge sprung  
“ Illustrious, far other be your care,  
“ Him to bring back in safety to the fleet,  
“ Whom now you bear, when satiate with the fight;  
“ Nor leave him yonder, as Patroclus, slain.”      405

With drooping head, and with dishevell'd mane  
Sweeping the ground, thus from beneath the yoke  
Xanthus replied, for Juno utt'rance gave :

“ This day in safety through the ranks of war  
“ We bear thee, warlike chief ; yet doth thy end  
“ Approach, but through no fault of ours ; for Jove  
“ Hath thus ordain'd, and overruling Fate.

- “ Yet not from slowness, not from our neglect,  
“ The Trojans from Patroclus tore the spoil :  
“ That pow’rful god who from Latona sprang 415  
“ Slew him, and gave to Hector all the praise.  
“ Though we outstrip the swiftness of the winds,  
“ Of things most swift ; yet art thou doom’d to fall  
“ By mortal hands aided by pow’r divine.”

Thus Xanthus ; when the Fates for ever clos’d  
That voice. Achilles thus, indignant, spoke : 421

- “ Why of my fate prophetic ? It doth ill  
“ Become thee, Xanthus. Well indeed I know  
“ That from my parents I shall perish far !  
“ Then be it so : yet will I nothing cease 425  
“ Till Troy with war be more than satisfied.”

He spake ; and shouting urg’d his coursers on.

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B O O K   X X.

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THUS at their ships, of war insatiate  
The Grecian host around Achilles arm'd ;  
And opposite the Trojan force array'd  
Stood on an eminence ; when mighty Jove  
Bade Themis call the high immortal pow'rs      5  
To council on Olympus : she forthwith  
All summon'd to the lofty seat of Jove.

No river god, old Ocean's self except,  
Nor nymph, or of the grove, or fountain pure,  
Or flow'ry mead, was absent : all appear'd      10  
On polish'd seats arrang'd, by Vulcan made  
For Jove supreme : thus they assembled were  
Before the throne of cloud-compelling Jove.  
Nor Neptune disobey'd : from Ocean's depths  
He came, and thus to Jove his speech address'd : 15

“ Why, mighty Thunderer, hast thou conven'd  
“ The gods ? doth Troy, or Greece, thy thoughts  
“ engage ?

“ For now the flames of war are lighted up.”

To him thus cloud-compelling Jove replied :

“ Neptune, my purpose thou hast well divin’d 20

“ Why thus conven’d the gods: Trojans and Greeks,

“ Destin’d to fall, do yet demand my care.

“ I, on Olympus’ lofty top enthron’d,

“ Viewing the war, will thought indulge awhile :

“ You all descending, or to Troy or Greece 25

“ Assistance give as inclination leads :

“ For should Achilles with the Trojans fight

“ Unaided, they will scarce the attack sustain

“ Of him, whose sight alone such dread inspir’d :

“ But now I fear, since angry for his friend, 30

“ Lest he the city storm ; though Fates forbid.”

Thus Jove ; and kindled all the rage of war.

In heav’nly minds, on different sides engag’d.

Juno and Pallas to the Grecian ships,

And Neptune, shaker of the earth ; with them 35

Hermes, inventor of all useful arts ;

And Vulcan, glorying in his rugged strength,

Mov’d on with knees that ill his weight sustain’d.

But Mars distinguish’d by his varied crest,

Phœbus, and Dian with her winged shafts, 40

The Trojans join’d ; with them Latona came,

Xanthus, and Venus ever crown’d with smiles.

Whilst still apart the heav’nly pow’rs remain’d,

The Grecians gloried in Achilles' might  
Exulting, for he long had ceas'd from war ;      45  
And fear and trembling seiz'd the Trojan host  
When Peleus' warlike son in arms they saw  
Resplendent, dreadful as destructive Mars.

But when the heav'nly pow'rs the battle join'd,  
Then madd'ning Tumult rear'd her monstrous head.  
Pallas, now at the fosse without the wall,      51  
Now at the sounding shore, her voice uprais'd  
Tremendous : opposite, tempestuous Mars  
From Ilium's tow'rs the Trojans rous'd to arms  
Shouting ; and now by Simois, on the hill      55  
Callicalone nam'd. To battle thus  
The gods each host impell'd, and loos'd the reins  
Of havoc fell : the Sire of gods and men  
Thund'red terrific ; Neptune from beneath  
Shook earth and seas : then trembled Ida's top      60  
E'en to its lowest base, and Ilium's tow'rs  
Extensive, and the distant fleet of Greece.  
Then trembled Pluto in his dark abode,  
And fearful started from his ebon throne  
Shouting ; lest Neptune rend the solid globe      65  
Of earth, and all his dreary realms disclose  
To view ; by heav'nly pow'rs themselves abhorr'd.  
Such was the noise when gods to battle mov'd.—

Apollo with his arrows stood oppos'd  
To Neptune; and to Mars the blue-ey'd maid 70  
Pallas; to Juno, Dian with her shafts  
Huntress the woods among: but Mercury,  
Of arts inventor, check'd Latona's rage:  
Oppos'd to Vulcan stood the river god  
Xanthus in heav'n, on earth Scamander call'd. 75  
Thus gods opposed gods: but Peleus' son  
Sought Hector only; eager with his death  
To satiate Mars, and glut his thirst of blood.

Now Phœbus urg'd Æneas, and with strength  
Inspir'd, against Achilles to contend: 80  
Like Priam's son Lycaon he appear'd  
In form and voice, and thus the chief address'd:

“ Æneas, Trojan chief, where now the threats  
“ Which erst you utt'ed at the genial feast,  
“ That with Achilles you would dare the fight?” 85

Æneas answ'ed: “ Why, Lycaon, thus  
“ Dost thou impel me, nothing so inclin'd,  
“ To fight with Peleus' son? His matchless force  
“ I from experience know, what time he seiz'd  
“ Our cattle, and from Ida chas'd me down 90  
“ Pursuing with his spear; and Pedasus  
“ Took, and Lyrnessus. Me protecting Jove  
“ Sav'd, and endued with swiftness to escape,



“ Or I had perish’d by Achilles’ hands,  
“ And Pallas, who preceding him, success 95  
“ Against the Leleges and Trojans gave :  
“ Therefore with him no mortal dare engage :  
“ Each winged shaft some fav’ring deity  
“ From him averts, or to his rapid spear  
“ Gives force, and guides it to its destin’d mark. 100  
“ Might Heav’n but grant me aid, he should not find  
“ An easy war, though clad in panoply.”

Phœbus replied : “ You then, illustrious chief,

“ To Heav’n address the pray’r. Report doth say  
“ You are from Venus sprung, daughter of Jove ;  
“ He from a goddess of inferior note, 106  
“ From Thetis boasts descent, and Ocean’s flood.  
“ On then with spear advance, and dare the fight ;  
“ By threats, by sounding words nothing dismay’d.”

He spake ; and all his soul with courage fir’d :

Onward he mov’d all-clad in shining brass. 111

Juno perceiv’d Anchises’ martial son

Advancing with Achilles to engage,

And quick convening thus the gods address’d :

“ Say Neptune, Pallas say, how this may be ; 115

“ Æneas now all-arm’d in shining brass

“ Advanceth, with Achilles to contend,

“ Urg’d on by Phœbus : let us then forthwith

“ Cause him retire again ; or to the son  
“ Of Peleus by our presence courage give, 120  
“ And mind exempt from fear ; that he may know  
“ Of heav’nly pow’rs the mightiest aid his cause,  
“ Whilst they who Troy assist are nothing worth.  
“ We therefore join the war this day from heav’n  
“ Descending, lest he suffer aught from Troy. 125  
“ Hereafter he must patiently endure  
“ Whatever at his birth stern Fate decreed,  
“ Weaving the web of life : not warn’d of this  
“ By voice divine, he might with terror see  
“ Some adverse deity the ranks among, 130  
“ Then dreadful most when manifest to view.”

The god whose trident shakes the earth replied :

“ Juno, intemperate rage becomes thee not ;  
“ I wish not to contend with other pow’rs  
“ Of heav’n, to us inferior ; but apart 135  
“ Let us retire, and leave the war to men.  
“ Yet should or Mars or Phœbus first begin  
“ The conflict, or impede Achilles’ force,  
“ Nor suffer him to fight, we will ourselves  
“ Commence the war : full soon, or I misdeem, 140  
“ They gladly will rejoin the heav’nly choir,  
“ Subdued perforce by our superior might.”

He spake ; and led the way to that high mount

In haste thrown up, which erst the Trojans rais'd  
With Pallas' aid, for mighty Hercules 145  
Sure refuge, when the monster of the deep  
Pursued him flying to the distant plain.  
There Neptune, and the deities retir'd  
In clouds involv'd impenetrable, sat.  
Whilst on the hill Callicalone nam'd, 150  
The pow'rs in aid of Troy, Phœbus, round thee  
And Mars collected sat, in counsel deep  
On either side engag'd; but yet averse  
To join the conflict, though impell'd by Jove.

The plain was fill'd, and shone with glitt'ring brass  
Of men and steeds; and as they mov'd to war 156  
The earth resounded from their numerous feet.

Two heroes, bravest of their host, advanc'd,  
Prepar'd to fight; Æneas, and the son  
Of Peleus. But with threat'ning aspect first 160  
Æneas forward came; his crested cone  
Nodded terrific: with his pond'rous shield  
High rais'd, and brandishing his spear, he mov'd.

Then rose the might of Peleus' warlike son:  
As the gaunt lion, whom the village hinds 165  
Collected fierce assail; in scornful guise  
Onward he moves, till wounded by some youth  
Of hardihood he turns, and, gaping wide,

The terrors of his foaming jaws to view  
Presents, and growling from his inmost soul 170  
Lashes his sides, and calls up all his ire ;  
And looking furious rushes to the war,  
Intent on slaughter, or resolv'd to die.

Achilles not unconscious of his might,  
Thus to the conflict with Æneas mov'd 175  
Dauntless : when near approach'd, Achilles first  
The Trojan chief address'd : " Why thus advanc'd,  
" Æneas, in the van dost thou appear ?  
" Doth thy mind urge thee to contend with me,  
" That thou mayst reign in Troy, and honour share  
" Equal with Priam ? Shouldst thou slay me then,  
" Yet will not Priam grant thee to succeed,  
" For he hath sons, and is not light of mind :  
" Or have the Trojans promis'd in reward  
" Some large and pleasant field for tillage meet,  
" If thou shalt slay me ? difficult the task ; 186  
" For thou hast fled ere now from this my spear.  
" Hast thou forgotten when from Ida's mount  
" I chas'd thee down, thy cattle left behind ?  
" Not daring to look back thou fled'st amain, 190  
" Escaping to Lyrnessus : I destroy'd  
" That city by the aid of mighty Jove  
" And Pallas, and their females captive led :

“ Aided by heav’nly pow’rs thou didst escape ;  
“ Vain is the thought that they will save thee now.  
“ Retire then, nor oppose thy strength to mine,  
“ Ere ill betide thee : fools are taught too late.”

Æneas answ’red : “ Think not, mighty chief,  
“ Achilles, to affright me as a child  
“ With words ; I too might use reproachful words.  
“ Report hath taught us of each other’s birth, 201  
“ Known far and wide ; yet have I never seen  
“ Thy parents, nor have mine been seen by thee.  
“ They say, indeed, thou art from Peleus sprung,  
“ And fair-hair’d Thetis goddess of the sea : 205  
“ I from Anchises chief of high renown,  
“ And Venus, boast descent. Our parents then,  
“ Or yours or mine, this day shall mourn a son ;  
“ For not by childish words must end our strife.  
“ But wouldst thou learn, (many there are who know  
“ My lineage,) Dardanus from mighty Jove 211  
“ Boasted descent : (he first Dardania built ;  
“ Ere sacred Troy on yonder plain appear’d,  
“ Our sires at Ida’s foot securely dwelt :)  
“ From Dardanus sprang Ericthonius, 215  
“ Wealthiest of mortals ; in his pastures graz’d  
“ Three thousand mares, each joyful with her foal :  
“ Boreas of these enamour’d chang’d his form,

- “ A horse confest, and bounding o'er the meads  
“ Twelve foals begat, in swiftness like the winds :  
“ These, when o'er fields they urg'd their rapid  
    “ course, 221  
“ Nor hurt the blade nor bruise'd the tender ear ;  
“ Nor when they skimm'd the surface of the main,  
“ Dipp'd in the frothy surge their airy feet.  
“ To Ericthonius succeeded Tros, 225  
“ His son : to Tros were born three sons ; Ilus,  
“ Assaracus, and Ganymede of men  
“ The fairest, whom the gods to heaven rais'd,  
“ To dwell with them, and bear the cup of Jove.  
“ From Ilus sprang Laomedon : from him 230  
“ Five sons deriv'd ; Tythonus, Priamus,  
“ Lampus, and Clytius, and Hycetaon  
“ Like Mars in fight : but from Assaracus  
“ Capys, from whom Anchises boasts descent,  
“ And I from him : from Priam Hector sprang. 235  
“ Such is the lineage, such the race I boast.  
“ But Jove at pleasure courage gives to man,  
“ Or minisheth ; to him all pow'r belongs.  
“ But come, no longer let us parley thus  
“ Like children, standing in the midst of war 240  
“ Idle ; reproaches heaping on reproach,  
“ We might soon fill a barque of larger size



“ To sinking ; for the tongue is voluble  
“ Of man, nor wanteth words or subject meet,  
“ So wide indeed the range ; and as you speak 245  
“ Of others, you shall surely hear yourself.  
“ But why should we with contumelious words  
“ Reproach each other, as the custom is  
“ Of women oft, who, when engag’d in strife  
“ Pernicious, still persist in language harsh 250  
“ E’en in the public streets, and, true or false,  
“ Pour forth whatever anger may suggest ?  
“ Not then with words shalt thou subdue a mind  
“ With courage arm’d like mine ; our spears alone  
“ Must end the conflict : let us then begin 255  
“ The fight, and quickly taste each other’s spear.”

Thus spake he ; and with vehemence the shield  
Smote with his spear, whose point resounded shrill  
On the vast orb, which with a pow’rful hand,  
Not unalarm’d, Achilles quick advanc’d 260  
Before him ; for he thought the rapid lance  
Hurl’d by Æneas might with ease pass through :  
Vain thought indeed ! nor did he once reflect,  
And in his mind consider, that the gift  
Of heav’nly pow’rs may not by mortal man 265  
With ease be pierc’d, or yield to human force.  
For not the spear of great Anchises’ son



Might passage find ; the gold its fury staid :  
Two plates it pass'd, three yet untouch'd remain'd ;  
For five had Vulcan made : two were of brass, 270  
And two of tin ; and one of solid gold  
The centre held, which staid the rapid lance.

Then rose Achilles, and his massy spear  
Hurl'd vehement, and smote Æneas' shield ;  
And through the outer rim, where thinnest folds  
The orb embrac'd, there pass'd uncheck'd its flight,  
The Pylion spear : shrill-sounded from the stroke  
The well-pois'd shield. Æneas stooping shunn'd  
The fatal stroke, yet trembling at its force :  
Above the chief the stormy weapon flew, 280  
And spent its force in earth : through two thin folds  
It burst : untouch'd he stood, not without fear  
And grief, so near the deadly weapon pass'd.

Forthwith Achilles with his sword rush'd on,  
Shouting terrific ; when Æneas seiz'd 285  
A stone of wondrous size ; not two might lift  
Its weight enormous such as men are now,  
Degenerate ; he alone high pois'd in air.

Then had Æneas on Achilles' shield  
Or helmet smote in vain, or with his sword 290  
Him had Achilles soon of life depriv'd ;  
But Neptune quick perceiv'd, and thus address'd

The present deities : “ Much am I griev’d  
“ For brave Æneas, who must soon descend  
“ To Pluto’s realm, by Peleus’ son subdued, 295  
“ Urg’d on by Phoebus to the unequal fight ;  
“ Improvident ! No aid Apollo gives.  
“ Yet why for others’ crimes, guiltless himself,  
“ Should he thus suffer ? he whose pious care  
“ To all the heav’nly pow’rs due off’ring pays. 300  
“ Let us then save him from impending death,  
“ Fearful lest Jove himself be much incens’d  
“ Should he now perish, destin’d to escape ;  
“ Lest the whole race of Dardanus should cease  
“ And be extinct, whom above all he loves 305  
“ Of woman born, boasting descent from him.  
“ The sons of Priam doth Saturnius hate ;  
“ And to Æneas, and his future race,  
“ The sceptre and the throne of Troy descends.”  
Juno replied : “ Neptune, be that thy care, 310  
“ Either to save Æneas, or permit  
“ That he now perish by Achilles’ sword :  
“ Just though he be, Pallas and I have sworn  
“ (And all the pow’rs of heav’n can witness bear)  
“ Never from Troy to ward the fatal day, 315  
“ Not when with bick’ring flames encompass’d round  
“ She falls, just victim to the arms of Greece.”

When Neptune heard, he hast’ned to the fight

And tumult of the field ; and where the chiefs  
Æneas and Achilles stood prepar'd 320  
For onset, interpos'd ; and with thick clouds  
Achilles' sight impeded, and the spear  
Pluck'd from Æneas' shield, and on the ground  
Plac'd at Achilles' feet : then high in air  
Uplifting, bore Æneas o'er the ranks 325  
Of horsemen and of foot with hand divine ;  
Till in the rear of all the host arriv'd,  
Where the brave Caucons arm'd them to the  
fight :

Him near approaching Neptune thus address'd :

“ What hostile pow'r, Æneas, urg'd thee on 330  
“ To fight with Peleus' son, braver than thou ;  
“ More favour'd by the gods ? Retire from him  
“ If thou again shouldst meet, nor tempt thy fate.  
“ When he shall be no more, then boldly fight ;  
“ Secure no Grecian chief shall lay thee low.” 335

He spake ; and full instructed left him there :

Then from Achilles he the cloud remov'd :

Who clearly seeing thus indignant spake :

“ What do my eyes behold ! Here on the ground  
“ My spear I see, but do not see the chief 340  
“ At whom I hurl'd it with intent to kill :  
“ Æneas then is favour'd of the gods,  
“ Though vain I thought his boast : perish he then !

“ Yet will he not again contend in arms  
“ With me, glad thus to have from death escap’d :  
“ I then, encouraging the Grecian host, 346  
“ Will try what Trojan dare with me contend.”

He spake, and rush’d to war, exhorting loud  
Each Grecian chief: “ No longer stand aloof,  
“ But man to man oppos’d renew the fight. 350  
“ However brave, it cannot be that I  
“ With all contend, or all pursue; not Mars,  
“ Not Pallas, all immortal as they are,  
“ In battle so extensive might maintain  
“ Conflict like this, and labour through the whole :  
“ Yet will I nothing cease as far as strength 355  
“ Admit, whate’er my hands and feet can do  
“ Labouring hard; nor may that Trojan chief  
“ Rejoice, who shall approach this fatal spear.”

Thus he encourag’d them. Hector meantime 360  
Exclaiming loudly to his host, declar’d  
The purpose of his mind: “ Illustrious chiefs,  
“ Fear not this son of Peleus: if with words  
“ We fought, indeed, I might with gods contend;  
“ Not so with spear, for they are mightier far. 365  
“ Nor may Achilles all his vaunting boasts  
“ Fulfil; if he in this succeed, in that  
“ He needs must fail: I will myself oppose

“ This boaster, though like fire his hands; his hands  
“ Like fire, and heated iron all his heart.” 370

Thus he : when onward mov'd the Trojan force  
With lifted spears, and mingled in the fight ;  
And clamour loud prevail'd. Apollo now  
Approaching Hector, thus the chief address'd :

“ Hector, advance not foremost in the ranks 375  
“ With Peleus' son to fight ; but by thy host  
“ Supported, with united force engage,  
“ Lest he should wound thee or with sword or spear.”

He spake ; and Hector to the ranks retir'd  
Not without fear, when heard the voice divine. 380

Then on the Trojans rush'd Achilles' might  
With shout terrific, and Iphition slew,  
Son of Otrynteus, chief of high renown.  
Him whilom Nais to Otrynteus bore  
In Hyda, under Tmolus' lofty mount 385

Snow-clad : him eager rushing to the war  
Achilles smote : his front receiv'd the blow ;  
The impetuous spear his forehead cleft in twain ;  
Sounding he fell : the victor thus exclaim'd :

“ Son of Otrynteus, mighty chief, die there. 390  
“ What though possessions fair by Gyge's lake  
“ Thy lineage boast, where Hyllus' fishy stream  
“ And gulphy Herinus pour their rapid floods ?”

Thus he exulting : darkness clos'd the eyes  
Of fall'n Iphition ; him the Grecian steeds 395  
Roll'd in the van beneath the blood-stain'd wheels.

Then on Demoleon warrior brave he rush'd,  
Antenor's son ; the rapid spear transfix'd  
His brazen casque, and pierc'd his temple through,  
And broke the bone ; and onward to the brain 400  
Pass'd vehement, and quench'd the hero's fire.

Next in his back, as from his car he leap'd  
Preparing flight, Hippodamas he slew :  
He pants, he groans, and dies. As doth the bull  
In Helice, to Neptune off'ring meet, 405  
Dragg'd by the youths along ; with secret joy  
The god accepts ; so groaning loud he dies.

Now Polydorus he pursued, the son  
Of Priam youngest born, and most lov'd.  
The father's care forbad the dang'rous war, 410  
Though swiftest in the race. Improvident !  
Exulting in his speed he scour'd the plain,  
And in the van appear'd ; there ceas'd his course :  
Him as he pass'd, Achilles with his spear  
Smote in the loins, where cross'd the well-wrought  
belt 415

With golden clasps united, and oppos'd  
A double guard : the brazen point pass'd on



Quite through : prone on his knees he fell ; his hands  
The wound compress'd : thick darkness clos'd his  
eyes.

But Hector, when perceiv'd his brother slain, 420  
His entrails gushing forth, a cloud of grief  
Oppress'd his mind ; nor could he more endure  
The distant fight ; but brandishing his spear,  
Like flames advanc'd, and dar'd the mighty foe.

Achilles saw him, and elate with joy 425  
Exclaim'd : " That man is near who hath my soul  
" Most deeply wounded ; who that friend hath slain  
" Whom most I lov'd : no longer shall we now  
" Avoid each other in the ranks of war."

He spake ; and sternly viewing Hector, said : 430  
" Approach, that thou mayst quickly meet thy fate."

Hector replied, and with undaunted mind :  
" Think not with empty words, O warlike son  
" Of Peleus, to affright me as a child :  
" I too could use harsh and reproachful words ; 435  
" I know that thou art mightier far than I :  
" Events of war the gods alone dispose.  
" This spear of mine, though from a weaker arm,  
" May lay thee low perchance, if Heav'n permit ;  
" For it doth bear a sharp'ned point before." 440

He spake, and hurl'd his spear, which with a breath



Minerva from Achilles turn'd aside,  
And plac'd at Hector's feet : Achilles now  
Eager rush'd on with slaughterous intent,  
Shouting tremendous. But Apollo sav'd 445  
Hector with ease, and in a cloud involv'd.  
Thrice rush'd Achilles with his lifted spear ;  
Thrice smote the air in vain : but when again  
He rush'd to war with more than mortal force,  
With clamour loud he thus his rage express'd : 450

“ Dog as thou art, thou hast again escap'd ;  
“ Yet danger was at hand : Apollo now  
“ Hath sav'd thee ; for to him thy votive pray'r  
“ Is paid when ent'ring mid the shock of arms.  
“ If I but meet thee once again, thou diest, 455  
“ Should any fav'ring god my cause assist :  
“ Now other Trojans shall my vengeance feel.”

He spake ; and with his spear full on the neck  
Smote Dryops, whom he left upon the plain ;  
And piercing through the knee Philetor's son 460  
Demuchus, stay'd him ; then with his huge sword  
Of light and life depriv'd. Next Bias' sons,  
Laogonus and Dardanus, he slew ;  
This with the sword ; that perish'd by the spear.  
Then 'Tros, Alastor's son : he sued for life, 465  
Embrac'd the victor's knees, and pity claim'd

From youth, for as Achilles' such his years :  
Improvident ! nor knew his suit was vain :  
Nor mild nor gentle was Achilles' mind,  
But fierce in the extreme. His knees he touch'd,  
And urg'd his pray'r ; nathless the rapid sword 471  
Deep in his side infix'd the ghastly wound :  
Lifeless he fell, and darkness clos'd his eyes.

Next Mulius died: the lance through both his ears  
Pass'd vehement, for near Achilles stood. 475  
Echeclus then he slew, Agenor's son ;  
The pond'rous sword his forehead cleft in twain,  
Warm'd was the sword with blood ; and purple death,  
And fate inevitable, clos'd his eyes.

Deucalion in the elbow, where unite 480  
The tendons, next he smote : the brazen point  
Pass'd through the arm : arrested by the wound  
He saw his fate : incontinent the sword  
Descending, from the trunk his head lopp'd off,  
And helmet ; from the sev' red spine the life 485  
Issued : extended on the plain he fell.

Rhigmus he now invades, the blameless son  
Of Pireus, who from fertile Thracia came :  
Fixt in his bowels stood the fatal spear :  
Headlong he fell. Next, as he turn'd to flight 490  
His coursers, Areithous receiv'd

The spear between his shoulders ; prone he fell  
From off his car : the fright'ned steeds recoil'd.

As when the rage of all-destructive fire  
Burns in the deep'ned glen, within the side 495  
Of some high mountain, and the forest roars  
As onward roll the flames by winds increas'd ;  
So on all sides Achilles with his spear  
Rag'd furious, and the blood in rivers flow'd.

And as the steers, broad-fronted, lowing loud, 500  
Upon the level floor the barn within  
Tread the light grain, and separate with ease ;  
So the immortal steeds of Peleus' son,  
O'er shields, o'er arms and bodies of the slain  
Trampled : with blood the axle, and the wheels 505  
With blood are stain'd, dash'd from the frequent foot  
Of prancing steeds ; as thirsting still for fame,  
And cov'red o'er with gore, Achilles rush'd along.



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B O O K   X X I.

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**B**UT when they came to Xanthus' rapid stream  
From Jove deriv'd, there separated he  
The flying foe, and o'er the plain pursued  
The routed host to Troy, by the same way  
Where erst the Grecians fled from Hector's rage; 5  
For there they pour'd along. Juno meantime  
Shed darkness round them to impede their flight:  
Whilst others in the deep-ingulfed stream  
Sought refuge, plunging in with dashing noise;  
The waters sounded and the winding shores, 10  
As clamorous and loud, in eddies tost,  
They swam: thus from the raging element  
The locust flies, when sudden flames burst forth  
Extending far: they fearful seek the stream.

Thus the deep bed of Xanthus' rapid tide 15  
With horse and men promiscuous was fill'd  
By Peleus' son: hid in a tamarisk  
His spear he left, and plung'd into the flood  
Grasping his sword, on deeds of death intent:

On every side the rapid strokes descend,  
Deep groans are heard ; the stream is red with blood.

As from the dolphin fly the smaller fish  
To the safe creek, or haven's winding shores,  
Fright'ned ; for many greedy he devours :  
So in the hollow banks of Xanthus' stream 25  
The Trojans lay conceal'd. And now, his arm  
With slaughter tir'd, twelve youths he from the flood  
Alive selected, victims to the shade  
Of slain Patroclus ; these he dragg'd along,  
Trembling as fawns, and bound with thongs their  
hands ; 30

Thongs which their own habiliments supplied ;  
And sent them to the ships with conduct safe.  
Then rush'd he onward, still on slaughter bent ;  
There met he, as from forth the stream he fled,  
Lycaon, Priam's son ; whom captive erst 35  
He had surpris'd and taken unawares,  
As in the garden of his royal sire  
He from a fig-tree cut the tender shoots  
For chariot rings : him there, ill-unforeseen !  
Achilles seiz'd, and sold to Lemnos' isle : 40  
The son of Jason paid the stated price :  
Imbrius his guest again the youth redeem'd  
For ransom large, and to Arisbe sent ;

From thence he fled ; and gain'd his father's house,  
From Lemnos safe return'd. Eleven days 45  
He gave to joy and pleasure with his friends;  
But on that day, the twelfth, o'erruling Fate  
'Threw him again into Achilles' hand ;  
Yet never to return ; to death consign'd,  
And Pluto's realm! Him when Achilles knew, 50  
Though naked, without helmet, shield or spear,  
(For these he cast away with labour spent  
Contending with the stream,) indignant thus  
He commun'd with himself: " O gracious heav'n!  
" What prodigy is this my eyes behold? 55  
" Soon then will all the Trojans I have slain  
" Rise from their dark abode, since he whom late  
" I sold in Lemnos hath from thence escap'd ;  
" Nor hath the depth of ocean kept him there,  
" Though many all-unwilling it detain. 60  
" But he shall taste this spear, that I may know  
" If yet he may escape ; or whether earth  
" May hold this man, which many braver holds."  
Thus commun'd he: with fear the youth approach'd  
Trembling, all-eager to embrace his knees, 65  
If so he might prevail. With lifted arm  
Achilles aim'd his spear; the suppliant prone



Fell and embrac'd his knees : fixt in the ground  
Above his back the weapon trembling stood  
Thirsting for blood : one hand his knees embrac'd,  
One held the spear ; and thus his humble suit 71  
Lycaon urg'd : " Let me thy pity move,  
" Achilles ; at thy knees I suppliant bend,  
" And claim thy mercy, O illustrious chief !  
" Whilom thy guest I feasted at thy board, 75  
" And did eat bread with thee on that same day  
" When in the garden captive made, and sent  
" To Lemnos' isle, far from my native land,  
" Far from my friends. For me thou didst receive  
" A hundred beeves ; now shall my ransom be 80  
" That sum thrice told. This morning is the twelfth  
" Since I return'd again to sacred Troy,  
" From trials most severe : now cruel Fate  
" And angry Jove have giv'n me to thy hands.  
" A son short-liv'd indeed my mother bore, 85  
" Laothoë, from ancient Altha sprung ;  
" Altha chief captain of the Leleges,  
" From lofty Pedasus by Satnius' stream.  
" Her Priam married, one of many wives ;  
" Of whom two sons were born, destin'd by thee 90  
" 'To perish : one thou hast already slain  
" Advancing in the ranks, for by thy spear

“ Transfixt, the godlike Polydorus fell :

“ Now me stern fate impends; nor from thy hands,

“ If right I deem, may I again escape.

“ Yet slay me not; but hear what I affirm: 95

“ Not to Laothoë doth Hector owe

“ His birth, who slew thy mild and valiant friend.”

Thus Priam's son with supplication urg'd

His suit—in vain; for harsh was the reply :

“ Talk not of ransom at a time like this: 101

“ Before Patroclus fell I could myself

“ Show mercy, and had pleasure in the deed;

“ And numbers have I captur'd, numbers sold :

“ But now, of all whom fate within my pow'r 105

“ May bring before these walls, not one shall death

“ Escape; and least of all thy hated race.

“ Die then, my friend: why vainly thus lament?

“ Patroclus, braver far than thou, is dead.

“ Seest thou not me, in stature and in strength 110

“ Pre-eminent? A goddess gave me birth,

“ And Peleus was my sire: yet after thine

“ My death will also come: or in the morn

“ Or even, or mid-day, the spear will fly,

“ Or arrow from the hand that seals my doom.” 115

He spake: palsied with fear Lycaon stood;

Quitting his hold, he trembling sank to earth

With hands extended ; quick the rapid sword  
Descending, on his neck the fatal wound  
Inflicts : extended on the plain he falls ; 120  
The warm blood issuing forth bedews the soil.  
Him stern Achilles seizing by the feet  
Hurl'd in midstream, and thus exulting spoke :  
“ Lie there, and let the fishes lick thy wounds  
“ Secure ; nor shall a mother mourn thy fate 125  
“ Stretch'd on thy bier ; but in his gulfy stream  
“ Scamander shall convey thee to the sea ;  
“ There, gliding through the surface of the deep,  
“ Fish shall devour Lycaon's noble limbs.  
“ Thus perish ye till we shall capture Troy ; 130  
“ You flying, I pursuing in the rear  
“ With slaughter : nor may aught this river aid  
“ And all his streams, with sacrifice of bulls  
“ Invok'd, or living steeds in the deep gulf  
“ Immerst ; but that you all shall perish thus, 135  
“ In just revenge for my lamented friend  
“ Patroclus, and those chiefs who at the ships  
“ Contending fell, whilst I from war abstain'd.”  
Thus spake he : but the river god incens'd,  
Sought means to quell the rage of Peleus' son, 140  
And turn from 'Troy his desolating course.  
Meantime Achilles with uplifted spear

Rush'd on Asteropæus, warlike son  
Of Pelegon ; whom Peribœa bore  
To Axius' stream divine : she eldest born 145  
Of Accessamenos : him Peleus' son  
Attack'd. Asteropæus from the stream  
Uprising, dauntless stood ; and in each hand  
A spear he grasp'd : Scamander's potent god  
Fir'd him with courage ; angry that his stream 150  
Was fill'd with slaught' red youths, whom Peleus' son  
Had pitiless destroy'd. When near approach'd,  
Achilles thus : " Who, and from whence art thou,  
" That dar'st my force oppose ? Unhappy they  
" Whose sons with me contend." Him answer'd then  
The son of Pelegon : " Illustrious chief 156  
" Achilles, why my lineage dost thou ask ?  
" From fair Pæonia's fertile land I come,  
" Whose bands I lead : this the eleventh day  
" Since I arriv'd to aid the cause of Troy. 160  
" From Axius' ample flood I boast descent ;  
" Axius, who pours along the purest stream  
" That waters earth : brave Pelegon from him,  
" And I from Pelegon, so fame reports,  
" My birth derive : now fight we, chief renown'd."

Thus spake he threat'ning : quick the Pelean spear  
Achilles rais'd ; when from each hand a lance

Asteropæus threw : this on the shield  
Smote vehement, yet pierc'd it not ; the gold  
Check'd all its force, the present of a god : 170  
That with light wound Achilles' elbow graz'd,  
The blood forth started ; fixt within the ground  
Thirsting for blood the spear still quiv'ring stood.  
Achilles now his mighty weapon hurl'd,  
Eager Asteropæus to destroy ; 175  
But miss'd him ; deep within the bank infixt  
The Pelean spear remain'd : drawing his sword  
Achilles onward rush'd. Meantime the chief  
Intent to gain the Pelean spear, in vain  
Thrice from the bank to pluck it forth essay'd ; 180  
Thrice fail'd his strength : but when he now pre-  
par'd  
To break the spear, Achilles with his sword  
Of life depriv'd him ; in his belly fixt,  
The reeking weapon all his entrails tore ;  
And darkness veil'd his eyes : Achilles seiz'd 185  
The spoil his arms, and thus exulting said :  
“ Lie thus : 'tis not for such as thou to dare  
“ Contend with those who boast descent from Jove :  
“ 'Thou saidst, indeed, a river gave thee birth ;  
“ I mine derive from Jove. Peleus my sire, 190  
“ Chief of the Myrmidons from Æacus ;

" And Æacus from Jove his lineage boasts :  
 " From Jove, superior far to every stream  
 " That pours his flood ; and rushes to the sea.  
 " The race of Jove all rivers doth excel;                195  
 " Nor may this river near thee aught avail,  
 " Or dare contend with high Saturnian Jove :  
 " Not Achelous may with Jove compare,  
 " Of mighty rivers chief: not Ocean's self,  
 " With all his floods ; from whom all streams their  
     " source,     200  
 " All springs, all fountains, and all seas derive ;  
 " Yet doth he fear the thunderbolt of Jove,  
 " And tremble when from heav'n the crash de-  
     " scends."

He spake; and from the bank drew forth his spear,  
And left him on the sands of life depriv'd;      205  
Wash'd by the waves, to fishes now a prey;  
Who in the waters all his limbs devour'd.  
Then rush'd he on the fam'd Mæonian horse,  
Who by the margin of Scamander's stream  
Stood trembling, when they saw their valiant chief  
Thus by Achilles' slain: these he assail'd.      210  
Then Mydon and Thersilochus he slew,  
And Ophelestes, and Astypylus,  
Mnesus and Thrasius, and Ænius;



And more had slain; when the indignant stream,  
In form a man, Pelides thus address'd: 216

“ In courage and in bold injurious acts,  
“ O first of men Achilles, by some god  
“ Assisted ever; if it be that Jove  
“ Hath destin'd every Trojan chief to fall 220  
“ By thee, yet far from hence thy victims drive;  
“ With slaught' red heaps my pleasant stream is fill'd;  
“ Nor may I bear my tribute to the sea  
“ Encumb' red thus: such numbers thou hast slain,  
“ I stand amaz'd: O cease, illustrious chief!” 225

Achilles answ' red: “ Even as thou say'st,  
“ Scamander, stream divine; yet cease I not  
“ To slay the Trojans till within their walls  
“ I shut them up, and with their mighty chief  
“ Hector contend for victory, or death.” 230

Thus he; and angry rush'd upon the foe.  
To Phœbus then the gulfy river spake:

“ O son of Jove, god of the silver bow,  
“ Dost thou neglect the counsel of high Jove  
“ To thee address'd, that thou shouldst aid the cause  
“ Of Troy, till evening shade the fertile earth?” 236

He spake: when from the bank Achilles arm'd  
Leap'd in midstream: the indignant flood with rage  
Boiling, his various waters pour'd around



With bellowing noise, and cast forth all his dead  
Slain by Achilles; but the living sav'd, 241  
Hid in the hollows of his gulfy shore:  
The pointed wave high rais'd around the chief  
Dash'd on his shield; nor found he where to rest  
His feet, so swell'd the flood: an elm he grasp'd,  
His last support; the lofty tree to earth 246  
Fell prone by root uptorn, and damm'd the stream,  
From bank to bank extended as a bridge.  
Upsprang the chief from forth the whelming flood,  
Not unalarm'd, and sought the distant plain: 250  
Nor ceas'd Scamander, but with force increas'd  
His black'ning wave roll'd onward to repress  
Achilles' might, and turn him back from Troy.  
Forth sprang Pelides distant as the flight  
Of well-thrown spear, darting with eagle's force,  
The strongest and the swiftest bird of air: 256  
So rush'd he: on his chest the radiant arms  
Rang dreadful as he fled with course oblique;  
Him follow'd thund'ring on the swelling flood.  
As when the husbandman conducts a stream 260  
From fountain clear his tender plants among;  
Scoops with his spade the channel, and removes  
Each obstacle, still onward as it flows

Murm'ring the pebbles o'er; now swift it pours  
Down the steep bank, nor waits his guiding hand:

So the swift stream out-stripp'd Achilles' speed,  
Though swift; for man may not with gods contend:

Oft as he turn'd to stem the opposing flood,  
And learn if all the pow'rs of heav'n combin'd  
Adverse, so oft the foaming water pour'd 270

His shoulders o'er: upward he sudden sprang  
Hopeless; the whelming mischief all his strength  
Subdued; the slimy ooze his feet deceiv'd.

Then mournful thus to heav'n he urg'd his pray'r:

" O mighty Jove! and do I thus in vain 275

" Seek refuge from the flood? All other ills,

" Save but from this, I patient will endure.

" Yet of the pow'rs above I none may blame

" But Thetis, who her son hath thus deceiv'd,

" Foretelling death beneath the Trojan walls 280

" By Phœbus' shafts. O might I rather fall

" By Hector's spear than thus inglorious die,

" Like some mean peasant in a ford o'erwhelm'd,

" By sudden tempest swoln beyond its bounds!"

He spake: him Neptune, him Minerva heard;  
And near approaching in the form of men, 286

With hands upheld, and comforted with words :

The potent god of ocean thus began :

“ Let not or fear or dread thy mind assail,

“ Pelides, such assistance we will give, 290

“ Pallas and I ; for Jove that aid approves :

“ ’Tis not decreed that thou shouldst perish here

“ A wat’ry death ; soon shall Scamander cease,

“ Thyself shalt see it : but attend our words,

“ And prudently obey. Cease not from war 295

“ Till thou shalt have enclos’d within their walls

“ The flying Trojans, and have Hector slain

“ In combat : then in safety to thy ships

“ Thou mayst return ; such honour we will give.”

Thus having said, the friendly pow’rs return’d 300

The gods among : then onward mov’d the chief

Encourag’d by their voice divine, and sought

The distant plain, now fill’d and cov’red o’er

With waters deep, and arms of chieftains slain,

And bodies numerous : inspir’d with strength 305

He stemm’d the opposing flood, and urg’d his course.

Nor ceas’d Scamander, but with added rage

Incens’d, still higher rais’d his swelling flood ;

And thus his speech to Simois address’d :

“ Brother, united we may check perchance 310

“ This chief, ere he demolish sacred Troy ;

“ The Trojans now no more his force resist.  
“ Then quickly lend thy aid ; and from their source  
“ Thy torrents and thy various streams collect :  
“ Raise all thy floods ; the rocky fragments roll,  
“ And trees uprooted, till we quell the might  
“ Of this dread chief, who with success elate  
“ Dares with immortals to contend in arms.  
“ Nor shall his strength, nor arms, nor form divine  
“ Avail : but soon within my oozy bed 320  
“ He shall, for ever lost and cov’red o’er,  
“ Sink in the depth of sand ; nor shall the Greeks  
“ Collect his bones : there buried shall he lie ;  
“ There make his grave ; there find his sepulchre :  
“ Nor other funeral rites shall Greece bestow.” 325

He spake ; and on the chief his roaring flood  
With foam and blood and bodies of the slain  
High-swoln, indignant pour’d : the purple wave  
Uprais’d in air bore swift the chief along.

Then Juno shrieking trembled, lest oppress 330  
Achilles perish in the gulfy flood,  
And thus her son address’d : “ Vulcan, my son,  
“ Exert thy pow’r ; for to thy arm oppos’d  
“ Xanthus contends in war : haste, lend thy aid  
“ With utmost speed, and light the blaze of fire :  
“ I from the sea will summon every blast 336

“ Quick from the stormy south, that far and wide  
“ The flames may spread devouring, and consume  
“ The Trojans and their arms ; then on the banks  
“ Of Xanthus rage, and burn each lofty tree ; 340  
“ And let him feel thy force ; nor suffer him  
“ By soft and soothing words, or threats, to change  
“ The purpose of thy mind : cease not thy force,  
“ Till urg’d by me to stay the raging flames.”

She spake : and Vulcan kindled all his fires. 345  
First on the plain they burnt, and many dead  
Consum’d, whom fierce Achilles whilom slew :  
Dried was the plain, and check’d the rising wave.

As when forth issuing from the parching north,  
The autumnal blast the wat’red garden dries, 350  
Gladd’ning the husbandman ; thus the whole plain  
Was parch’d, and all the slain by fire consum’d.  
Now Vulcan to the river turn’d the flames ;  
And elms and willows burn’d, and tamarisks,  
Alder and lotus, and the cypress tall, 355  
Which numberless the pleasant stream adorn’d :  
Scorch’d were the finny tribes which wont to sport  
Within the stream, subdued by Vulcan’s force :  
The river labour’d too, and thus exclaim’d :

“ Vulcan, no pow’r may well thy force withstand ;  
“ No longer I contend : cease then thy flames, 361

“ And let Achilles from the city drive  
“ The routed Trojans : I henceforth nor move  
“ With thee contention, nor their cause assist.”

Thus Xanthus burning spoke ; and all his streams  
Boil'd from the heat intense. As on the fire 366  
The heated cauldron melts the lard within  
Of the well-fatted boar, whilst on all sides  
Surrounding flames sufficient heat supply,  
Fed by cleft wood well dried ; thus urg'd by fire  
The bubbling stream boil'd vehement, nor held 371  
Its usual course, impeded by the rage  
Of Vulcan potent god: when thus his pray'r  
To Juno he address'd : “ Why doth thy son,  
“ Juno, my stream invade, and pain me thus 375  
“ Above all others ? nor have I incurr'd  
“ Peculiar blame ; for many aid the cause  
“ Of Troy : but speak the word, and I desist.  
“ Stay then thy son : I with an oath confirm  
“ Never from Troy to ward the fatal day, 380  
“ Tho' Greece surround her with devouring flames.”

Well pleas'd the goddess heard, and thus her son  
Bespoke : “ Vulcan, my son, desist ; nor let  
“ A god such ills endure for mortal men.”

She spake : when Vulcan all his fires suppress'd,  
And the fair stream his wonted course pursued. 386



Thus Xanthus ceas'd subdued ; and Vulcan staid  
His fires, by Juno, though incens'd, constrain'd.

Now fell contention sway'd the immortal pow'rs,  
To different sides inclin'd : with dreadful noise 390  
They rush'd to arms : earth trembled at the sound ;  
The brazen clangour rent the vault of heav'n.

Jove heard the conflict on Olympus' height  
Sitting; and joy'd to see the battle rise.

Nor long the interval ; tempestuous Mars 395  
Thus with reproachful words Pallas address'd :

“ Detested insect ! why dost thou again  
“ Audacious thus the gods incite to war ?  
“ Or dost thou now forget that thou didst urge  
“ Tydides to assail me with his spear ; 400  
“ And openly didst guide the weapon on,  
“ And a deep wound inflict ? Now shalt thou pay,  
“ And dearly too, the wrongs thy rage hath done.”

He spake ; and on the dreadful ægis smote,  
Which not the lightning of Saturnian Jove 405  
Might pierce : on this blood-stained Mars with spear  
Smote vehement : but Pallas stepping back  
A stone uprais'd huge, craggy, ponderous,  
Of dusky hue, which men of ancient days  
Had fix'd a landmark ; this high pois'd in air 410  
On Mars she hurl'd ; the rocky fragment struck



His neck, and instant levell'd to the ground  
His wondrous length o'er many an acre stretch'd;  
And all his hair polluted in the dust:  
His armour rang terrific. Pallas smil'd, 415  
And thus exulting; " Know'st thou not as yet,  
" Insensate! that my strength thy force exceeds?  
" Yet me thou dar'st oppose: the Furies thus  
" Revenge thy mother's anger for the aid  
" Thou giv'st to perjur'd Troy, deserting Greece."

She spake; and turn'd the brightness of her eyes  
To other views: but Venus by the hand  
Conducted Mars apart; scarce breathing yet,  
And labouring hard; so vehement the stroke.  
Juno perceiv'd, and Pallas thus address'd: 425

" And dost thou notice with what shameless mien  
" She from the conflict leads destructive Mars,  
" Not the first time? But do thou follow her."

Thus spake she; nor Minerva disobey'd,  
But gladly follow'd; and with pow'rful hand 430  
Smote Venus on the breast: the goddess fell  
Fainting; so both lay stretch'd upon the ground.  
When Pallas thus with taunting words: " May all  
" Meet the same fate who aid the cause of Troy,  
" Warring with Greece! Were they as bold withal  
" As Venus, and as kind and gentle too

- “ In aid of Mars ’gainst my superior force,  
“ We had long since desisted from the war;  
“ The Trojan city taken and destroy’d.”

She spake: the Queen of heav’n with smiles approv’d. 440

Neptune meantime Apollo thus bespoke:

- “ Why stand we thus apart? It is not well,  
“ When others have begun, that we return  
“ To heav’n’s high seat the contest unessay’d:  
“ Begin, for thou art younger far than I; 445  
“ It were in me unseemly, who in years  
“ Exceed and wisdom. Doth no sense of wrongs,  
“ Wrongs which we only of the heav’nly pow’rs  
“ Endur’d, by Jove to proud Laomedon  
“ Made subject; do not these thy anger move; 450  
“ When through the year we labour’d, and for hire?  
“ I built the city and the walls of Troy,  
“ Impregnable and fair, at his command;  
“ Whilst thou, Apollo, ’midst the fertile vales  
“ Of wooded Ida numerous flocks didst feed: 455  
“ But when the grateful hours brought on the time  
“ Of payment, then Laomedon dismiss’d  
“ With menaces and mulct’d us of our hire.  
“ Thee bound he threat’ned in some distant isle  
“ To sell; and of our ears both to deprive. 460

“ Back we return’d, indignant that our pay  
“ And due rewards were wrongfully withheld.  
“ Dost thou for this defend the Trojan cause ;  
“ Nor with us strive to punish this offence,  
“ And utterly destroy the perjur’d race?” 465  
Phœbus replied : “ Imprudent you would deem  
“ Me, Neptune, if for miserable men  
“ I should with you contend ; men, who as leaves  
“ Now gaily flourish and consume the fruits  
“ Of earth, now fade and die : desist we then 470  
“ From battle, and to them contention leave.”

Thus saying he retir’d ; nor with the pow’r  
Of ocean’s god the contest dar’d withstand.  
When thus Diana, huntress of the woods,  
Her brother with severe rebuke address’d : 475

“ And dost thou fly, Apollo, and resign  
“ To Neptune unessay’d the victor’s prize ?  
“ Why dost thou bear in vain thy bow and shaft ?  
“ Fool ! let us hear no more such idle boast,  
“ That thou with Neptune wouldst in arms con-  
“ tend.” 480

Thus she : but Phœbus answer none return’d.  
Then Juno angry, with reproachful words  
The goddess huntress of the woods address’d :

“ Impudent wretch ! how dost thou dare oppose

“ My pow’r? It were a task full difficult  
“ For thee to cope with me, though arm’d with bow  
“ And shafts: though mighty Jove hath giv’n thee  
    “ pow’r  
“ At pleasure to destroy the female world:  
“ Far easier is it in the mountain heights  
“ To slay the forest stag, or beast of prey,       490  
“ Than with superiors to contend in arms.  
“ But wouldst thou try the contest, near approach,  
“ And feel that strength you vainly dare oppose.”

She spake; and seiz’d her hands with potent grasp,  
And took the bow which from her shoulders hung  
Suspended, and with stroke unseemly smote       496  
Each side her face, still laughing as she struck.  
Oft as she turn’d herself to shun the blow,  
The winged arrows from her quiver fell:  
Then fled she weeping. As the timid dove,       500  
Which from the falcon to some hollow cove  
Escapes secure, not destin’d yet to die;  
Thus fled she weeping, and her arrows left.

But Mercury Latona thus address’d:  
“ I with the wives of cloud-compelling Jove       505  
“ Fight not: go then and make thy boast that thou  
“ By force of arms hast conquer’d Mercury.”

He spake: meantime Latona, from the ground

The bow and arrows scatt'ered in the dust  
Collecting for her daughter, went her way. 510

But Dian at the sacred seat of Jove  
Weeping arriv'd, and fearful touch'd his knees :  
Her vest ambrosial trembled as she spake  
In supplicating mood. Saturnian Jove  
Embrac'd, and with a smile thus question'd her :

“ Say who, my child, of all the heav'nly pow'rs  
“ Hath wrought thee ill, as having done amiss ?”

To whom the huntress crescent-crown'd replied :  
“ Father, thy wife Juno hath injur'd me ;  
“ From whom all strife in heav'n and discord come.”

Thus they held converse. But to sacred Troy 521  
Apollo hast'ned, to defend her walls  
His care ; lest on that day the Grecian host,  
Though Fates themselves forbad, should storm the  
town.

The other deities, these much displeas'd ; 525  
Exulting those, went to Olympus' height,  
And took their seats by cloud-compelling Jove.

With undistinguish'd rage Achilles mov'd,  
And men and horses fell. As when the smoke  
Of some large city overwhelm'd in flames 530  
Ascends the skies—a punishment from heav'n,—  
Sore labour all afflicts and various ills ;

So ills and labours every Trojan mind  
Oppress'd, when mov'd Achilles o'er the plain.

But Priam from the sacred tow'r descried 535  
Achilles, and the routed host of Troy  
Flying resistless saw: from the high tow'r  
The monarch quick descending hast'ned on,  
And sorrowing, at the gates the guard address'd:

“ Open the gates that our afflicted host 540  
“ May come within the walls: Achilles near  
“ Approacheth; much I dread some dire event:  
“ When safe within our walls the routed troops  
“ Shall breathe awhile; with bolts make fast the gate,  
“ Lest that most terrible of men burst through.”

He spake; and they the massy bars remov'd; 546  
The open gates gave refuge to the host.

Then issued forth Apollo to the plain  
To aid the Trojans; who with toil fordone,  
Wearied with thirst, the dusty plain along 550  
Fled tow'rd the city. Them with lifted spear,  
Panting for glory, and with vengeance fir'd,  
Achilles still pursued: and then had Troy  
Perish'd, but Phœbus to the battle rous'd  
Antenor's valiant son, and fir'd his breast 555  
With more than wonted courage. Near the youth  
Apollo took his stand, in clouds involv'd



To ward destruction off: when seen from far,  
And known Achilles terrible in arms,  
Agenor staid his course; and in his heart 560  
Debating much, indignant commun'd thus:  
“ What! because others fly confus'd, shall I,  
“ Fearing Achilles, turn me to base flight,  
“ And fall inglorious by his conqu'ring arm?  
“ Or leaving these all-routed as they are 565  
“ To perish by his sword, shall I fly hence,  
“ And refuge seek in Ida's thickest woods;  
“ And in the river bath'd, at eventide  
“ Return in safety to the Trojan walls?  
“ But why such abject thoughts? Shall he not quick  
“ Perceive, and swifter far arrest my flight? 571  
“ Then should I not escape disgraceful death  
“ From him whose strength exceeds the strength of  
“ man.  
“ What and if here before the city walls  
“ I dare the attack; is he not mortal too; 575  
“ To wounds obnoxious, with one soul inspir'd,  
“ Though now by partial Jove with glory crown'd?”  
He spake; and all his force collecting stood,  
And dar'd his mighty foe. The panther thus  
Forth rushes from her den in covert thick, 580  
And dares the hunter, nor regards nor fears



The clamour of the hounds; nor pierc'd with wounds  
Abates her force, but seeks revenge, or death.

Thus brave Antenor's son all flight disdain'd,  
But stood prepar'd to meet Achilles' force : 585  
With shield advanc'd before him, and with spear  
High pois'd in air, he loudly thus exclaim'd :

“ This day and idly too, illustrious chief,  
“ Thou dost anticipate the fall of Troy :  
“ Yet ere she fall much woe must be endur'd ; 590  
“ For we are many who inhabit there  
“ Valiant and brave, who for our parents, wives,  
“ And children, will her sacred walls defend :  
“ Now meet thy fate, all-dreadful as thou art.”

He spake ; and hurl'd with vehemence his spear ;  
Nor miss'd his aim, but smote Achilles' knee : 595  
The well-wrought greaves resounded from the stroke :  
The weapon back recoil'd, nor pierc'd the chief  
In arms divine secure, the gift of heav'n.

Then rose the might of Peleus' warlike son, 600  
Who on Agenor rush'd. The god of day  
Swift interpos'd, and in a cloud involv'd  
The Trojan chief, and safe convey'd away :  
Then with deceitful art to turn aside  
Achilles far from Troy, himself the form 605  
Assum'd in all things of Antenor's son,

And feign'd retreat : Achilles onward rush'd.  
Whilst he thus eager follow'd o'er the plain,  
Declining towards Scamander's gulfy stream,  
Phœbus mov'd on deceitful just before,                   610  
Tempting pursuit, and luring with false hope.

Meantime the Trojans to the city fled  
Confus'd in numbers, joyful to repose  
Within the walls, which hardly might contain  
The fugitives ; scarce one remain'd without,                   615  
Such terror reign'd ; nor any dar'd inquire  
Who fled, who fell : but pour'd into the town,  
Joyful whose swiftness might ensure escape.

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B O O K XXII.

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So fled they fearful as the timid fawns  
To Troy ; and, cleansing off the sweat and dust,  
Lean'd on the battlements and took repast.  
The Greeks meantime, well cov' red with their shields,  
Press'd onward to the walls : but adverse fate      5  
Fix'd at the Scæan gate the chief of Troy.  
When to Achilles thus Apollo spake :

“ Why dost thou, son of Peleus, swift of foot,  
“ Mortal thyself pursue immortal speed ;  
“ Nor dost perceive that all thy rage is vain      10  
“ Against a god ? or dost thou not regard  
“ The flying Trojans, now within their walls  
“ Secure ; whilst thou hast turn'd aside to slay  
“ Me, nothing subject to mortality ?”

With indignation Peleus' son replied :      15  
“ 'Thou hast deceiv'd me, Phœbus, of the gods  
“ Most hostile ever, from the Trojan walls  
“ Hither my course diverting ; or no few  
“ Had bit the ground or ere at Troy arriv'd :

“ My honour thou hast stain’d; and these hast sav’d

“ With ease, unapprehensive of revenge.

“ Had I the pow’r thou shouldst not so escape.”

He spake; and to the city took his way

With lofty strides. As in the chariot race

The victor steed flies to the distant goal 25

Eager; thus o’er the plain Achilles rush’d.

Him Priam first perceiv’d. Like to that star

Autumnal, at midnight resplendent most

The stars among, by men Orion’s Dog

Nam’d, of disease portentous, and of ills 30

To miserable man; thus glitt’ring shone

Achilles’ radiant arms as on he mov’d.

The venerable king with lifted hands

Smote on his reverend head, and deeply groan’d,

A suppliant to his son; who at the gate 35

Unmov’d remain’d, and dar’d the doubtful war

With Peleus’ son: him with extended hands,

And words of bitter woe, his sire address’d:

“ Hector, my son belov’d, wait not this man

“ Alone, unaided; lest you meet your doom, 40

“ Slain by Achilles mightier far than thou.

“ Unhappy! did alas the heav’nly pow’rs

“ Esteem him but as I, full soon the dogs

“ And vultures should devour his prostrate corpse;

“ And I should be reliev’d from mighty woes ;  
“ For many brave and valiant sons of mine  
“ By him were slain, or sold to distant isles.  
“ Nor Polydorus, nor Lycaon now  
“ These eyes behold, escap’d within our walls,  
“ Whom fair Laöthöe first of women bare :        50  
“ If in the Grecian camp they live ; with brass,  
“ With gold we joyful will their ransom pay,  
“ With treasures which the venerable sage  
“ Altes in dow’r with fair Laöthöe gave.  
“ But if already slain, and to the realms        55  
“ Of death consign’d, then must we grieve indeed,  
“ His mother and myself : but less by far  
“ The grief of Troy shouldst thou from death escape.  
“ Oh ! enter then, my son, our walls, and save  
“ The Trojan people ; nor to this dread foe        60  
“ Thy life expose, and swell the victor’s fame.  
“ Pity thy father still to keenest sense  
“ Of ills alive, whom, on the extremest verge  
“ Of life, Saturnian Jove hath giv’n to feel  
“ And perish under trials most severe :—        65  
“ Sons slain in battle ! daughters captive made !  
“ The nuptial bed profan’d by Grecian hands !  
“ And infants in the dreadful contest slain,  
“ And dash’d upon the ground ! Me last the dogs

“ Shall at our gates devour, of life depriv’d  
“ By sword or spear. Dogs, fed and nourished  
“ Within my palace to defend the doors,  
“ Shall lick their master’s blood, to madness urg’d  
“ The spacious courts around. When young to fall  
“ In battle, by the sword or spear transfixt, 75  
“ Doth well become, is honourable death ;  
“ But when the hoary head of age lies low  
“ Unseemly slain, cast to his dogs a prey ;  
“ Most wretched this to miserable man!”

Thus Priam spoke, and from his hoary head 80  
Pluck’d off the hairs ; yet might he not prevail.

Next his fond mother pour’d the flood of tears,  
And bared her breast, and by that breast implor’d;  
And weeping thus : “ Hector, my son, revere  
“ This breast which oft hath lull’d thy infant cries.  
“ Remember, and have pity on my tears ; 86  
“ Thy mother hear. O come within our walls  
“ And guard us there ! nor brave this dreadful foe.  
“ Unhappy ! should he slay thee ; nor thy wife  
“ Andromache, nor I, o’er the sad bier 90  
“ Shall mourn thy youth : but far, ah ! far from us,  
“ Dogs will devour thee at the Grecian ships.”

Thus wept they, and with pray’rs their much-  
lov’d son

Implor'd; but all in vain—still firm he stood,  
And waited his approach. As in his cave 95  
The mountain-serpent, with the baneful juice  
Of noxious herbs full-gorg'd, and fell with ire,  
The traveller awaits, with hideous looks  
Terrific, coil'd within his lurid den;  
So Hector's mighty soul disdain'd retreat. 100  
Resting his shield against the battlements  
Thus commun'd he, indignant: " Shall I then  
" Retire within the walls, and meet the taunts  
" And keen reproaches of Polydamas;  
" Who first advis'd to lead the Trojan host 105  
" Back to our city, on that fatal night  
" When rose the might of Peleus' warlike son,  
" And I refus'd? Yet better had it been.  
" But since my folly hath destructive prov'd,  
" I fear this deep rebuke from one less brave: 110  
" ' Hector's self-confidence hath lost us all;'  
" Thus they will say. Then is it better far  
" To fight, if haply I Achilles slay;  
" Or in the glorious conflict greatly fall.  
" What if I throw aside my glitt'ring arms, 115  
" My shield and spear, and go to meet this chief  
" Achilles, and agree to render back  
" Helen, and all the treasures which to Troy



- “ Paris convey’d, the cause of this dread war!  
“ These to the sons of Atreus: to the Greeks 120  
“ Besides, whate’er our city may contain  
“ In just division; by an oath confirm’d  
“ That nothing of our treasure is conceal’d?  
“ But why these idle thoughts? He will not hear  
“ What I entreat; he will not pity me, 125  
“ But slay me unresisting, all-unarm’d.  
“ No time for parley now; as from the cave,  
“ Or oak, the nymphs and swains sweet converse  
“ hold;  
“ For nymphs and swains hold mutual converse oft:  
“ War then, fierce war be ours; that we may know  
“ To which great Jove gives glory and renown.”

Thus thoughtful commun’d he: meantime ad-  
vanc’d

Achilles, like the impetuous god of war,  
High brandishing the dreadful Pelean spear,  
Whose point resplendent shone like lightning’s blaze,  
Or burning fire, or as the orient sun. 136  
Then trembled Hector, nor his near approach  
Sustain’d; but fled, and left the Scæan gate:  
Achilles swift pursued. As doth the hawk,  
Fleetest of birds, pursue the fearful dove; 140  
Oblique she flies, he screaming forward springs,

Eager to seize : thus rush'd Achilles on ;  
Thus Hector fled ; and by the Trojan wall  
Mov'd swiftly on. The watch-tow'r now they pass ;  
Now by the fig-tree gain beneath the wall 145  
A road of public use ; now to the head  
And sources came they of Scamander's stream :  
Two springs burst forth ; this warm, and as with fire  
Steaming ; but that in highest summer cold  
As hail, or gelid snow, or ice congeal'd. 150  
Near these were form'd two cisterns large and fair,  
Of polish'd stone, where erst their splendid robes  
The Trojan females wash'd, ere yet arriv'd  
The sons of Greece, when peace possess'd the land.  
By these one fled though brave, and one pursued  
Still braver far : no mean reward the prize, 155  
Victim for sacrifice, or fatted beeve,  
As usual in the race,—but Hector's life.  
Swift as contending steeds they lightly ran,  
When at some funeral game the tripod rare 160  
Or captive damsel is the glorious prize.

Thrice circled they the walls of sacred Troy  
With rapid feet ; the pow'rs of heav'n look'd down  
Attentive : and thus spake Saturnian Jove :

“ Ah me ! I see pursued yon walls around 165

“ A man much-lov’d; for whom my heart doth  
“ grieve,

“ Hector; who oft due sacrifice hath paid

“ On Ida’s top, or in the citadel :

“ Him doth Achilles swift of foot pursue

“ The city walls around. Consider then, 170

“ Ye sov’reign pow’rs, how best we may preserve

“ From death, or slay him by Achilles’ hand.”

Pallas replied : “ O Father! from whose arm

“ The lightning flies, whose pow’r the storm con-  
“ trols,

“ What hast thou said? Wouldst thou a mortal man

“ Destin’d to die release again from death? 176

“ E’en so, if such thy will: yet know that we

“ The pow’rs of heav’n cannot but disapprove.”

Her answer’d thus the Sire of gods and men :

“ Fear not, Tritonia, daughter much-belov’d: 180

“ Not such the purpose of our mind, to thee

“ Kind and indulgent ever: be it then

“ Even as thou wilt, and that without delay.”

Thus Jove urg’d Pallas, of herself prepar’d;

Who hast’ned from Olympus’ lofty top. 185

Achilles still the Trojan chief pursued

With unremitting force. As when the dog

Pursues the fawn along the mountain's side,  
Rous'd from her lair ; through wood and vales she  
flies ;

Now trembling seeks the covert of the brake, 190  
Conceal'd awhile : he still each step pursues  
Secure, nor aught remits till seiz'd his prey :  
Thus might not Hector from the swift pursuit  
Of Peleus' son escape ; oft as the gates  
And well-built tow'rs the Trojan chief approach'd,  
If friendly shafts perchance their aid might lend,  
Him oft Achilles with preventive speed  
Forc'd to the plain again, and turn'd aside ;  
Though ever bent the city to regain.

As when in slumbers men with pain pursue, 200  
And fly with pain ; with difficulty this  
Pursues, and this flies with difficulty :  
So might not this o'ertake, nor that evade.  
How did the chief thus long escape from death ?

Apollo interpos'd with aid divine, 205  
His last kind office ; and his limbs with strength  
Inspir'd, and added swiftness to his flight.

Meantime Achilles to the Grecian host  
Made signal, nor permitted them to aim  
Their hostile weapons at the Trojan chief, 210  
And rob him of the fame and honour due.

But when again they to the fountains came,  
Then mighty Jove his golden scales prepar'd :  
Two lots therein presage of death he plac'd,  
Of Hector and Achilles ; and the beam 215  
With even hand suspended ; but the day,  
The fatal day of Hector sank to earth,  
To Hades ; and Apollo left the chief.

Then Pallas near approach'd, and to the son  
Of Peleus thus in winged accents spoke : 220

“ Now may we hope, indeed, illustrious chief,  
“ Safe to our fleet, and crown'd with endless fame,  
“ Victorious to return, great Hector slain.  
“ Nor may he now escape ; though at the feet  
“ Of Jove Apollo should his suit prefer 225  
“ Prostrate, and with repeated pray'r entreat.  
“ Stop thou, and breathe awhile : I thither go  
“ To stay his flight, and urge him to the war.”

Thus Pallas : her with joy Achilles heard,  
And stay'd pursuit reclin'd against his spear. 230  
Meantime the goddess Hector near approach'd,  
In form and voice most like Deiphobus,  
And thus the chief address'd : “ Brother belov'd,  
“ Prest by superior speed our walls around  
“ By Peleus' warlike son, stay now thy flight ; 235  
“ And let our force united brave the foe.”

Hector replied : “ Deiphobus, most dear  
“ Of all my brothers, and by this kind act  
“ Still more endear’d ; who singly from the walls  
“ Hast ventur’d forth, while others rest secure!” 240  
Minerva answ’red : “ Much our father, much  
“ Our mother did entreat me to remain,  
“ So dreaded they Pelides : but my mind,  
“ Severely griev’d for thee, hath urg’d me forth.  
“ Then let us on ; and, trusting to our spears, 245  
“ Or bravely die, and yield our bloody arms  
“ The victor’s spoil ; or slay our daring foe.”

She spake ; and mov’d deceitful on before.  
And now with hostile weapons near advanc’d  
The chiefs ; when mighty Hector thus exclaim’d :  
“ No longer, son of Peleus, do I fly. 251  
“ Thrice have I cours’d the Trojan walls around,  
“ Nor dar’d thy onset fierce ; but now my mind  
“ Bids me stand firm, and slay thee, or be slain.  
“ Attest we then the pow’rs of heav’n, the best  
“ And surest witnesses ;—should Jove supreme  
“ Grant in this difficult emprise success,  
“ No foul dishonour shall thy corpse pollute  
“ When fall’n : thy glitt’ring arms once made my  
“ spoil,  
“ Achilles, to the Grecian host again 260  
“ I will restore thee ; and do thou the same.”



Achilles sternly looking, thus replied :

- “ Talk not to me of oath or covenant,  
“ Thou whom my soul abhorreth : lions thus  
“ With men, and wolves with lambs such compact  
    “ hold,  
“ Who bear inveterate and eternal hate :      266  
“ So between us no friendship may subsist,  
“ No compact, till one fall, and with his blood  
“ Sate the god of war. Thy utmost skill  
“ Exert, for thou hast need ; and all thy strength  
“ Put on ; and summon all thy daring soul :      271  
“ Thou mayst not now escape ; for Pallas guides,  
“ Pallas directs my spear : now shalt thou pay,  
“ And dearly too, my friends in battle slain.”

He spake, and hurl'd his spear : the chief of Troy  
Perceiv'd, and shunn'd the stroke : the brazen spear  
Pass'd over, and stood deep infixt in earth.

- Pallas, by Hector unobserv'd, restor'd  
To Peleus' son his spear ; but Hector thus  
His mighty foe address'd : “ Illustrious chief,      280  
“ Thy spear hath err'd. And is it thus the gods  
“ Inform'd thee of my fate ? for such thy speech :  
“ Or dost thou think by vain and boasting words  
“ To frighten me, that I forget to bear  
“ A soul undaunted ? Not in Hector's back      285  
“ Shalt thou inflict an ignominious wound ;



“ Full in my bosom aim the deadly blow,  
“ If such the will of heav’n! But first this spear  
“ Avoid. O were it fix’d within thy heart,  
“ Then would the toils of war be light indeed 290  
“ To Troy: thee slain, her great, her deadliest foe.”

He spake, and hurl’d his spear: full on the shield  
It smote, yet pierc’d it not; but back recoil’d.

Hector, indignant that his spear in vain  
Fled from his hand, stood motionless awhile; 295

Then to the chief known by his whit’ned shield,  
Deiphobus, exclaiming, ask’d a spear:

But no Deiphobus was near to aid.

Then knew he well, and said: “ Ye pow’rs of heav’n,

“ Now do ye summon Hector to his fate! 300

“ I thought, indeed, Deiphobus was near;

“ But he within our walls remains; and I

“ By Pallas am deceiv’d. Now bitter death

“ Comes on with hasty stride; no refuge left!

“ Yet was I erst to Jove and Phœbus dear; 305

“ Who oft benevolent have interpos’d,

“ And sav’d me from that fate which now impends.

“ Yet no ignoble death shall Hector meet,

“ Nor basely perish; but some glorious act

“ Shall mark his end; and future times record.”

He spake, and drew his sword which at his side

Huge, pond'rous hung, and turn'd himself around  
Sudden. As stoops the lofty bird of Jove  
Through the dark low'ring tempest to the plain,  
And seizes or the lamb or timid hare ; 315  
So Hector to the onset rapid mov'd.

Nathless Achilles, all his soul with rage  
Inflam'd, rush'd on, bearing his well-wrought shield  
High-pois'd; whilst from his glitt'ring helmet shone  
The waving crest of gold by Vulcan made 320  
Resplendent. As that star the stars among  
Hesperus, beaming through the midnight gloom,  
Fairest of heav'n shines forth ; so glitt'ring shone  
The spear his right hand aim'd. Achilles view'd  
With searching eye where vulnerable most 325  
Hector ; but him the radiant arms, erewhile  
Torn from Patroclus, cov' red o'er secure ;  
Save where the shoulder and the neck unite,  
And surest death ensues : with certain aim  
Just there Achilles fix'd the deadly wound, 330  
And all his neck transfix'd ; but utterance left  
And pow'r of speech, though in the dust he lay  
Extended ; when the victor thus exclaim'd :

“ Hector, secure thou didst esteem thyself,  
“ Clad in the spoils from brave Patroclus won ; 335  
“ Nor didst thou think of me : yet at the ships

- “ I his avenger but remain’d awhile ;  
“ And I have slain thee, whom the dogs shall tear,  
“ And birds ; him Greece united shall entomb.”

With fainting spirits Hector thus replied : 340

- “ O hear a suppliant’s pray’r ! By thine own life,  
“ By thy lov’d parents I entreat thee, hear !  
“ Nor give me at the ships to dogs a prey.

- “ Accept the gifts my venerable sire,  
“ My mother will bestow ; gold, sculptur’d brass :  
“ Restore me to my friends : give me to share 346  
“ Those sacred rites which grateful Troy will pay.”

Achilles sternly thus : “ Entreat me not,

- “ Wretch as thou art, nor claim a suppliant’s boon.  
“ O that the fury of my mind were such 350  
“ That nought but to devour thee could appease  
“ My great revenge ! such mischief thou hast  
“ wrought.

- “ Trust me, no pow’r shall save thee from the dogs :  
“ No ; should they offer twenty times so much,  
“ And promise more : would Priam give thy weight  
“ In gold, yet on thy melancholy bier 356  
“ No mother shall the son she bare lament ;  
“ But dogs and birds shall all thy limbs devour.”

Hector now dying, faintly thus replied :

- “ Too well indeed I knew, no pray’r of mine 360

“ Could pity move in thy relentless breast :  
“ Beware lest Heaven in revenge of me  
“ Repay this wrong ; when Phœbus by the hand  
“ Of Paris shall thy boasted strength subdue,  
“ And stretch thee breathless at the Scæan gate.”

He spake ; and darkness clos'd his eyes in death :  
His spirit to the gloomy mansions fled,  
To Pluto's realm ; health, vigour, beauty gone !—  
Him dead thus Peleus' mighty son address'd :  
“ Die thou ! When Jove and other pow'rs of heav'n  
“ Ordain, I bravely too will meet my fate.” 371

He spake ; and from the dead drew forth his spear,  
And plac'd it on the ground ; then seiz'd the arms  
Blood-stain'd. The Grecian youth collected round,  
The stature and the manly form admire 375  
Of Hector ; then inflict unseemly wounds,  
And thus are heard to say : “ How gentle now  
“ Hector ! how mild, to him who fir'd our ships !”  
Thus did they say, and gave the unmanly wound.

And now the son of Peleus seiz'd the spoil, 380  
And thus the Greeks address'd : “ Friends, coun-  
“ sellors,  
“ And mighty chiefs of Greece, that man is slain,  
“ So heav'n ordain'd, who greater ills hath wrought  
“ Than Troy collected : let us at their walls

“ All-arm’d demand, whether they still defend  
“ The city, Hector slain ; or to our arms  
“ The citadel yield up.—Yet, O my soul!  
“ Why commune thus ? Unwept, unburied lies  
“ Patroclus at our ships ; whom whilst I live  
“ And move on earth I never may forget : 390  
“ And though amongst the dead in Pluto’s realm  
“ Oblivion holds her sway, yet even there,  
“ My valued friend, I will remember thee.  
“ Return we to our ships, and bear our prize,  
“ And joyful pæans sing. We have achiev’d 395  
“ Great glory ; we have slain the chief of Troy  
“ Hector, by Trojans honour’d as a god.”

Thus spake he ; and unworthy ills prepar’d  
For Hector. First the tendons of his feet  
He pierc’d, then bound with thongs, and to the car  
Tied fast ; his head still trailing on the ground.  
Then seated in his car, where plac’d the spoils,  
He urg’d along his not unwilling steeds :  
The dust in clouds uprose : then all his hair  
And head were cov’red o’er in shameful guise, 405  
So comely once ; till Jove in anger gave  
To meet dishonour in his native land :  
Thus was his head polluted in the dust.  
Then his fond mother tore her hair away,

Threw off her veil, and rais'd the cry of woe,  
When view'd her son: his aged father wept;  
Nor less the people through the city mourn'd  
With loud lament; as though devouring flames  
All Ilium with her lofty tow'rs involv'd.

But chiefly Priam: him within the walls 415  
Scarce might his friends detain; prostrate he lay  
Roll'd in the dust, and each by turns address'd:

“ O now forbear! O suffer me alone  
“ To pass the gates, that at the Grecian ships  
“ I may entreat this harsh and daring man! 420  
“ He may perchance have pity on my years;  
“ For such his father Peleus, who hath rear'd  
“ This mighty mischief, this our deadly foe;  
“ To me most fatal! Many sons I mourn  
“ Slain by his ruthless hand: yet I for none 425  
“ Such bitter grief endure—grief which must soon  
“ To Pluto's realm this aching heart consign,—  
“ As I for Hector bear. O had he died  
“ But folded in these arms! then had we mourn'd,  
“ His mother and myself, our dearest son; 430  
“ And given to Sorrow all her sacred rites!”

Weeping he spake; and all the city wept.  
Then Hecuba her woe severe express'd:  
“ O why, my son, after such dreadful ills



“ Endur’d, do I still live now thou art gone,  
“ Pride of our house and guardian of our walls!  
“ Whom the fair daughters and the sons of Troy  
“ Almost a god esteem’d; for when alive  
“ Thou didst protect them all: now bitter death,  
“ And fate hath torn thee from our longing arms!”

Thus spake she weeping. But his blameless wife  
Had not yet heard that at the Scæan gate  
Hector remain’d: she in the deep recess  
Retir’d of her high palace, plied the loom  
Framing a vesture beautiful and large, 445  
Twofold, adorn’d with work of various hue.  
Just then the tepid bath she bade prepare,  
When Hector from the battle should return:  
Improvident! no bath her Hector waits,  
Slain by Minerva and Achilles’ arm! 450

Sudden she heard the piercing shriek of woe;  
Then trembled every limb; and from her hand  
Instant the shuttle fell; and faintly thus  
She to her maidens spoke: “ Hither in haste  
“ Attend me, two of you; I go to learn 455  
“ What this may be: my mother’s voice I heard,  
“ The shriek of woe. My heart leaps to my throat,  
“ And a cold chilling damp bedews my limbs;  
“ Some dreadful ill impends. O be it far,



“ Far from me ! Yet I fear lest Peleus’ son  
“ Hath Hector slain unaided and alone,  
“ Check’d all his force, and staid his brave career ;  
“ Accustom’d as he was to lead the war,  
“ And foremost dare the dangers of the field.”

Thus spake she to her maidens ; and as one 465  
Bereft of sense forth rush’d she from her house  
With palpitating heart. Now at the tow’r  
And throng arriv’d, eager she look’d around :  
Him she beheld unseemly dragg’d along  
By the swift coursers to the Grecian fleet : 470  
A sudden darkness swam before her eyes ;  
Backward she fell, and fainting sank to earth.  
Then fell the radiant fillet from her head,  
The golden band and braid, the diadem  
And veil, rare gift of Venus, on the day 475  
When Hector led her from her father’s house  
With ample dow’r enrich’d : around her stood  
Her weeping sisters, whose assiduous care  
Her fainting spirits scarce recall’d from death ;  
When mingled sighs and words thus utterance found :

“ Ah, miserable me ! in evil hour, 480  
“ Hector, we both were born : in sacred Troy  
“ In Priam’s palace thou ; but I, alas !  
“ In Hypoplacian Thebes, nurtur’d with care

- “ In the rich palace of Eetion :  
“ Most wretched of the wretched ! would to heav’n  
“ I never had been born ! since thou art gone  
“ To Pluto’s gloomy realm in earth’s abyss :  
“ Whilst in thy house with bitter grief fordone  
“ A widow I remain ; and this thy son, 490  
“ An infant born of parents most distrest,  
“ Whom now thy arm no longer may protect ;  
“ Nor may he sooth thy cares, since thou art dead !  
“ Should he escape the vengeful sword of Greece,  
“ Yet will unnumb’red ills thy child await. 495  
“ Reft of his fair possessions ; destitute  
“ Of guardian, parent, friend : to grief a prey,  
“ And unavailing tears—then will he seek  
“ His father’s friends, and move his humble suit ;  
“ Hang on their garment, and implore their aid :  
“ Compassion may extend the partial cup, 501  
“ Moisten the lip alone, unsatisfied the soul.  
“ Some youth who never felt a parent’s loss,  
“ Striking shall thrust him from the board, and say,  
“ ‘ Begone ; thy father feasteth not with us.’ 505  
“ Then shall he weeping seek these widow’d arms :  
“ He whom with choicest viands thou wert wont  
“ To cherish on thy knees ; who on soft couch  
“ When tir’d with play, or in his nurse’s arms

- “ Reposing, lull’d his sated soul to rest.  
“ Depriv’d of thee, severest ills await  
“ Astyanax, thus nam’d by grateful Troy ;  
“ For thou alone didst all her tow’rs defend.  
“ Severe reverse ! now distant at the ships  
“ Dogs shall devour, and worms thy limbs consume,  
“ Far from thy parents ; whilst thy splendid robes  
“ Of finest texture, wrought by female hands,  
“ Remain within thy palace. But with fire  
“ I will consume them, useless as they are  
“ To thee, nor may invest thy martial limbs : 520  
“ And Troy shall know how much I honour’d thee.”  
Weeping she spake ; and every female wept.

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B O O K XXIII.

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THUS mourn'd they through the city. But the  
Greeks,

When at the ships and Hellespont arriv'd,

Each to his several ship in order went,

All but the Myrmidons; them Peleus' son

Dismiss'd not, but detaining thus address'd: 5

“ Brave Myrmidons, companions dear in arms,

“ Unyoke we not as yet our foaming steeds:

“ But let us in our chariots near approach,

“ And to Patroclus pay those funeral rites

“ Which custom bids; such honour have the dead:

“ When satisfied our grief, release we then

“ Our coursers, and the genial feast prepare.”

Achilles spake, and rais'd the cry of woe.

Thrice circled they with chariot and with horse

The dead: Achilles led the mourners on, 15

And Thetis mingled with the sorrowing train.

With tears the earth was dew'd, with tears their  
arms;

So griev'd they o'er Patroclus' sad remains :  
Pelides most ; who with his blood-stain'd hands  
His friend embracing, thus his grief express'd : 20

“ Hail, my Patroclus ! though within the realm  
“ Of Pluto, hail ! Thus I my vow perform,  
“ My sacred promise : hither dragg'd along  
“ I to the dogs consign the chief of Troy ;  
“ And dedicate to thee twelve Trojan youths, 25  
“ A sacrifice my vengeance to appease.”

He spake ; and meditated ills severe  
To Hector, in the dust extended prone  
Before the bier. Meantime each chief unbound  
His glitt'ring arms, unyok'd his foaming steeds, 30  
And to Achilles' tent frequent repair'd  
There to partake the feast : the fatted beeves  
Yield to the slaught'ring knife, and sheep and  
goats

In numbers fall : and the well-fatted swine  
Are slain, to be extended o'er the flames 35  
Roasting ; the blood flows copious round the dead.

Now to Atrides' tent the Grecian chiefs  
Conduct Achilles ; angry for his friend,  
Unwillingly he went : they gave command  
That the shrill heralds should the bath prepare 40  
Forthwith ; if haply so they might persuade

Achilles from his hands to cleanse the gore :

He stern refus'd, and with an oath confirm'd :

“ By mighty Jove! highest and best in heav'n,

“ I will not wash away these bloody stains 45

“ Till I have lain Patroclus on the pyle,

“ And rais'd the tumulus ; and from my head

“ Sever'd the sacred lock ! for never more

“ Shall grief like this Achilles' mind invade.

“ Yet, though reluctant, I attend the feast. 50

“ Do thou, Atrides, at the morrow's dawn

“ Issue thy orders to prepare the wood,

“ And rear the lofty pyle ; that to the shades

“ Obscure he may return, as well becomes

“ The dead ; and when by fire consum'd, and far 55

“ Remov'd from sight, we may our work resume.”

He spake : they heard and willingly obey'd,

Joyful prepar'd, then all partook the feast,

And each due share receiv'd. Hunger allay'd

And thirst, they to their sev'ral tents repair'd. 60

But on the shore of the deep-sounding main

Achilles groaning lay ; (his faithful bands,

The Myrmidons, around him still remain'd :)

On the clear beach where broke the frequent wave,

There in sweet sleep, the soother of his cares, 65

He sank to rest, and eas'd his weary limbs,

Tir'd with pursuit the Trojan walls around.  
'Twas then the shade of his departed friend,  
In size, in countenance, in shape the same,  
Cloth'd in the same habiliments appear'd ; 70  
Stood at his head, and thus address'd his speech :  
    " Why of thy friend forgetful dost thou sleep,  
    " Achilles ? once thy care, why slighted now ?  
    " Give me due funeral rites, that I may pass  
    " To Pluto's realm : the unembodied shades 75  
    " Drive me far thence, nor suffer me to cross  
    " The sacred stream ; there wander I forlorn  
    " The dread abode around. Give me thy hand,  
    " I do implore ; when once to flames consign'd,  
    " From Pluto's realm I no return may see : 80  
    " No separate counsel when alive we held ;  
    " Now cruel Fate, so Heaven at my birth  
    " Ordain'd, hath sev'red. Thee too death awaits,  
    " Godlike Achilles, at the walls of Troy.  
    " Then listen to my words, and patient hear : 85  
    " Suffer my sad remains with thine to rest :  
    " And as we both were nurtur'd in thy house,  
    " What time Menœtius from Opoens brought.  
    " My early youth to Pthia, having slain  
    " Improvident, in childish play, the son 90  
    " Of brave Amphidamas : Peleus receiv'd



“ And nourish’d me, companion of thy youth,  
“ And nam’d thy friend; then grant me this re-  
“ quest:

“ Let the same urn our sacred relics hold;  
“ That urn thy venerable mother gave.” 95

Achilles answ’red: “ Dear departed friend!

“ Is it for this alone that thou art come

“ Each circumstance to tell? All thy request

“ I surely will perform. O then approach,

“ Indulge our grief, and grant one last embrace.”

He spake; and stretching forth his longing arms,  
Grasp’d at the visionary shade: in vain!  
Like smoke it vanish’d with a mournful cry.

Amaz’d Achilles burst the bands of sleep,  
And smote his hands, and thus in sorrow spake: 105

“ O heav’ns! then is there in the realm of night

“ Spirit, and soul, and unsubstantial form:

“ This night Patroclus to my view appear’d

“ In mournful guise: the strong resemblance struck

“ My sense with wonder, as each word he spake.”

He said; and caus’d again their tears to flow  
The corpse around: the rosy-fing’red Morn  
Witness’d their grief. And now a chosen band  
By Agamemnon from the tents were sent  
The necessary wood on mules to bring: 115

And to Meriones that charge was giv'n.  
With axes arin'd, with cords each load to bind,  
Onward they mov'd, and drove the mules before :  
O'er the rough road, oblique, aslant they go,  
Through deep descents, and over abrupt steeps 120  
Slowly. At Ida's wooded base arriv'd,  
The lofty oaks yield to the sharp'ned axe,  
And urg'd on every side with fearful crash  
Fall sudden ; then when cleft in useful lengths  
They bind them on the mules, who with sure step  
Pursue their way the rugged road along : 126  
Nor less the woodmen bear their equal load,  
(For thus Meriones in order gave,)  
And place it on the shore ; where for his friend  
The tomb, and for himself, Achilles rais'd. 130  
The wood now all arrang'd, frequent they sat  
Attentive to his words : he gave command  
To the brave Myrmidons quickly to arm,  
And yoke their steeds. They willingly obey'd.  
Each chieftain with his charioteer advanc'd, 135  
And foremost mov'd ; then march'd the num'rous  
foot ;  
And in the midst borne by his friends along  
Patroclus lay, his body cov'red o'er  
With consecrated hair : Achilles next

The head supporting of his valued friend,  
In deep affliction follow'd, and with tears  
Gave him sad conduct to the realms of night.  
Now at the destin'd place arriv'd, they stay  
The bier, and build around the lofty pile.  
But anxious thoughts Achilles' mind engag'd: 145  
Apart he stood, and sev'ed from his head  
The golden ringlet, to Sperchius' stream  
A votive off'ring: bending then his view  
O'er Ocean's flood, indignant thus he spake:

“ Sperchius! other was the votive pray'r      150  
“ Of Peleus, who to thee, his son from Troy  
“ Return'd, this lock a grateful off'ring vow'd;  
“ And sacrifices meet full fifty rams;  
“ A sacred hecatomb besides, where rise  
“ Thy springs the court and fragrant altar near. 155  
“ Thus vow'd my sire: but fruitless all and vain!  
“ I shall not now return; but to my friend  
“ Patroclus' care consign the sacred gift.”

He spake; and in his hand the votive pledge  
Depositing, their bitter grief renew'd.      160  
Nor ended with the day, but that the chief  
Achilles thus the king of men address'd:

“ Atrides, whom the Grecian host obeys,  
“ Enough to grief is given; let these disperse,

“ And take repast ; but we will here remain,  
“ And with the chiefs attend our painful task.”

Atrides then the people to their ships  
Dismiss'd : the mourners now the wood prepar'd,  
And rais'd the lofty pyle a hundred feet  
In length and breadth, and on the summit plac'd  
The corpse : then slew they many fatted beeves,  
And sheep ; and o'er the corpse Achilles spread  
The choicest off'rings ; and around dispos'd  
The numerous victims, and large vessels fill'd  
With honey and with oil. Then in the pyle 175  
Four generous steeds they cast, still groaning loud ;  
And add to these two of nine faithful dogs,  
Whilom their master's care : twelve Trojan youths  
Next in revenge they slew ; such evil mind  
Achilles bore them. Now devouring flames 180  
The pyle invading, deeply groaning thus  
Achilles spake : “ All hail, Patroclus, hail !  
“ Though in the realms of death. Lo ! I perform  
“ My promise ; and twelve noble sons of Troy  
“ The flames with thee devour. But not to flames  
“ Do I give Hector, but to rav'nous dogs.” 186  
Thus threat'ned he. No dogs the chief devour'd ;  
Him Venus guarded through the day and night,  
With roseate oil anointing, that no scar

The body might deface though dragg'd along ; 190  
And o'er the spot where Hector's body lay  
Thick clouds Apollo spread, and from the heat  
Shielded, and parching influence of the sun.

As yet no flames embrac'd the lofty pyle :  
Achilles saw, and to the Winds his pray'r, 195  
To Zephyrus and Boreas, address'd.

Due rites he promis'd, and libations pour'd  
From the rich goblet, and their presence sought  
The flames to kindle, and consume the dead.

Swift Iris heard, and to the Winds convey'd 200  
Achilles' vow. They in the lofty dome  
Of Zephyr held the feast. Swift Iris stood  
On the firm threshold. They with courtesy  
Invite her to partake the genial rites.

She her refusal thus in gentle terms 205

Excus'd : " I may not stay ; o'er Ocean's flood

" To utmost Æthiopia's bounds I go,

" Where sacrifices meet whole hecatombs

" The gods attend ; I hasten to partake :

" But thus to Boreas and Zephyrus 210

" Achilles vows, with sacred rites to pay,

" If at Patroclus' pyle, where Grecia mourns,

" Your breath shall kindle all the latent flames."

Thus spake she, and departed : but the Winds

Rush'd forth with mighty noise ; before them roll'd  
The clouds tumultuous : old Ocean heav'd      216  
His swelling surge as vehement they blew,  
Quick passing on to Troy. They on the pyle  
Turn'd every blast ; the bick'ring flames arose,  
And through the night blaz'd high the sacred fire.  
Achilles through the night libations pour'd,      221  
And from the golden goblet dew'd the ground  
With wine, invoking sad Patroclus' shade.

A father thus his much-lov'd son laments  
Newly betroth'd, whom dead in early prime      225  
His parents mourn ; so his much-valued friend  
Achilles mourn'd, and heav'd the frequent sigh  
Circling the pyle as burn'd his sad remains.

Now Lucifer arose, day's harbinger,  
And the bright Morn, in saffron robe attir'd,      230  
O'er ocean shed her light ; then ceas'd the flames ;  
Each wind o'er Thracian Pontus to his home  
Return'd ; the swelling surges mark'd their course.  
Achilles distant from the pyle, in sleep  
Forgot awhile his cares. The Grecian chiefs      235  
Call'd by Atrides, hast'ned to the place  
Not without noise : Achilles waking, rose  
Quickly, and thus the assembled chiefs address'd:  
“ Atrides, and ye potent chiefs of Greece,

“ Extinguish we with wine the dying flame,  
“ And carefully collect Patroclus’ bones,  
“ Which occupy the centre ; while around  
“ Promiscuous, horse and men the sides possess.  
“ These wrapt in fat, within the golden urn  
“ Let us dispose, till I shall be entomb’d ;        245  
“ And raise a tumulus of smaller size :  
“ The Greeks may this enlarge, who at our ships  
“ May still survive when I shall be no more.”

Thus spake Achilles ; and the chiefs obey’d.  
First they with wine the glowing embers quench’d,  
And weeping, gath’red up the whit’ned bones    251  
Of his mild friend, and clos’d within an urn  
Of gold, and all their bitter grief renew’d :  
Then to the tent conveying, o’er the urn  
A linen veil of finest texture threw.        255  
Then round the pyle the deep foundation laid,  
And high uprear’d the tumulus : there ceas’d  
Their labour and their toil.—Achilles now  
The funeral games prepar’d ; and on the plain  
The various prizes, from the Grecian ships    260  
In order brought, and in the centre plac’d ;  
The people seated round attentive view’d.

The golden goblets, and the tripods rare ;  
Horses and mules, and oxen ; sculptur’d brass,



Iron well wrought, and female captives, form'd  
The various prizes. First the chariot race  
Attention claim'd; and these the victor's meed:  
A beauteous female skill'd in various works  
Of art; a tripod of capacious size;  
These to the first: the second claims a mare 270  
Unbroken, big with foal; and for the third  
A polish'd cauldron bright, unstain'd with fire:  
A golden talent to the fourth remains;  
And to the fifth and last a double vase.  
Then rose Achilles, and the chiefs address'd: 275

“ Atrides, and ye chiefs of Greece, behold  
“ The prizes of the race: did other cause  
“ The contest move, I should the victor's meed  
“ Demand; for well ye know my steeds excel,  
“ Since they immortal are: to Peleus erst 280  
“ Them Neptune gave, and Peleus gave to me.  
“ But we the lists decline: opprest with grief  
“ My coursers stand, and mourn their charioteer,  
“ Of manners mild; who oft their flowing manes  
“ With oil anointed, or in copious streams 285  
“ Their limbs refresh'd: afflicted now they stand  
“ Sweeping the pavement with their drooping  
“ manes.  
“ Let others, skill'd to guide the rapid car,

“ And rein their foaming steeds, this contest  
“ try.”

He spake: then rose each skilful charioteer: 290  
Eumelus first, Admetus' warlike son;  
Then Diomed arose, and to the race  
With Trojan coursers from Æneas won,  
Who scarce escap'd by Phœbus' aid, advanc'd:  
The son of Atreus, Menelaus, rose 295  
The next; his chariot by Podargus drawn,  
And the Agamemnonian courser Æthe nam'd;  
Which to Atrides Echepolus gave,  
His warfare to excuse, and dwell at ease  
In Sycion fair, blest with possessions large, 300  
The gift of Jove; Æthe for swiftness fam'd.  
And last sage Nestor's son Antilochus  
Prepar'd his steeds, in sandy Pylos bred;  
When thus the prudent sire his son address'd,  
Prudent himself: “ Antilochus, of Jove 305  
“ Belov'd and Neptune, taught by them to guide  
“ The rapid car, not much advice you need;  
“ For well you know to turn around the goal:  
“ But slow your horses, theirs are swift of foot;  
“ Therefore I well may apprehend disgrace. 310  
“ But yet, though swift their steeds, in skill, in art

- “ They do, my son, in nothing you excel :  
“ Then let address and skill be all your aim  
“ Of every sort, lest you should miss the prize.  
“ By skill the woodman, not by strength succeeds ;  
“ By skill the pilot through the boist’rous deep 316  
“ Guides the swift vessel, though the storm assail :  
“ Skill to the charioteer must give success.  
“ He who imprudent to his horses trusts,  
“ Nor keeps his course, nor checks their wand’ring  
    “ steps ; 320  
“ Whilst one experienc’d in the race, albeit  
“ His horses are inferior, still with eye  
“ Observant kens the goal, and curbs the rein  
“ Turning, and marks the foremost in the race.  
“ Observe thou well as I point out the goal. 325  
“ There stands an aged trunk of oak, or fir,  
“ Three feet above the ground ; as yet by rain  
“ Unperished : on either side are seen  
“ Two whitened stones plac’d in the narrowest road ;  
“ Round these the course is plain ; some monument  
“ Of antient days I deem, some hero’s tomb, 331  
“ Or then as now the limits of a course,  
“ For so Achilles hath appointed it :  
“ Near this press on thy chariot and thy steeds ;

“ And bending forward to the left incline,  
“ Whilst thy whip urges on the right-hand horse,  
“ And cheering voice and yielding rein assist.  
“ But curb the left, and closely turning round,  
“ Touch not, scarce missing ; lest the broken car  
“ And horses maim’d, thy want of skill declare, 340  
“ And some rejoice : then be thy caution great.  
“ If haply thus thou first shalt turn the goal,  
“ None may o’ertake thee, none may pass thee by ;  
“ Not though he drove Adrastus’ rapid steed  
“ Arion, from immortal coursers sprung ; 345  
“ Or those the boast of proud Laomedon,  
“ For swiftness fam’d, in Trojan pastures fed.”

Thus spake the Pylia sage, and to his seat,  
His son in all things well inform’d, return’d :  
And fifth and last Meriones arose, 350  
And his bright coursers and his car prepar’d.

Each chief his car ascending, cast the lot.  
Achilles drew. Antilochus the first  
Obtain’d : the next Admetus’ warlike son :  
Then Menelaus skill’d to hurl the spear : 355  
Near him Meriones his chariot plac’d :  
And fifth and last, and bravest of the chiefs,  
Illustrious Diomed his station took.

When duly rang’d, Achilles mark’d the goal

Far in the plain : there Phœnix umpire stood,  
Companion of his youth, his father's friend,  
To note the race, and all the truth report.

Now each his whip high lifting, with the lash  
His coursers smote, encouraging with voice  
Eager : they quickly stretch the plain along, 365  
And distant leave the ships ; beneath their feet  
The dust in clouds uprose, and in the wind  
Floated their manes : now on the level ground  
They glide along, now bound aloft in air :  
Each charioteer stands firm, elate with hope, 370  
And panting for renown, whilst cheering voice  
Renews their speed as o'er the dusty plain  
They press with eager pace. Now at the goal  
Arriv'd, they turn, and hasten to the sea ;  
Then all their virtue, all their speed appear'd. 375

And now Eumelus by Pheretian steeds  
Borne swiftly, foremost flew : him close behind  
With Trojan horses Diomed pursued,  
Which almost seem'd to climb within his car,  
And with their breath his back and shoulders warm'd,  
So near their heads, so rapid was their speed : 381  
And now had pass'd, or doubtful left the prize ;  
But Phœbus angry, Tydeus' son approach'd,  
And sudden pluck'd away and threw to earth

His whip: then tears and bitter grief ensued,  
When seen Eumelus' steeds with added speed  
Flying before, whilst his neglectful ran  
With slack'ned pace; no whip to urge them on.  
Apollo's fraudulent rage Minerva saw,  
And to her favour'd chief approaching near, 390  
His whip return'd, and vigour fresh inspir'd:  
And then indignant, to Admetus' son  
The goddess near advancing, from the yoke  
The broken chariot sever'd: to the ground  
The pole fell useless, and on either hand 395  
The horses turn'd aside. Himself the while  
Roll'd headlong from his seat the wheel beside,  
With elbows, mouth, and nose, unseemly bruise'd;  
And forehead sorely wounded: and with tears  
His eyes were fill'd, and grief his voice suppress'd.  
Tydides turn'd aside, then pass'd right on 401  
Swift flying: Pallas strength and speed supplied,  
And gave to him the honour of the day.

But Menelaus held the second place.

When to his steeds thus spake Antilochus: 405

“ Run now, and all your utmost strength exert:

“ Not that I urge you to contend with those

“ The coursers of Tydides; for to them

“ Pallas gives speed, and victory to him:

- “ But let not Menelaus bear the prize,  
“ Nor Æthe win ; that would indeed disgrace  
“ You who excel ; then note what I declare :  
“ No provender will Nestor’s care supply ;  
“ But soon his sword shall slay you on the plain,  
“ If through neglect we gain the lowest prize. 415  
“ Strain every nerve, now put forth all your  
    “ strength ;  
“ Mine be the task, where narrow is the road  
“ To guide with skill, and pass securely by.”

He spake : they fear’d their master’s chiding voice,  
And hast’ned on : Antilochus observ’d 420  
The narrow pass ; for there the winter’s rain  
Had the deep gully form’d, and torn the soil :  
There to avoid the shock of clashing wheels  
Atrides steer’d his course. Declining still,  
And edging down, Antilochus his way 425  
Pursued : Atrides fearing, thus exclaim’d :  
“ Drive not so rashly, rein your coursers in,  
“ Narrow is the road ; when wider you may pass ;  
“ If we but touch, destruction both awaits.”

Thus spake he : but Antilochus the more 430  
Press’d on ; and feign’d as though he heard him not ;  
Far as the disk by youthful vigour thrown  
Trial of strength, so far he pass’d before :



Atrides check'd his rein, and stay'd his speed,  
Lest horse and chariot in the narrow road 435  
Clashing, should overturn, and in the dust  
They both should fall, whilst eager for the palm.  
But with reproachful words Atrides spake :

“ Now do I hate thee much, Antilochus ;

“ This savours not of wisdom, once thy boast 440

“ Amongst the Greeks : but not without an oath

“ Shalt thou still bear away my juster prize.”

Then to his horses with exhorting voice

He loudly call'd : “ O let not grief retard

“ Your speed : their feet, their wearied limbs shall

“ fail 445

“ Ere yours : long since their youth is passed by.”

He spake ; when they press'd on with added speed,

And nearer still approach'd. The Greeks meantime

Seated, beheld the race as o'er the plain

They wing'd their rapid way. The Cretan chief 450

Idomeneus, whose seat advantage gave ;

Who heard Tydides as with cheering voice

He urg'd his steeds, and knew the victor horse,

His colour, and the blaze which mark'd his front,

Round as the orb of night : he from his seat 455

Rising, the assembled Grecians thus address'd :

“ Ye chiefs and princes of the Grecian host,

“ Do I alone, or do ye all perceive ?  
“ Far other steeds now first to me appear ;  
“ A diff’rent charioteer. It may perchance 460  
“ That they have fail’d which lately took the lead.  
“ ’Tis true, I saw them turn the distant goal ;  
“ Yet now I see them not, although the plain  
“ Around I careful look with searching view :  
“ Or he hath dropt his reins, or lost his seat 465  
“ As round the goal he turn’d with hapless speed :  
“ There fallen I conceive he lies, beneath  
“ His broken car. But look yourselves ; my eyes  
“ Distinguish not, perhaps : yet, as I think,  
“ The chief now first commands the Ætolian bands ;  
“ Great Tydeus’ son, illustrious Diomed.” 471

Him Ajax Oileus in severest terms  
Rebuk’d : “ Idomeneus, this idle talk  
“ Doth ill become ; they follow far behind  
“ Whom you think first. Your eyes are surely dim ;  
“ And you too much indulge in idle words  
“ Before those chiefs who claim superior note :  
“ Eumelus’ steeds still hold the foremost place.”

Idomeneus, indignant, thus replied :  
“ Prone ever to contention and reproach, 480  
“ Ajax, in many things inferior far ;  
“ Revengeful always, and of angry mind :

“ A goblet rich, or tripod be the stake ;  
“ And let Atreides say whose horses now  
“ Are foremost ; payment may perhaps convince.”

Thus spake he ; when with anger all-inflam'd  
Oileus arose, and fierce contention mov'd :  
And now to serious length their words had gone ;  
But thus Achilles quickly interpos'd :

“ Ajax ! Idomeneus ! with bitter words      490  
“ No longer move contention ; 'tis not well :  
“ And you would be the first to censure those  
“ Who should be guilty of the like offence.  
“ Be seated then, and patient view the race ;  
“ Hither all-eager for the prize they fly :      495  
“ Then shall ye know whose horses are the first.”

Thus spake the chief ; when Diomed approach'd,  
Urging his coursers on with frequent lash ;  
Whose airy feet scarce seem'd to touch the ground,  
So quick they mov'd along : and with the dust      500  
Uprais'd the charioteer was cov'rd o'er :  
The bright and splendid car so lightly mov'd,  
That scarce a track the rapid wheels impress'd  
On the light sand, as o'er the plain they flew.

Now in the midst arriv'd, the victor chief      505  
His coursers stay'd : the sweat in copious streams  
From their strain'd limbs the dusty soil bedew'd.

Forth leap'd Tydides from his glitt'ring car,  
And laid his whip aside : with prudent care  
Attentive, Sthenelus the prize receiv'd, 510  
The female captive, and the tripod rare ;  
Which to the ships his faithful friends convey'd :  
But Sthenelus unyok'd the foaming steeds.

Him next Antilochus his coursers drove,  
Who pass'd Atrides by address and art, 515  
Not swiftness in the race. Near and more near  
Atrides still advanc'd, till scarce the space  
The wheel and horse between, when utmost stretch  
Conveys the chieftain in his rapid car,  
The course decides ; while as the flowing tail 520  
Waves on the smoking wheel, and streams behind,  
As o'er the dusty plain they foam along :  
Such the small space contending chiefs between,  
Though first as distant as the disk might fly :  
And now had overtaken, for her strength 525  
Swift Æthe and her former speed renew'd :  
And had the race but further time allow'd,  
Had pass'd him by, nor doubtful left the prize.

Next follow'd them Meriones, the friend  
Of brave Idomeneus ; yet distant far 530  
As the spear's cast, for slowest were his steeds,  
Himself unskilful in the chariot race.

Eumelus last of all, and far behind

With broken car, scarce drove his coursers on.

Achilles with compassion view'd the chief, 535

And thus address'd the Greeks: "He comes the last,

" Whose skill, whose coursers claim the foremost

" place :

" Let him from us the second prize obtain,

" Since Diomed hath now the first receiv'd."

Thus spake Achilles, and the Greeks approv'd :

And now Admetus' son had gain'd the prize, 541

A mare unbroken, for the Greeks approv'd ;

But thus his claim Antilochus preferr'd :

" Achilles, this decision I oppose,

" And must resent, if you revoke my claim. 545

" You think indeed Eumelus doth excel

" In skill, in speed ; though broken is his car,

" And foil'd his steeds by some superior pow'r :

" But had he to that pow'r address'd his vow,

" He had not been the last. If then he move 550

" Your pity, and if such your pleasure be,

" Gold at your tent you have, and sculptur'd brass,

" And sheep, and captive maids, and gen'rous steeds :

" A better prize you may hereafter give,

" Or even now, and all will praise the deed : 555

“ But this I will not give ; but will retain  
“ Against the bravest who shall dare contend.”

Thus spake he : when Achilles with a smile  
Approving, thus address'd Antilochus  
His valued friend : “ If with some other gift, 560  
“ Antilochus, you bid me now reward  
“ Eumelus, I with pleasure will comply :  
“ His be the brazen corselet edg'd with tin,  
“ The spoil from brave Asteropæus won ;  
“ No mean reward.” He spake, and to his friend  
Automedon gave orders from the tent 566  
The gift to bring : he willingly obey'd,  
And to Eumelus' hand the corselet gave ;  
Who glad receiv'd this token of regard.  
But Menelaus with indignant rage 570  
Arose ; for Nestor's son his anger mov'd :  
The herald in his hand the sceptre plac'd,  
And silence loud proclaim'd ; when thus the chief :  
“ Antilochus, once prudent deem'd, why found  
“ Deceitful now ? My skill you have debas'd, 575  
“ Disgrac'd my horses, now surpass'd by yours,  
“ Though of inferior speed. Judge then, ye chiefs  
“ And princes of our host ; nor favour show ;  
“ Lest some hereafter say, By falsehood's force

“ Hath Menelaus from Antilochus  
“ His prize obtain’d, though slower far his steeds ;  
“ Yet hath his power, and influence prevail’d.  
“ Yea, I myself will judge ; nor do I think  
“ The Greeks will blame the sentence I shall give,  
“ For it is just. Come then, Antilochus, 585  
“ Stand by thy horses, and thy chariot touch,  
“ Holding thy whip ; and, as becomes a man,  
“ By Neptune swear, whose flood the earth sur-  
“ rounds,

“ That you did not by fraud my course impede.”  
Antilochus with prudence thus replied : 590  
“ Forgive my youth, O venerable chief,  
“ And pardon my offence ; thou who in years  
“ Dost much excel ; for youth is prone to err ;  
“ Quick in perception, but in judgement weak.  
“ My prize the mare I willingly resign, 595  
“ And more will add if such thy pleasure be,  
“ Rather than thus to fall in your esteem,  
“ Most noble chief, and against heav’n offend.”

He spake ; and to his hands the mare restor’d.  
Such joy Atrides felt as when the dew 600  
Of morn the rip’ning corn with moisture fills,  
Bristling the furrow’d land ; so joy’d the chief  
Atrides, and Antilochus address’d :



- “ I too, Antilochus, though much incens’d,  
“ Will in my turn submit, since heretofore 605  
“ Nor light nor idle hath thy conduct been ;  
“ But youthful heat thy better sense betray’d.  
“ Yet might I but advise, you will avoid  
“ Deceit with those who claim superior sway.  
“ None other had my wrath so soon disarm’d. 610  
“ But you have much endur’d, and suff’red much,  
“ Your father and your brother, in my cause :  
“ I yield the prize though mine; that all may know  
“ I bear a mind that can such wrongs forgive.”

He spake ; and to Noëmon’s care, the friend 615  
Of brave Antilochus, the mare resign’d ;  
Content himself the cauldron to receive.

- Meriones the golden talent gain’d.  
The fifth unclaim’d remain’d, a splendid vase  
Twofold. Achilles through surrounding chiefs 620  
To Nestor bore it, and benignant thus :  
“ Accept this gift, O venerable sire,  
“ Memorial of Patroclus’ fun’ral rites,  
“ Whom never more, alas ! thou mayst behold :  
“ Accept from me this token. ’Tis not thine 625  
“ With cæstus to engage, or hurl the spear,  
“ Or in the race contend, opprest with age.”

He spake ; and plac’d the vase within his hands ;

Which Nestor glad receiv'd, and thus his thanks  
Express'd: " True are thy words and just, my son ;  
" No longer are my limbs with strength endued,  
" Nor can my hands or feet with swiftness move.  
" O that my youth were such, and such my strength,  
" As when the Epeians with funereal rites,  
" In fam'd Buprasium, Amareunx entomb'd 635  
" Their king ; and regal games his sons ordain'd!  
" Epeian, Pylian, or Ætolian chiefs  
" Might not in skill, in strength, with me contend.  
" In wrestling I Ancæus overthrew ;  
" In fighting, Clytomedes Enops' son ; 640  
" And pass'd the swift Iphiclus in the race.  
" Throwing the spear I Polydore surpass'd,  
" And Phyleus : in the chariot race alone  
" The sons of Actor gain'd the larger prize,  
" Envious that I all others bore away : 645  
" Twin born they were ; this held the shining reins :  
" This held the reins, and that the whip applied.  
" Such was I once : now younger men succeed  
" To feats like these, whilst I submit to age.  
" Continue then in honour of thy friend 650  
" To celebrate the games : this I receive  
" With grateful mind, well pleas'd that thou art kind  
" And courteous to me ; and that honour pay

“ To reverend age, which I amongst the Greeks  
“ May justly claim : and may the heav’nly pow’rs  
“ Amply repay this kindness shown to me !”

Thus Nestor ; and Achilles to his seat  
Through circling chiefs return’d, when heard the  
praise

Which Nestor grateful for attention paid.

And now the prize of pugilistic fame 660  
Achilles to the Greeks propos’d. A mule  
Patient of labour, difficult to tame :  
A goblet to the vanquish’d. From his seat  
Achilles rose, and to the Grecians thus :

“ Let two this prize dispute, men skill’d to wage  
“ Fierce combat with their fists and lifted arms :  
“ Let him who claims by Phœbus’ aid the prize,  
“ Back to his tent this hardy mule conduct ;  
“ The goblet to the vanquish’d I award.”

He spake. Then rose of stature vast and size, 670  
And limbs enormous, Panopæus’ son  
Epeius, fam’d for pugilistic skill :  
Instant the mule he seiz’d, and thus exclaim’d :

“ His be the goblet who shall dare advance ;  
“ But for the mule, no one that prize shall claim  
“ Till he hath vanquish’d me, who in this art 676  
“ Boast me the first : suffice it that in war

“ No excellence I claim ; I grant it so,—

“ No man in all things is pre-eminent :

“ But this I say,—Whoever dare contend, 680

“ His body I will bruise, and break his bones ;

“ Then let his numerous friends attendant wait,

“ To bear him beaten hence, subdued by me.”

He spake : still silence reign'd : at length arose

One chief, Euryalus, Mecisteus' son, 685

Who erst at Thebes, when *Ædipus* deceas'd,

Vanquish'd the brave *Cadmeans*. To the fight

Him *Diomed* impell'd, and wish'd success ;

Gave him the cincture, and the thongs that bound

The *cæstus* on his hands. Each now prepar'd, 690

Stood firm, and rais'd aloft his sinewy arms ;

Then join'd the combat. With the frequent stroke

Their crackling jaws resounded ; from their limbs

Sweat flow'd profuse. *Epeius* now advanc'd

Sudden, and on the face with blow severe 695

Smote him as round he gaz'd : then fell to earth

*Euryalus*. As when the northern blast

Casts on the weedy shore some larger fish,

Soon cov' red by the deep returning wave ;

*Euryalus* thus bounded from the stroke. 700

The victor's hand uprais'd him from the ground :

His friends attendant led him from the field,

Dragging his limbs, and vomiting thick blood,  
Hanging his head, as quite of sense bereft :  
And with them took the goblet, his reward. 705

And now Achilles other gifts prepar'd,  
The wrestlers' prize : to him who should excel,  
A larger tripod suited to the fire,  
Twelve beeves the value : to the vanquish'd chief  
A female skill'd in various works of art ; 710  
Nor less in value than four fatted beeves ;  
And rising thus he spake : " Let two stand forth  
" Who will for these contend." First Ajax rose,  
And then Ulysses fertile in resource.

Now girded, to the contest in the midst 715  
Each chief advanc'd ; and each with hand robust  
Grasp'd his opponent's arm. As when the beams  
Of some fam'd palace built by skilful hands  
Creak, when incumbent winds with fury rage ;  
So creak'd their limbs, by pow'rful arms constrain'd ;  
And sweat bedew'd their limbs, and frequent weals  
Their sides and shoulders mark'd, while as each chief  
For conquest eager, sought the tripod rare.  
Nor might Ulysses from the ground uplift,  
And Ajax throw ; nor Ajax him displace, 725  
So firm his strength. The tir'd spectators view'd  
The tedious contest with no small regret ;

When Ajax thus: "Or me, Ulysses, lift,  
"Or I lift you; let Jove determine which."  
He spake, and lifted him: but of his skill 730  
Ulysses mindful, at the knee behind  
Smote, and relax'd the joint; then Ajax fell,  
And with him fell Ulysses on his chest:  
With wonder all beheld. Ulysses now  
Ajax just from the ground uprais'd, nor long 735  
The weight sustain'd, but with inserted knee  
Entangling threw him: both fell prone to earth,  
And side by side were cov'rd o'er with dust.  
Quick rising, they a third essay of strength  
Prepar'd; when thus Achilles: "Noble chiefs, 740  
"Contend no further, lest some ill betide;  
"As both have conqu'rd, both divide the prize:  
"But now let other chiefs their prowess try."  
He spake, and they obey'd; and from their limbs  
Wip'd off the dust, and put their vestments on. 745  
Now other gifts Achilles for the race  
Prepar'd: a silver cup emboss'd, of size  
Capacious, and in elegance of form  
Surpassing; by Sidonian artists made:  
Phœnicians o'er the sea to Lemnos' isle, 750  
To Thoas, had convey'd the valued gift:  
This cup Euneus to Patroclus gave,

The ransom of Lycaon, Priam's son ;  
Which at the games, in honour of his friend,  
Achilles gave, the swiftest runner's prize. 755  
A fatted ox the second : to the third,  
Just half a golden talent he assign'd :  
And thus Achilles : " Who contends for these ?"  
Then rose Oileus Ajax swift of foot ;  
Ulysses rose, and Nestor's warlike son 760  
Antilochus, excelling in the race.  
When duly rang'd, Achilles mark'd the goal :  
Then started they ; but Ajax shot before ;  
Ulysses follow'd near : such space between,  
As from the bosom of the cinctur'd dame 765  
The distaff occupies, when with neat hand  
Twisting the flax she draws the finer thread :  
So near Ulysses ran ; and ere the dust  
Was rais'd around his feet, his footsteps press'd,  
Still breathing on his back, so close behind 770  
He flew : the Greeks encourag'd with applause  
His ardour for the prize. When now the end  
Of the swift course appear'd, Ulysses rais'd  
The secret pray'r, and sought Minerva's aid :  
" O goddess, hear, and to my feet impart 775  
" Swiftness." Thus pray'd he ; and Minerva heard ;  
And lightness gave, and swiftness to his limbs.



When now almost arriv'd, and seiz'd the prize,  
Ajax slipp'd down, for Pallas gave the fall :  
Where lay the offal of some new-slain beasts    780  
In sacrifice to fall'n Patroclus' shade,  
There fell he, cov'red o'er with filth and gore :  
Ulysses first arriv'd, and 'gain'd the prize,  
A goblet : Ajax second, took the ox,  
And holding by the horn, and wiping off    785  
The filth, thus spake : " Ah, me unfortunate !  
" By Pallas foil'd : to her Ulysses owes  
" Success, who guards him as a mother's son."  
Thus spake he, and surrounding heroes smil'd.

Antilochus the meaner prize receiv'd,    790  
Well pleas'd tho' last ; and thus was heard to say :  
" I speak, my friends, what all here present know,  
" The gods still favour those of riper years :  
" Ajax is something more advanc'd than I :  
" But this man to another age belongs,    795  
" And other times ; yet so robust in age,  
" None but Achilles might with him contend."

Thus spake he ; ending with Achilles' praise :  
Who thus replied : " Not fruitless are thy words,  
" Antilochus ; a talent be thy prize."    800  
Thus spake he : Nestor's son with joy receiv'd.

Next in the midst a spear Achilles plac'd,

With shield and helmet, brave Sarpedon's arms,  
Slain by Patroclus; and thus spake the chief:

“ Let two the bravest of our warrior host      805  
“ Make trial of their skill, and with their spears,  
“ In glitt'ring armour clad, this prize dispute.  
“ Who first his brave antagonist shall wound,  
“ And cause the blood to flow, his be this sword  
“ Of Thracian workmanship, a spoil I took      810  
“ From bold Asteropæus: for the rest,  
“ Let them these arms divide; and at my tent  
“ Partake that banquet which their valour claims.”

He spake: first Telamonian Ajax rose,  
And then the strength of mighty Diomed.      815  
Now they retiring, arm'd them to the fight;  
And in the midst advancing, with stern looks  
Provok'd the war: with wonder all beheld.  
Thrice each rush'd onward, thrice the onset dar'd:  
Now Ajax smote, and pierc'd Tydides' shield,      820  
Yet wounded not; the corselet staid its force.  
Then Diomed above the sev'nfold orb  
Of Ajax smote, and in his neck infix'd  
The dangerous wound, still pressing with his spear;  
The Greeks alarm'd, suspend the doubtful fight,      825  
Lest Ajax fall: to Tydeus' warlike son  
The sword and well-wrought belt his meed remain'd:

Achilles gave the prize. Next from the forge,  
Unform'd and rude, an iron mass he brought ;  
The same Eition wont to hurl in air : 830  
Eition slain, Achilles in his ships  
With other spoils the cumbrous mass convey'd :  
And thus the chiefs address'd : " Who will for this  
" Contend ? Though distant far his lands, five years  
" It may suffice : nor shall his shepherd want, 835  
" Or ploughman, iron for his implements."

Thus spake the chief. First Polypœtes rose ;  
Leonteus next ; then Ajax Telamon ;  
And last divine Epeius : rang'd they stood.  
Epeius seiz'd the mass, and hurl'd aloft ; 840  
Then laugh'd the gazing throng : Leonteus next :  
Then Telamonian Ajax the crude load  
Hurl'd from his stronger arm, and pass'd them both :  
But when brave Polypœtes took the disk,  
Far as the drover at his straggling beasts 845  
Throws his rude staff, so far he pass'd them all :  
His friends with shouts applaud ; and to the ships  
Rejoicing, bear the cumbrous mass along.

Next iron for the barbed arrow's point,  
Of archery the meed ; with double edge 850  
Ten axes ; ten with single he propos'd.  
Then rais'd he on the distant sands a mast

Of some tall vessel ; and thereon a dove,  
With slender string fast by the foot he tied,  
At which to aim the shaft. "He who the dove 855  
" Shall kill, the double axes to his tent  
" Victorious bears ; but who the string shall touch,  
" Missing the bird, the single axes gains."

He spake : when Teucer, youthful prince, arose ;  
Then rose Meriones, the faithful friend 860  
Of brave Idomeneus. And now the lots  
Each chief within the brazen helmet cast :  
Teucer the first obtain'd. Instant he shot  
With force superior : but to Phœbus vow'd  
No firstling of his flock : the god averse 865  
Success denied : his arrow miss'd the bird,  
But cut the string which tied her by the foot ;  
Then flew she far away, and to the ground  
Down fell the string : then shouted all the Greeks.  
Now seiz'd Meriones, from Teucer's hand, 870  
The bow : an arrow ready in his own  
He held ; and to Apollo vow'd the gift,  
A hecatomb the firstlings of his flock ;  
And viewing her while as she lightly skimm'd  
Beneath a cloud, and circling wheel'd around, 875  
Under the wing he aim'd, and pierc'd her through :  
The shaft returning, near him in the ground

Stood fixt; and to the mast the wounded bird  
Her flight directed; but scarce settled there,  
Her head declin'd,—now hang her drooping wings,  
She falls, and dies! the host with wonder gaze. 881  
Meriones the better prize obtain'd;  
The inferior Teucer to his ships convey'd.

Achilles now a spear of wondrous length;  
And a new cauldron, rich with flowers inwrought;  
The worth a fatted beeve: these in the midst 886  
He plac'd; the prize of him who should excel  
To hurl the spear. Atrides first uprose,  
Mycenæ's king; then brave Meriones:  
Whom thus Achilles swift of foot address'd: 890

“ Atrides, well we know thou dost excel  
“ In strength, in skill, to hurl the rapid spear;  
“ Receive this prize, and to your ships convey:  
“ The spear we to Meriones adjudge,  
“ If such thy pleasure be, for such is mine.” 895

He spake: nor did Atrides disapprove;  
But to Meriones he gave the spear;  
And to Talthybius' care the cauldron, new  
And beautiful, his valued prize, consign'd.



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BOOK XXIV.

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THE games now ended, to their ships the Greeks  
Repair'd, and of the genial feast partook ;  
And then retir'd to rest. But Peleus' son  
Still wept Patroclus : all-subduing sleep  
His eye-lids clos'd not : restless oft he turn'd, 5  
Still musing on his dear departed friend.  
What griefs they suff' red, and what toils endur'd ;  
What wars they wag'd ; what dang'rous seas they  
pass'd :

Rememb'ring these, he shed the frequent tear.  
Now on his side, and now supine he lay, 10  
Tossing ; then starting up he sought the shore.  
Not unobserv'd the Morn her influence shed  
O'er earth and sea ; when to the rapid car  
He yok'd his steeds, intent to drag the corpse  
Of Hector : thrice around Patroclus' tomb 15  
He drove, and then again retir'd to rest.

But Hector in the dust extended lay.  
Apollo saw, and with compassion mov'd,



Him dead from all disfigurement preserv'd ;  
And with his golden ægis cov'red o'er, 20  
Lest wounds unseemly should the body taint.

Nathless Achilles further **ills** design'd,  
Such his revenge : but pitying gods beheld,  
And counsell'd Mercury to steal him thence,  
For such the will of other heav'nly pow'rs ; 25  
But Juno, Neptune, Pallas disapprov'd,  
Mov'd with revenge implacable to Troy,  
To Priam and his people ; Paris sole  
The cause, when at his shepherd hut conven'd  
He slighted them, and gave the prize to her 30  
Who to his baser passions minist'red.

When now the twelfth resplendent morn arose,  
Apollo thus the assembled gods address'd :  
“ Ye heav'nly pow'rs, both cruel and unjust  
“ Your conduct seems : due victims **Hector** paid,  
“ Oxen and goats ; yet none of you will save 36  
“ His corpse : or to his mother, wife, or son,  
“ To Priam and his people him restore,  
“ That they may rear the pyle, and pay those rites  
“ Of sepulture he wants. Doth **Peleus'** son 40  
“ All care engross ? he who of mind severe,  
“ Inflexible, no pity knows. 'Tis thus  
“ The lion, in his fierceness and his strength

“ Confiding, wastes the fold, and feasts in blood.

“ Thus hath Achilles pity lost, and shame, 45

“ Of ills most fruitful, or of greatest good

“ To humankind. A dearer some may lose,

“ A brother, or a son : due rites perform’d

“ Their grief abates, since fate hath giv’n to man

“ A patient mind : this man hath Hector slain, 50

“ And now doth drag him at his chariot wheels

“ Around Patroclus’ tomb. Nor right is this,

“ Nor well : let him beware how he incur

“ Our anger, vengeful thus on senseless clay.”

Juno displeas’d, replied : “ Such is thy mind, 55

“ God of the silver bow ; thou who to both

“ Dost the same honour give : yet mortal this,

“ And of a mortal born. But Peleus’ son

“ Springs from a goddess, my peculiar care,

“ By me to Peleus giv’n, whom all the gods 60

“ Esteem’d ; all grac’d his nuptials ; even thou

“ With harp in hand, all-faithless as thou art.”

To her Saturnian Jove thus mild replied :

“ Juno, thy anger cease ; nor blame the gods ;

“ Their honour is not, cannot be the same : 65

“ But yet, of all within the walls of Troy,

“ Hector was most belov’d ; at least by me :

“ Punctual and just in sacrifices due,

“ My altars smok’d with off’rings duly paid,  
“ And choicest gifts : such honours we receive. 70  
“ Yet steal we not brave Hector’s body thence ;  
“ Nor may it be ; for Thetis night and day  
“ Attends her son : but let some messenger  
“ Speed hither Thetis, that I may impart  
“ Such counsel as may move Achilles’ mind 75  
“ To take the gifts, and Hector to release.”

He spake : when Iris borne on rapid winds  
Arose, and in midway, Samos between  
And rocky Imbrius, plung’d into the deep,  
Which far resounded : to the bottom quick 80  
She sank as lead, which circled round with horn  
Sinks, to voracious fish with mischief fraught.  
There Thetis in a hollow grot she found  
Surrounded by her nymphs : she in the midst  
Still wept the fate of her illustrious son, 85  
Destin’d to fall beneath the Trojan walls,  
Far from his native land. Iris approach’d  
Swift-footed, and the goddess thus address’d :  
“ Thetis, arise ; great Jove thy presence waits.”  
The goddess answer’d : “ Why doth mighty Jove  
“ Require my presence ? Worn with bitter griefs  
“ I fear to mingle with the heav’nly powers.  
“ Yet I will go ; no word of his is vain.”

Thus having said, the goddess took her veil  
Of sable hue, (none darker might be found,) 95  
And hast'ned on: swift Iris led the way;  
The waves divided as they onward pass'd.  
Now on the shore they stood, and darting thence,  
At heav'n they soon arriv'd. Saturnian Jove  
Surrounded by the pow'rs of heav'n they found: 100  
Pallas retir'd, and Thetis sat by Jove:  
When Juno in her hands the goblet plac'd,  
With courteous words; which tasting, she return'd.  
But thus the Sire of gods and men began:

“ Thetis, to high Olympus thou art come, 105  
“ Though bitter griefs oppress: this well I know:  
“ Learn then the reason I have sent for you.  
“ Nine days contention hath the gods disturb'd,  
“ Hector and Peleus' warlike son the cause:  
“ Some wishing Mercury to steal the corpse: 110  
“ But I this honour to Achilles give,  
“ That he himself restore it; well assur'd  
“ Hereafter of esteem and love from thee.  
“ Quick to the Grecian army, to thy son  
“ Descend, and say: The gods, and chiefly I 115  
“ Am much incens'd that Hector at the ships  
“ He still detains through anger and revenge:

“ He must release him, or beware my wrath.

“ But I to Priam will swift Iris send,

“ That he redeem his son, and with him take 120

“ Such presents as may all Achilles’ rage

“ Appease.” He spake ; nor Thetis disobey’d ;

But hast’ned from Olympus to the tent

Of her lov’d son. Him deeply griev’d she found.

His friends with busy care around him press’d ; 125

The feast prepar’d, and in the tent a sheep

Of larger size had slain for sacrifice.

His mother near approach’d and touch’d his hand,

Call’d him by name, and thus her mind express’d :

“ My son, Achilles, why doth bitter grief 130

“ Thus long thy soul devour ; of food, of rest

“ Forgetful, soother of our every pain ?

“ Not length of days, my son, is thine ; stern fate

“ Approacheth thee, and death is near at hand :

“ Then listen to my words : From Jove I come 135

“ To tell thee that the gods are much incens’d,

“ And chiefly Jove himself, that at the ships

“ Hector thou dost detain ; yielding to wrath

“ And to revenge implacable the reins :

“ Release him then, and take the splendid gifts.”

Achilles answ’red : “ Who will pay the price, 141

“ And take him, let him come, since Jove com-  
“ mands.”

Thus at the ships the mother and the son  
Held converse, and in mutual speech indulg'd.  
But Jove to sacred Troy sent Iris down. 145

“ Hasten, swift Iris, from Olympus' height  
“ To Troy, and bear to Priam my command,  
“ That he redeem his son, and to the ships  
“ Such presents take as shall the mind appease  
“ Of Peleus' son : but let him go alone, 150  
“ No other chief : a herald must attend  
“ Of graver years, who may the car and mules  
“ Guide on their way, and thence the body bring  
“ Of Hector, by Achilles slain, to Troy.  
“ Let him no fears, no terror entertain, 155  
“ Such conduct we will give : Hermes himself  
“ Shall to Achilles' tent the monarch guide.  
“ Nor will Achilles do him violence,  
“ Nor suffer others ; being, as he is,  
“ Neither unwise, nor rash, nor prone to err ; 160  
“ Humane to spare the suppliant, and forgive.”

He spake : and Iris borne on rapid winds  
To Priam went. There loud lament she found,  
And deep affliction. Sons around their sire,  
Within the spacious hall, with tears bedew'd 165

Their vestments; in the midst, of reverend age,  
His face conceal'd, and mantled in his robe,  
Sat Priam: copious ashes on his head  
And neck he pour'd, with trembling hand profuse.  
His daughters through the palace, weeping sore, 170  
Wand'red; and matrons with remembrance wept  
Of those who numerous and brave had fall'n  
Beneath the force and conqu'ring arms of Greece.

Iris approach'd, and thus in soothing terms  
Priam address'd: he trembled as she spake: 175

“ Dardanian Priam, let not fear or dread  
“ Thy mind assail: no messenger of ill  
“ To thee, but good, from Jove supreme I come,  
“ Who distant yet regards and pities thee.  
“ He bids thee thy lov'd son Hector redeem; 180  
“ And take such gifts with thee as shall appease  
“ Achilles' mind: none other chief may go;  
“ Thou only: but a herald must attend  
“ Of graver years, who may the mules direct,  
“ And car funereal, and the body bring 185  
“ Of Hector, by Achilles slain, to Troy.  
“ Do thou no fears, no terrors apprehend,  
“ Such conduct he will give: Hermes himself  
“ (His words were such) shall guide thee to his tent.  
“ Nor will Achilles do thee violence, 190



- “ Nor suffer others ; being as he is,  
“ Neither unwise, nor rash, nor prone to err ;  
“ Humane to spare the suppliant, and forgive.”

Thus Iris spake, and vanish'd into air.

But Priam bade his sons prepare the car, 195

Harness the mules, and bind the coffer on.

He to the lofty chamber then repair'd

Of cedar, stor'd with treasures manifold,

And calling Hecuba, these words address'd :

“ O woman most unfortunate ! e'en now 200

“ The messenger of Jove hath ord'red me

“ My son to ransom ; and such presents bear

“ As shall appease Achilles, to the ships.

“ Tell me what thinkest thou : for me—my mind,

“ My every thought impels me to comply, 205

“ And venture to the Grecian tents and ships.”

He spake : with cries thus Hecuba replied :

“ Ah ! whither is thy sense, thy wisdom fled,

“ By Troy acknowledg'd, and by nations own'd ?

“ What ! to the ships alone, and dare the sight 210

“ Of him who hath thy num'rous sons destroy'd ?

“ No feeling canst thou have ; an iron heart !

“ Should he discover thee, and seize thee there,

“ Savage and faithless as he is, no grace,

“ No pity will he show. Here stay we then, 215

“ And in our palace weep : imperious fate  
“ Thus wove his thread of life ; since him I bore  
“ To satiate dogs with that most cruel man,  
“ Far from his parents. O might I devour  
“ His entrails, clinging to his hateful side, 220  
“ Then should my Hector’s wrongs be all reveng’d!  
“ Yet did he bravely fall, defending still  
“ The wives and daughters and the sons of Troy ;  
“ Nor gave a thought to flight, nor shunn’d his foe.”

Priam replied : “ Detain me not, I pray ; 225  
“ Nor be thyself a bird of omen dire  
“ Within my house ; thy words dissuade me not :  
“ Had mortal man this enterprise enjoin’d,  
“ Prophet, or soothsayer, or sacred priest,  
“ I might have deem’d it false, and have despis’d :  
“ I heard the god myself ; these eyes beheld. 231  
“ I go, nor go in vain : should fate decree  
“ That I amid the Grecian ships expire,  
“ ‘Then be it so ; and let him slay me, thus  
“ Clasp my son, and satiated with grief.” 235

He spake ; and op’ning many curious chests,  
Twelve mantles thence he took of texture rare ;  
Twelve single vests : twelve carpets next he chose :  
Tunics and finer robes, of each the same :  
Of gold ten talents ; polish’d tripods two ; 240

Four caldrons, and a cup of rare device ;  
Thracia the gift bestow'd ; of public worth  
And amity the pledge : this spar'd he not  
In ransom for his son. Then from the porch  
In angry mood he drove the Trojan youth : 245

“ Vile and unprofitable as ye are,  
“ Away ! Have ye no griefs at home, that thus  
“ Ye trouble me ? or do ye lightly deem  
“ Those ills which Jove inflicts ? I've lost a son,  
“ The bravest and the best ; and 'tis a loss 250  
“ Yourselves must feel, an easier prey to Greece  
“ Now he is dead : but ere these eyes behold  
“ My city plund'red, desolate, destroy'd,  
“ May I to Pluto's gloomy realm descend !”

He spake, and drove them off : they quick with-  
drew, 255

Rebuk'd. Then angry to his sons he spake ;  
To Paris, Helenus, and Agathon ;  
Polites, Pammon, and Hippothous ;  
Dios, Antiphonus, Deiphobus ;  
Nine sons : “ Idle and most disgraceful race ! 260  
“ Make haste. Oh ! had ye perish'd at the ships  
“ Instead of Hector, wretched as I am !  
“ The bravest of my sons, nor braver Troy  
“ Might boast, are dead : Mestor and Troilus,

“ And Hector, as a god by all esteem’d.  
“ War hath destroy’d them, but hath left behind  
“ A base disgraceful set ; false, frivolous,  
“ To dance and song, to thefts and feasts devote.  
“ Will ye not hasten and prepare the car,  
“ And bind the treasures on, and speed my way?”

He spake. His sons alarm’d at his rebuke, 271  
The car prepar’d, splendid and beautiful,  
And tied the coffer on : then from the peg  
They took the boxen yoke, fitted with rings :  
Harness and traces next nine cubits long 275  
They on the polish’d pole bound on, and fix’d  
Upon the rings ; and thrice with thongs secur’d,  
And fast’ned well the ends, and tied them close :  
And bringing from the chamber, safely plac’d  
The treasures Hector’s ransom on the car, 280  
And yok’d the mules accusom’d to the draft,  
A gift the Mysians erst to Priam sent :  
Then led they forth the horses : these the king  
Was wont himself to feed ; and now himself,  
The herald aiding, to the chariot yok’d. 285

But Hecuba, still anxious, near approach’d :  
Rich wine she in a golden goblet brought,  
Libation meet, ere they should venture forth :  
Standing before the horses, thus she spake :

“ With this, libation make to Jove, and pray  
“ Return from yonder foes ; since to the ships,  
“ With no consent of mine, you still will go:  
“ Pray then to mighty Jove in clouds enthron’d,  
“ Idæan, who on us, on Troy looks down,  
“ That he vouchsafe a messenger to send, 295  
“ His favour’d bird, the strongest of his kind,  
“ Propitious, that thyself mayst see, and know ;  
“ And boldly to the ships pursue thy way.  
“ Should Jove this sign refuse, then be it far  
“ From me such journey to the Grecian ships 300  
“ To suffer, or advise, though much thy wish!”

Priam replied : “ What you enjoin, O queen,  
“ Shall no refusal meet : it must be right  
“ To raise the hands to Jove, and pity claim.”

He spake ; and bade the attendant maiden pour  
Pure water on his hands ; for which prepar’d 306  
She ready held the bason and the ewer :  
When wash’d, he from the queen the cup receiv’d ;  
Then standing in the midst libation pour’d,  
And with uplifted eyes this pray’r address’d : 310

“ O Jove supreme in Ida ! greatest, best,  
“ Grant that I pity and acceptance meet  
“ With Peleus’ son ; and send thy favour’d bird,  
“ Swift messenger, the strongest of his kind,

“ Propitious down, that these my eyes may see ;

“ So shall I to the ships with better hope.”

Thus pray’d he : mighty Jove his pray’r receiv’d,  
And his own eagle sent, swift bird of air,

Black, fierce, voracious, signal from high Jove ;

Wide as the portal of some lofty dome 320

His wings extended : on the right he seem’d

To rush upon the city ; all beheld

The favourable omen ; all rejoic’d.

Then Priam in his chariot took his seat,

And through the vestibule and sounding porch 325

Mov’d on : but first the four-wheel’d car advanc’d,

Dragg’d slowly by the mules ; the herald drove :

And after them the monarch’s chariot mov’d ;

Him all his friends conducted through the town

Lamenting, as though doom’d to certain death. 330

When now through lofty Troy they had pass’d on,

And to the plain descended, all his sons,

And sons-in-law, to Ilium back return’d.

Not unobserv’d by Jove’s all-seeing eye

They mov’d along the plain : them he beheld, 335

And pitying Priam, thus to Hermes spake :

“ My son, since more than others thou dost hear,

“ And aid mankind familiar, quick descend,

“ And Priam to the Grecian ships conduct,

“ That none may see, or observation make,  
“ Till you have plac’d him in Achilles’ tent.”

Thus spake he : nor did Hermes disobey.  
The glitt’ring sandals on his feet he bound  
Ambrosial, golden, which o’er sea and land  
Convey him with the swiftness of the winds. 345  
His wand he took : with this sweet sleep he sheds  
O’er mortals, or from slumber deep awakes ;  
This in his hand he bore, and rapid flew  
To Troy’s fair city, and the Hellespont :  
Some favour’d youth he seem’d, of princely race,  
Of early promise, and in beauty’s prime. 350

They had already pass’d by Ilus’ tomb,  
And at the river stay’d their beasts to drink,  
And Night her sable mantle o’er the earth  
Threw ; when Idæus saw the near approach 355  
Of Hermes, and in haste to Priam said :

“ Think, son of Dardanus, for prudent thought  
“ Behoves thee much : I see a man approach,  
“ And danger is at hand : say, shall we fly,  
“ Or suppliant at his knees for mercy plead ?” 360

He spake : pale fear the monarch’s heart assail’d,  
His spirit sank within him ; on his limbs  
Bristled the hair ; amaz’d he stood with fear



Motionless. The god meantime drew nigh ;  
His hand caress'd, and thus in accents mild : 365

“ Whither, O father, through the shades of night,  
“ When mortals sleep, dost thou direct thy course ?  
“ Or fear'st thou not the Grecian host, thy foe  
“ Implacable, and near, that in the night  
“ Thou dost convey such treasures ? If but seen, 370  
“ What hope, what expectation couldst thou form ?  
“ Thou art not young, nor may this aged man  
“ Assistance give should violence assail.  
“ I will not harm thee : no ; nor suffer man  
“ To harm thee ; such as thou my father is.” 375

The venerable monarch thus replied :

“ Just are thy words, my son, indeed, and true ;  
“ But still some god protects me with his hand,  
“ Whose kindness gives me to encounter thus  
“ A guide benignant, both in form and mind 380  
“ Excelling : happy they who call thee son.”

When Hermes thus : “ Well hast thou spoken,  
“ sire,

“ Of age rever'd ; yet say, and tell me true,  
“ Dost thou these treasures to some foreign land  
“ For safety thus convey ? or have you all 385  
“ Forsaken Troy's devoted tow'rs through fear,

- “ Since he, the bravest and the best, thy son,  
“ Is dead ; in battle equal to the Greeks ? ”  
“ And who art thou ? ” Priam in haste replied,  
“ Thou best of men, and from what parents  
“ sprung,  
“ Who dost so justly tell my Hector’s fate ? ” 390  
Hermes return’d : “ O venerable sire,  
“ Of Hector you inquire to try my faith ;  
“ Him have I often seen in glorious fight :  
“ When at the ships he slew the routed Greeks 395  
“ With fatal spear, these wond’ring eyes beheld :  
“ Yet fought I not ; Achilles had forbid,  
“ Incens’d with Agamemnon. Him I boast  
“ My friend ; one ship convey’d us both to Troy.  
“ I am a Myrmidon, my father’s name 400  
“ Polyctor ; rich, and much as you advanc’d  
“ In years : of seven, the youngest son am I ;  
“ And the lots cast, to me alone it fell  
“ In warfare to engage : here on the plain  
“ Far from the ships I come. At early dawn 405  
“ The Grecians will the city round invest,  
“ Impatient of delay ; nor may the chiefs  
“ Repress their ardour for the bloody fight.”  
Him answ’red Priam : “ If thou be the friend  
“ Of Peleus’ son, oh ! then this truth declare, 410

- “ Is Hector at the ships ; or to the dogs  
“ Hath fierce Achilles thrown his mangled limbs ?”  
The messenger of Jove thus answer made :  
“ O king, nor dogs nor birds have him devour’d :  
“ Near to the ships, and at Achilles’ tent 415  
“ Unnotic’d he remains : this the twelfth morn,  
“ Nor yet hath taint or worms his corpse defil’d.  
“ Yet true it is, around Patroclus’ tomb  
“ Each morn the victor drags him at his car :  
“ Yet is he not defac’d ; thou wouldst admire 420  
“ How fresh he lies, the blood all wash’d away ;  
“ No stains ; the wounds (for many wounds he bore)  
“ Clos’d by some friendly hand : thus have the gods  
“ Preserv’d thy son, whom living they esteem’d.”  
This Priam heard with joy, and thus replied : 425  
“ O son ! to pay just off’rings to the gods  
“ Is right indeed : nor was my son of them  
“ Forgetful whilst he liv’d ; therefore it is  
“ That they remember him, though now no more.  
“ Come then, and from my hands this cup receive ;  
“ Guard and conduct me, if the pow’rs of heav’n  
“ Permit, in safety to Achilles’ tent.”

When Hermes thus : “ Tempt not my youth to  
“ err :

- “ It may not be that you persuade me thus

“ To take the gift, unknown to Peleus’ son :  
“ But reverential fear forbids deceit  
“ With him, lest ill hereafter should betide.  
“ I would to Argos safe conduct thee hence,  
“ By sea or land, nor through contempt of me  
“ Thy guide, should any dare with thee contend.”

Thus Hermes spake ; and in the chariot leap’d,  
And seiz’d the reins and whip ; then in the mules  
And horses strength and vigour he infus’d.

Now to the fosse and battlements they came.  
Just then the guard evening repast prepar’d ;  
The potent wand of Hermes clos’d their eyes 446  
In sleep : then open’d he the massy gates,  
And all the bars remov’d ; conducting thus  
Priam, the presents, and the loaded wain.  
Now at the tent of Peleus’ son arriv’d, 450  
Which for their king the Myrmidons had made  
With trunks of lofty pine, and cov’red o’er  
With reeds the marsh supplied ; and form’d around  
A spacious court, with palisadoes strong  
Secur’d : of fir a bar of larger size 455  
The door made fast ; three youths might scarce  
Or close or open it ; Achilles clos’d alone.  
This Hermes for the king with ease remov’d,  
And to him and the gifts safe entrance gave ;

Then from the chariot quick descending, thus  
Began : “ A pow’r immortal you behold,  
“ Hermes, a guide to you sent down from Jove :  
“ Now I return ; nor shall I meet the view  
“ Of Peleus’ son ; it were unseemly quite  
“ That an immortal pow’r such favour show 465  
“ To man familiar : enter thou his tent,  
“ Embrace his knees, and move thy humble suit ;  
“ Entreating him by father, mother, son,  
“ And every softer tie that melts the soul.”

He spake ; and to Olympus wing’d his way. 470  
But Priam from his chariot to the ground  
Descending, left Idæus ; who remain’d  
The mules and horses to attend : the king  
Ent’red the tent, where sat belov’d of Jove  
Achilles ; there he found the godlike chief. 475  
Apart he sat : near him his faithful friends  
Automedon and Alcimus, employ’d  
In various offices, attendance gave.  
Scarce had he finished repast, the board  
Still unremov’d remain’d ; when unobserv’d 480  
The monarch ent’red, and Achilles’ knees  
Embrac’d, and kiss’d his hands inur’d to blood,  
Dreadful ! which had so many sons destroy’d.

As when a man by crime of deepest dye

Impell'd, by murder, in a foreign land  
Seeks refuge at some lofty palace gate,  
Conscious of wrong ; all view him with amaze :  
Not less amaz'd Achilles Priam view'd,  
And all-astonish'd seem'd, all-wond'ring gaz'd.

When Priam thus his humble suit preferr'd : 490  
“ O Peleus' son ! think of thy father now,  
“ Like me with age fordone, on the extreme verge  
“ Of life trembling ; it may perchance that him  
“ Some neighb'ring pow'rs now with united force  
“ Oppress ; no friend, no son to bring relief ! 495  
“ Yet he this comfort hath—the joyful news  
“ That thou still livest, hoping day by day  
“ To see his much-lov'd son from Troy return'd.  
“ But I, most wretched of mankind, had sons  
“ Many and brave in Troy : now none remain ; 500  
“ None worthy note : when first the sons of Greece  
“ Arriv'd, I numb'ed fifty ; and of these  
“ Nineteen one mother bore : pernicious Mars  
“ Hath most of them destroy'd. One—one I had,  
“ Alas ! the pride and the defence of Troy ; 505  
“ Him, bravely fighting in his country's cause,  
“ My Hector, thou hast slain ; for him I come,  
“ And bring large gifts the price of his release.  
“ Oh ! then, Achilles, reverence the gods,

“ And pity, for thy father pity me,  
“ More wretched far; for ne’er before was man  
“ Constrain’d to kiss the hand which slew his son.”

Thus Priam; and awak’ned all his grief  
And filial love. He gently with his hand  
Priam repress’d. Then did remembrance dear 515  
Cause tears to flow as at Achilles’ feet  
Prostrate he lay: and now Achilles wept  
His father, now his friend; and through the tent  
The cry of woe was rais’d: but when enough  
To tears was giv’n, when satisfied the soul, 520  
Achilles rose, and gently from the ground  
Priam uprais’d, compassionating much  
His reverend age, and kindly thus address’d:

“ Thou hast, indeed, severest ills endur’d,  
“ Most wretched man! Yet say, how hast thou dar’d  
“ To venture here, and to behold that man 526  
“ By whom so many brave and valiant sons  
“ Have been destroy’d? All iron is thy heart.  
“ Come, sit thee down, and let us for awhile  
“ Forget, if it may be, our mighty griefs; 530  
“ No profit, no advantage can they bring.  
“ Yet thus the gods, exempt themselves from care,  
“ Ordain a life of misery to man.  
“ Fast by the throne of Jove two vessels stand,



- “ This fill’d with good, and that with evil stor’d :  
“ To whom a mingled cup he doth dispense, 536  
“ Chequ’red his life, alternate good and ill  
“ Complete the measure ; but and if unmixt  
“ The bitter draught, to contumely and scorn  
“ From gods and men obnoxious, through the  
“ world  
“ Outcast he roams, by famine scourg’d along. 541  
“ Thus at his birth the gods to Peleus gave  
“ Riches and wealth beyond the lot of man :  
“ King of the Myrmidons, and though himself  
“ Of mortal race, a goddess for his bride : 545  
“ Yet did the gods to these add much of ill.  
“ No sons, no heirs, his wealth, his kingdom knows.  
“ One son he had, short-liv’d, alas ! But I  
“ No comfort to his age, no solace give,  
“ Here distant, fraught with ills to thee and thine.  
“ Yet, venerable king, report doth say 551  
“ Thou too wert rich ; in wealth surpassing far  
“ What Lesbos or what Phrygia may contain,  
“ Or the wide Hellespont ; in treasures these,  
“ In sons thou didst excel. Since then the gods 555  
“ Have heap’d on thee the dire calamity  
“ Of tumult and of war thy walls around :  
“ Yet cease awhile, nor endless grief indulge ;

“ Ere unavailing tears thy son recall,  
“ Thou mayst thyself still sorer ills endure.” 560

Priam replied: “ O cause me not to sit,  
“ Illustrious chief, whilst Hector at thy tent  
“ Unburied lies; but to my longing sight  
“ Restore him; and accept the gifts I bring.  
“ And may you, to your native land return’d, 565  
“ Enjoy them long, since you in pity spare  
“ My life, and give me still to view the sun!”

Achilles mov’d with anger thus replied:

“ Importune me no more: it is my mind  
“ Thy Hector to restore; for to that end 570  
“ My mother, daughter of old Ocean, came,  
“ Sent down from Jove: yet do I know thee well,  
“ Priam, for thee some god conducted here:  
“ None else would dare to enter thus our camp,  
“ And pass the guard; none else might move the  
“ bars, 575  
“ Of weight enormous, which secure my gates.  
“ Then stir not up that grief which sleepeth now,  
“ Lest I no longer spare thee, in my tent  
“ Though suppliant, but transgress Jove’s high  
“ command.”

Thus spake he: Priam trembled and obey’d. 580  
Achilles like a lion from his tent

Rush'd forth, but not alone ; his faithful friends  
Automedon and Alcimius his steps  
Attended, whom Pelides honour'd most,  
Patroclus now no more : they from the yoke 585  
Unloos'd the steeds and mules, and in the tent  
The aged herald plac'd ; then they unbound  
The treasures, Hector's ransom ; leaving still  
Two linen cloths without, and mantle rich  
To wrap the body in, when thence convey'd. 590  
Achilles to his servants gave command  
To wash and to anoint the corpse with care,  
Lest Priam see his son, and at that sight  
Give way to wrath, and wake Achilles' ire  
To slay him, and transgress the will of Jove. 595

When wash'd, anointed, and with mantle cloth'd,  
Achilles lifting, plac'd him on the bier,  
Which in the wain his friends with care dispos'd ;  
Then sigh'd he, and by name his friend address'd :

“ Be not displeas'd, Patroclus, shouldst thou hear,  
“ Though in the shades of death, that I relent, 601  
“ And to the father's arms restore his son :  
“ Great is the ransom ; great shall be thy share.”

Achilles spake, and to his tent return'd ;  
And seated opposite to Priam, thus  
His speech resum'd : “ Thy son is now releas'd,

“ Priam, and on his bier ; him thou shalt see  
“ At morrow dawn, and back to Troy convey.  
“ But let refreshment now assert her claim.  
“ Not bright-hair’d Niobe her food forgot,      610  
“ Though slain six daughters, and six youthful sons;  
“ These Phœbus, angry, with his shafts, and those  
“ Diana huntress slew ; for that herself  
“ She equall’d to Latona, having borne  
“ Twelve children, but Latona only two :      615  
“ The avenging hands of two those twelve destroy’d.  
“ Nine days they lay unburied, none were found  
“ To bury ; Jove the people turn’d to stone :  
“ The gods themselves gave burial on the tenth.  
“ Yet she sated with tears rememb’red food :      620  
“ And still amongst the rocks and deserts wild  
“ In Sipylus, where nymphs their couches strew,  
“ And lead the dance on Achelous’ banks,  
“ A stone she stands, and pours the flood of woe.  
“ Then let us also, venerable chief,      625  
“ Refreshment take: then mayst thou weep thy son  
“ In Troy ; for there he will be greatly mourn’d.”

He spake ; and rising, slew a fatted sheep  
With snowy fleece, which his attendants skinn’d,  
And into parts divided ; and on spits      630  
Fixing, well roasted ; then again remov’d.

Automedon the glitt'ring canisters  
Of bread distributed; Achilles carv'd :  
All of the feast partook. Hunger and thirst  
Appeas'd, Dardanian Priam with surprise 635  
Achilles view'd, such and so great he was ;  
He seem'd a god : nor less Achilles view'd  
The venerable king of aspect mild,  
And graceful speech. Each chief with wonder gaz'd  
Long time ; Dardanian Priam first began : 640

“ Permit that I retire, illustrious chief,  
“ And let us now partake the gift of sleep ;  
“ For never yet have these my eyelids clos'd  
“ Since my lov'd Hector fell, subdued by thee :  
“ All night I groan, and cherish bitter grief 645  
“ Within my courts ; and ashes all my bed :  
“ Now I have tasted food, and gen'rous wine  
“ Hath pass'd my throat, untasted both till now.”

He spake. Achilles bade prepare two beds  
Within the portico, and on them spread 650  
The purple rugs, and tapestry, and cloaks  
Of warmest wool. Obedient to his word  
The servants went with torches in their hands,  
And with all diligence the beds prepar'd ;  
When thus with feign'd alarm Achilles spoke : 655

“ Rest thou without the tent, O sire rever'd,

“ Lest some observe ; for hither oft they come,  
“ Or counsellors, or chiefs, to hold debate ;  
“ And seeing thee they should report the same,  
“ And Agamemnon thy return delay, 660  
“ And stay the ransom. Yet I pray you, tell  
“ What time the rites of sepulture demand ;  
“ So long we stay, so long detain our host.”

Priam replied : “ If that we duly pay  
“ Just rites to Hector, and if such thy will, 665  
“ Achilles, most indulgent thus to me,  
“ And kind ; thou knowest that within our walls  
“ We are shut up, and distant on the hills  
“ Materials lie ; and fear doth much prevail.  
“ Nine days we give to sorrow ; and the tenth 670  
“ To rites of sepulture, and public feast ;  
“ On the eleventh we will raise the tomb ;  
“ And war again the twelfth—if Heav’n ordain !”

Achilles answer’d : “ Be it even so,  
“ Priam : so long we will abstain from war.” 675

He spake ; and Priam’s hand within his own  
Press’d kindly, to dispel each latent fear.  
Then Priam in the vestibule to rest  
Retir’d, his herald near, with doubtful thoughts  
Perplex’d : Achilles slept within his tent, 680  
And near the chief repos’d Briseis fair.



Now gods and men subdued by soothing sleep  
Rested through night : not so the watchful care  
Of Hermes, friend to man ; him thoughts engag'd  
How Priam he might safe conduct to Troy, 685  
Unnotic'd by the guard. Him standing near,  
He thus bespoke : “ And dost thou, Priam, sleep  
“ Surrounded by thy foes ; nor fearest ill  
“ From others, since unhurt by Peleus' son ?  
“ By mighty gifts thou hast thy son releas'd ; 690  
“ Three times those gifts thy sons who still remain  
“ For thee must give, should Agamemnon know,  
“ Or other Grecian chiefs, that thou art here.”

He ended : Priam much alarm'd awoke,  
And call'd his herald : Hermes yok'd the steeds 695  
And mules, and through the camp secure they  
pass'd.

Arriv'd where Xanthus pours his stream along,  
There Hermes to Olympus wing'd his way,  
What time the Morn in saffron robe attir'd  
Her light diffus'd. With loud lament to Troy 700  
They mov'd, bearing the dead ; all unperceiv'd  
By men, or cinctur'd matrons : but alone  
Cassandra from the top of Pergamus  
Her father in his chariot soon discern'd,  
And knew his herald, Hector too she saw 705



On his sad bier, by mules convey'd along :  
With piercing cry she through the streets proclaim'd :

“ Ye daughters and ye sons of Troy, go forth,

“ Your Hector comes : if ever from the war

“ You greeted his return whilst yet he liv'd 710

“ Your guardian and delight, go forth.” She said ;

And Troy her numbers pour'd ; none staid behind,

Such was their grief. Him near the Scæan gate

They met, and foremost of the throng his wife

And mother : plucking off their hair they rush'd

The wain upon, and touch'd their Hector's head ;

And thus lamenting had consum'd the day,

But Priam to his people loud exclaim'd :

“ Suffer the mules to pass ; and when arriv'd

“ Our gates within, then let your sorrows flow.” 720

At Priam's word the multitude divide ;

Then to the palace sad and slow they move.

And now, on bed of state the body plac'd,

Attendant minstrels chant the song of woe,

And weeping matrons sigh responsive round : 725

Folding her Hector in her fond embrace,

Andromache the mournful plaint began :

“ My husband ! thus cut off in early prime !

“ Thou leav'st me desolate, and this thy child,

“ Fruit of our hapless love ; whose future growth

“ To manhood these my eyes shall ne’er behold ;  
“ For Ilion, Ilion falls, her guardian gone !  
“ Thou who didst wives and children all defend.  
“ Them Grecian ships from hence shall soon convey,  
“ And me with them : thee too perchance, my child,  
“ Companion of my woes, some lord severe      736  
“ Shall to unseemly toil with anger drive ;  
“ Some ruthless Grecian seizing by the hand  
“ Shall hurl thee from the tow’r ; avenging thus  
“ A brother, father, son, by Hector slain ;      740  
“ For many Hector slew : and then alone  
“ When battle rag’d thy father was not mild :  
“ Therefore it is that Troy entire laments.  
“ Much woe to thy fond parents thou hast caus’d,  
“ Hector ! but woes to me still more severe :      745  
“ No hand thou gav’st me from thy dying bed,  
“ No prudent word, to be by day, by night,  
“ At once the source and solace of my tears !”

Thus spake she weeping ; and the matrons wept.  
Then Hecuba her bitter woes express’d :      750

“ Hector ! of all my sons to me most dear ;  
“ Belov’d whilst living by the gods themselves ;  
“ Nor have they in thy death neglected thee :  
“ Other my sons hath swift Achilles sold,  
“ When captive made, to Lemnos’ rocky isle,      755  
“ Samos, or Imbrus, o’er the stormy main :

“ But thee he dragg’d Patroclus’ tomb around,  
“ Whom thou didst slay ; yet rais’d him not again.  
“ Fresh art thou now and fair, as newly fall’n  
“ By no rude hand, but Phœbus’ milder shafts.”

Weeping she spake, and all their grief renew’d :  
But Helen thus expressive of her grief :

“ Hector, of all whom brothers I may name  
“ Far dearest to my soul ; by Paris, now  
“ My husband, near allied to Priam’s line :      765  
“ Oh ! had I perish’d first ! Since here I came  
“ From Sparta I have numb’red twenty years,  
“ Yet never did I hear reproach from thee ;  
“ And if from others of thy num’rous house  
“ Harsh language I receiv’d, (but not from him 770  
“ Thy father, as a father always kind,)  
“ Yet did thy gentler spirit interpose  
“ With mildness ever, and benignant words :  
“ Lamenting thee, I for myself lament,  
“ For none remain in the extent of Troy      775  
“ Friendly and kind ; I stand abhorr’d by all.”

Thus Helen ; and the people wept around,  
Concourse immense ; whom Priam thus address’d :  
“ Now, Trojans, to our city bring the wood,  
“ Nor fear attack ; for thus Achilles spake,      780  
“ When he dismiss’d me from the ships to Troy :  
“ ‘Till the twelfth morn I from the war abstain.’”

He spake: then mules and oxen to the wains  
They yok'd, which from the town collecting, pour'd  
The plain along. Nine days from Ida's mount  
The wood they brought; when the tenth morn ap-  
pear'd, 786

Then bore they Hector forth with loud lament,  
And on the summit placing lit the pyle.

When now the rosy-fing' red Morn arose,  
All Troy round Hector's tomb assembled stood, 790  
In order duly rang'd: first they with wine  
The fire what yet remain'd in every part  
Extinguish'd; then collecting his remains,  
(Brethren and friends still weeping all around,)  
They in a golden urn secure enclos'd, 795  
And cov'ring o'er with robe of purple hue,  
Deposited in earth; and over them  
Heap'd stones of larger size, and quickly rais'd  
The warrior's tomb; and plac'd a guard around,  
Lest foes advancing should their rites disturb. 800

Thus having rais'd the lofty tumulus,  
They back return'd to Troy; and duly call'd,  
(So custom bade,) partook the genial feast  
By Priam at his lofty palace giv'n.

Thus they were occupied at Hector's tomb.

## ERRATA.

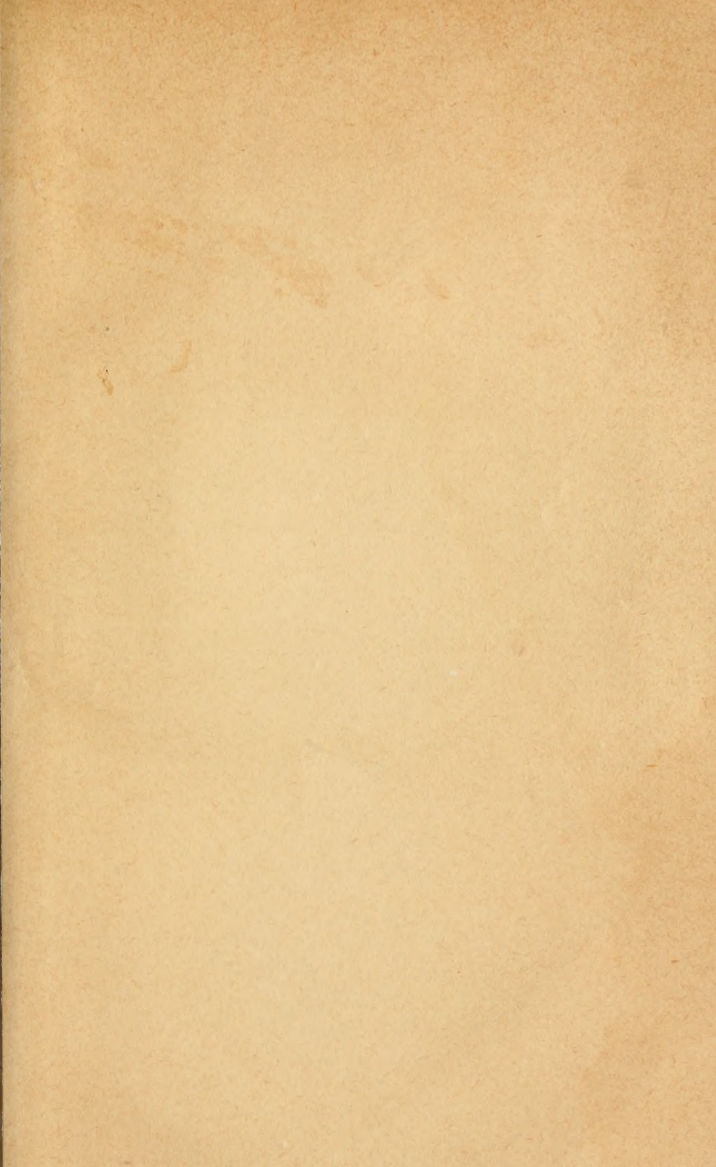
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### VOL. I.

Book	Line	
i.	371.	<i>for A humble read An humble</i>
	403.	<i>for Ægean read Ægeon</i>
ii.	381.	<i>for orbid read orb'd</i>
	617.	<i>after Cteatus a semicolon</i>
iii.	218.	<i>for rev'rence read reverence</i>
v.	555.	<i>for lofty read stately</i>
vii.	137.	<i>for Jordan read Jardan</i>
x.	183.	<i>after forest a semicolon</i>
xi.	778.	<i>for too read two</i>
	787.	<i>after said a colon</i>
xii.	16.	<i>after severe a semicolon</i>
	116.	<i>after fleet a semicolon</i>

### VOL. II.

Book	Line	
xviii.	210.	<i>dele the</i>
xxi.	501.	<i>for cove read cave</i>
xxiv.	79.	<i>for Imbrius read Imbrus</i>
	456.	<i>after scarce add or close</i>
	457.	<i>after or dele close or</i>





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